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ROBA DI ROMA.

BY

WILLIAM W. STORY.

THIRD EDITION.

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1864.

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LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

In the present edition, the chapters on "The Evil Eye" and "Saints and Superstitions" have been omitted, and several others, such as those on the Colosseum, the Aqueducts, and the Good Old Times, have been materially altered. This has been done in order to reduce the book to one volume, and to render it more portable for the traveller.

I have expressly avoided the discussion of questions relating to politics and religion, not because I have not very strong opinions on them, but because my book has another scope, and I could do justice neither to myself nor to these subjects in treating them thus incidentally. My chief object has been to describe what is characteristic in the common life of Rome; but I have not felt thereby debarred from all subjects of a serious character, even though they should involve some slight historical sketches. The Ghetto, the Colosseum, and the Fountains, Aqueducts, and Baths, owe one of their great charms to associations with the past, and it would be difficult to give an account of them without touching upon matters of history and archæology. To scholars, the information contained in these chapters is superfluous; but to the main portion of travellers it will not, I hope, be uninteresting; and it is for this reason that they have been retained, though all except that relating to the Ghetto have been much compressed and modified in form.

An author is not a good judge of his own work, and, to confess the truth, in making the deductions spoken of, I have felt much in the condition of the fabled miller and his ass; for whatever one has advised me to reject, another has, with equal urgency, desired me to retain. I should, however, be very ungrateful not to express my

warm thanks for the kind spirit in which my book has been received. The generosity of the public has cheered me in the uninteresting work of revision, and induced me to spare no pains, which might render it more worthy of the favour already bestowed upon it.

A number of misprints occurred in the previous editions, which were necessarily incidental to the printing of foreign words and names. Those which I had no opportunity of revising and correcting, even in the second edition, I have now endeavoured carefully to set right. But I cannot hope that none will occur, since no book was ever without them. I only desire that they may not be put down to the ignorance of the author, as it is impossible for me personally to revise the press.

One word, also, I wish to say, in regard to this book, both in its present form and as it previously appeared. Nothing in it is at second-hand, unless so stated. The places, people, and scenes described, I have personally seen. The books that are or were quoted I have personally examined and read, always in so far as related to my subject, and generally throughout. It was far from my intention to parade a pretended erudition in citing books with which I happened to be familiar; but, to guard against any such accusation, I have, in this edition, struck out nearly all the references in the notes.

At the same time that much has been omitted, some additions have been made relating to the customs and life of the common people in Rome, and these, I hope, will not be thought to be without interest.

W. W. STORY.

ROME, *Nov.* 1863.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE substance of a few of the earlier chapters of this book has already appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." But these have been since re-written, enlarged, and, it is to be hoped, improved. The remainder, and far the greater part of the book, is now printed for the first time.

The title, "Roba di Roma," will be intelligible to every one who has been in Rome. Mr. Millhouse, in his dictionary, defines "Roba" to be "goods, wares, things, articles, property, chattels, estate; stuff, lumber; a robe, gown, dress." Yet this definition, extensive as it is, is inadequate. We have no term so comprehensive in English. "Roba" is everything—from rubbish and riff-raff to the most exquisite product of art and nature. This book is filled with "Roba,"—and I hope that it contains very little "Robaccia," which Mr. Millhouse defines to be "trash, trumpery, and stuff."

Nov. 1*st*, 1862.

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ROBA DI ROMA.

CHAPTER I.

ENTRANCE.

IT was on the 6th of December, 1856, that I landed with my family at Civita Vecchia, on my return for the third time to Rome. Before we could make all our arrangements, it was too late to think of journeying that day towards the dear old city; but the following morning we set forth in a rumbling, yellow post-coach, with three horses, and a shabby, gaudy postilion,—the wheels clattering, the bells on the horses' necks jingling, the cocks'-plumes on their heads nodding, and a half-dozen sturdy beggar-brats running at our side and singing a dismal chorus of "*Dateci qualche cosa.*" Two or three half-baiocchi, however, bought them off, and we had the road to ourselves. The day was charming, the sky cloudless, the air tender and with that delicious odour of the South which so soothingly intoxicates the senses. The sea, accompanying us for half our way, gleamed and shook out its breaking surf along the shore; and the rolling slopes of the Campagna, flattered by sunlight, stretched all around us,—here desert and sparkling with tall skeleton grasses and the dry canes' tufted feathers, and there covered with low, shrubby trees, that, crowding darkly together, climbed the higher hills. On tongues of land, jutting out into the sea, stood at intervals lonely watch-towers, gray with age, and at their feet shallow and impotent waves gnashed into foam around the black, jagged teeth of half-sunken rocks along the shore. Here and there the broken arches of a Roman bridge, nearly buried in the lush growth of weeds, shrubs, and flowers, or the ruins of some old villa, the home of the owl, snake, and lizard, showed where Ancient Rome journeyed and lived.

At intervals, heavy carts, drawn by the superb gray oxen for the Campagna, creaked slowly by, the *contadino* sitting athwart the tongue; or some light wine *carretta* came ringing along, the driver fast asleep under its tall, triangular cover, with his fierce little dog beside him, and his horse adorned with bright rosettes and feathers. Sometimes long lines of mules or horses, tied one to another's tail, plodded on in dusty procession, laden with sacks;—sometimes droves of oxen, or *poledri*, conducted by a sturdy driver in heavy leathern leggings, and armed with a long, pointed pole, stopped our way for a moment. In the fields, the *pecoraro*, in shaggy sheepskin breeches, the very type of the mythic Pan, leaned against his staff, half-asleep, and tended his woolly flock,—or the *contadino* drove through dark furrows the old plough of Virgil's time, that figures in the vignettes to the "Georgics," dragged tediously along by four white oxen, yoked abreast. There, too, were herds of long-haired goats, rearing mid the bushes and showing their beards over them, or following the shepherd to their fold, as the shadows began to lengthen,—or rude and screaming wains, tugged by uncouth buffaloes, with low heads and knotted knees, bred among the malaria-stricken marshes.

Half-way to Rome we changed horses at Palo,—a little grim settlement, composed of a post-house, inn, stables, a line of straggling fishermen's huts, and a desolate old fortress, flanked by four towers. This fortress, which once belonged to the Odescalchi family, but is now the property of the Roman government, looks like the very spot for a tragedy, as it stands there rotting in the pestilential air, and garrisoned by a few stray old soldiers, whose dreary, broken-down appearance is quite in keeping with the place. Palo itself is the site of the city of Alsium, founded by the Pelasgi, in the dim gloom of antiquity, long before the Etruscans landed on this shore. It was subsequently occupied by the Etruscans, and afterwards became a favourite resort of the Roman nobility, who built there the splendid villas of Antoninus, Porcina, Pompeius, and others. Of the Pelasgic and Etruscan town not a vestige remains; but the ruined foundations of Roman villas are still to be seen along the shore. No longer are to be found there the feasts described by Fronto,* of "fatted oysters, savoury apples, pastry, confectionary, and generous wines in faultless transparent goblets,"—nor would it now be called "a voluptuous seaside retreat;" but good lobsters are still abundant there, and one can get a greasy beefsteak, black bread, an ill-cooked chicken, and sour wine, at only about twice their market value. The situation is lovely, with the sea washing in along the rounded

* *De Feriis Alsensibus*, Epist. III. See Dennis's *Etruscan Antiquities*, Vol. I.

rim of the coast, close up to the door of the inn; and on a sunny day, when the white wings of feluccas may be seen gleaming far off on the blue Mediterranean, and the fishermen are drawing their nets close into shore, it seems as if it might really be made "a voluptuous seaside retreat," but for the desolating malaria which renders it dangerous to rest there for a single night.

Here, of course, we stopped as short a time as possible; and then, bidding adieu to the sea, struck inland over the Campagna to Rome. The country now grows wild, desolate, and lonely; but it has a special charm of its own, which they who are only hurrying on to Rome, and to whom it is an obstruction and a tediousness, cannot, of course, perceive. It is dreary, weird, ghostly,—the home of the winds; but its silence, sadness, and solitude are both soothing and impressive. After miles and miles up and down, at last, from the crest of a hill up which we slowly toiled with our lumbering carriage and reeking horses, we saw the dome of St. Peter's towering above the city, which as yet was buried out of sight. It was but a glimpse, and was soon lost. The postilion covered the worn-out lace of his shabby livery with a heavy cloak, which he flung over his shoulder to keep out the dampening air, gave a series of wild flourishes with his whip, broke into guttural explosions of voice to urge along his horses, and on we went full-gallop. The road grew more and more populated as we approached the city. Carriages were out for a drive, or to meet friends on their way from Civita Vecchia; and on foot was many a little company of Romans, laughing and talking. At the *osterias* were groups seated under *pergole*, or before the door, drinking *fogliette* of wine and watching the passers-by. At last, toward sundown, we stopped at the Porta Cavalleggieri, where, thanks to our *lascia passare*, we were detained but a minute,—and then we were in Rome. Over us hung the huge swelling dome of St. Peter's, golden with the last rays of sunset. The pillars of the gigantic colonnade of Bernini, as we jolted along, "seemed to be marching by," in broad platoons. The fountains piled their flexile columns of spray and waved them to and fro. The great bell clanged from the belfry. Groups wandered forth in the great Piazza. The old Egyptian obelisk in the centre pointed its lean finger to the sky. We were in Rome! This one moment of surprised sensation is worth the journey from Civita Vecchia. Entered by no other gate, is Rome so suddenly and completely possessed. Nowhere is the contrast so instantaneous and vivid as here, between the silent, desolate Campagna, and the splendour of St. Peter's, between the burrows of primitive Christianity and the gorgeousness of ecclesiastical Rome.

After leaving the Piazza, we get a glimpse of Hadrian's Mole, and of the rusty Tiber, as it hurries, "*retortis littore Etrusco violentus undis*," as of old, under the statued bridge of St. Angelo,—and then we plunge into long, damp, narrow, dirty streets. Yet—shall I confess it?—they had a charm for me. Twilight was deepening into dark as we passed through them. Confused cries and loud Italian voices sounded about me. Children were screaming,—men howling their wares for sale. Bells were ringing everywhere. Priests, soldiers, *contadini*, and beggars thronged along. The *Trasteverini* were going home, with their jackets hanging over one shoulder. Women, in their rough woollen gowns, stood in the doorways bare-headed, or looked out from windows and balconies, their black hair shining under the lanterns. Lights were twinkling in the little cavernous shops, and under the Madonna shrines far within them. A funeral procession, with its black banners, gilt with a death's-head and cross-bones, was passing by, its wavering candles borne by the *confraternità*, who marched carelessly along, shrouded from head to foot in white, with only two holes for the eyes to glare through.

It was dirty, but it was Rome; and to any one who has long lived in Rome even its very dirt has a charm which the neatness of no other place ever had. All depends, of course, on what we call dirt. No one would defend the condition of some of the streets or some of the habits of the people. But the soil and stain which many call dirt I call colour, and the cleanliness of Amsterdam would ruin Rome for the artist. Thrift and exceeding cleanness are sadly at war with the picturesque. To whatever the hand of man builds the hand of Time adds a grace, and nothing is so prosaic as the rawly new. Fancy for a moment the difference for the worse, if all the grim, browned, rotted walls of Rome, with their peeling mortar, their thousand daubs of varying grays and yellows, their jutting brickwork and patched stonework, from whose intervals the cement has crumbled off, their waving weeds and grasses and flowers, now sparsely fringing their top, now thickly protruding from their sides, or clinging and making a home in the clefts and crevices of decay, were to be smoothed to a complete level, and whitewashed over into one uniform and monotonous tint. What a gain in cleanliness! what a loss in beauty! An old wall like this I remember on the road from Grotta Ferrata to Frascati, which was to my eyes a constant delight. One day the owner took it into his head to whitewash it all over,—to clean it, as some would say. I look upon that man as little better than a Vandal in taste,—one from whom "knowledge at one entrance" was "quite shut out."

Take another "modern instance." Substitute for the tiled roofs of Rome, now so gray, tumbled, and picturesque with their myriad lichens, the cold, clean slate of New York, or the glittering zinc of Paris,—should we gain or lose? The Rue de Rivoli is long, white, and uniform,—all new and all clean; but there is no more harmony and melody in it than in the "damnable iteration" of a single note; and even Time will be puzzled to make it as picturesque, or half as interesting as those old houses destroyed in the back streets for its building, and which had sprouted up here and there, according to the various whims of the various builders. Those were taken down because they were dirty, narrow, unsightly. These are thought elegant and clean. Clean they certainly are; and they have one other peculiarity,—that of being as monotonously regular as the military despotism they represent. But I prefer individuality, freedom, and variety, for my own part. The narrow, uneven, huddled Corso, with here a noble palace, and there a quaint passage, archway, or shop,—the buildings now high, now low, but all barnacled over with balconies,—is far more interesting than the unmeaning uniformity of the Rue de Rivoli. So, too, there are those among us who have the bad taste to think it a desecration in Louis Napoleon to have scraped the stained and venerable Nôtre Dame into cleanliness. The Romantic will not consort with the Monotonous,—Nature is not neat,—Poetry is not formal,—and Rome is not clean.

These thoughts, or ghosts of thoughts, flitted through my mind, as the carriage was passing along the narrow, dirty streets, and brought with them after-trains of reflection. There may be, I thought, among the thousands of travellers that annually winter at Rome, some to whom the common out-door pictures of modern Roman life would have a charm as special as the galleries and antiquities, and to whom a sketch of many things, which wise and serious travellers have passed by as unworthy their notice, might be interesting. Every ruin has had its score of *immortelles* hung upon it. The soil has been almost overworked by antiquarians and scholars, to whom the modern flower was nothing, but the antique brick a prize. Poets and sentimentalists have described to death what the antiquaries have left;—some have done their work so well that nothing remains to be done after them. Everybody has an herbarium of dried flowers from all the celebrated sites, and a table made from bits of marble collected in the ruined villas. Every Englishman carries a Murray for information and a Byron for sentiment, and finds out by them what he is to know and feel at every step. Pictures and statues have been staled by copy and description, until everything is stereotyped, from the Dying Gladiator, with

his "young barbarians all at play," and all that, down to the Beatrice Cenci, the Madame Tonson of the shops, that haunts one everywhere with her white turban and red eyes. All the public and private life and history of the ancient Romans, from Romulus to Constantine and Julian the Apostle, (as he is sometimes called,) is perfectly well known. But the common life of the modern Romans, the games, customs, and habits of the people, the every-day of To-day, has been only touched upon here and there,—sometimes with spirit and accuracy, as by Charles M'Farlane, sometimes with grace, as by Hans Christian Andersen, and sometimes with great ignorance, as by Jones, Brown, and Robinson, who see through the eyes of their courier, and the spectacles of their prejudices. This is the subject, however, which has specially interested me; and a life of several years in Rome has enabled me to observe some things which do not strike the hurried traveller, and to correct many of my own false notions in regard to the people and place. To a stranger, a first impression is apt to be a false impression; and it constantly happens to me to hear my own countrymen work out the falsest conclusions from the slightest premises, and settle the character and deserts of the Italians,—all of whom they mass together in a lump,—after they have been just long enough on the soil to travel from Civita Vecchia to Rome under the charge of a courier,—when they know just enough of the language to ask for a coachman when they want a spoon,—or to order a "*mezzo detto*" at the *restaurant*,—and when they have made the respectable acquaintance, besides their courier, of a few porters, a few beggars, a few shopkeepers, and the *padrone* of the apartment they hire.

No one lives long in Rome without loving it; and I must, in the beginning, confess myself to be in the same category. Those who shall read these slender papers, without agreeing to the kindly opinions often expressed, must account for it by remembering that "Love lends a precious seeing to the eye." My aim is far from ambitious. I shall not be erudite, but I hope I shall not be dull. These little sketches may remind some of happy days spent under the Roman sky, and by directing the attention of others to what they have overlooked, may open a door to a new pleasure. *Chi sa?* The plainest Ranz des Vaches may sometimes please when the fifth symphony of Beethoven would be a bore.

CHAPTER II.

STREET MUSIC IN ROME.

WHOEVER has passed the month of December in Rome will remember to have been awakened from his morning-dreams by the gay notes of the *pifferari* playing in the streets below, before the shrines of the Madonna and Bambino,—and the strains of one set of performers will scarcely have ceased, before the distant notes of another set of pilgrims will be heard to continue the well-known *novena*. The *pifferari* are generally *contadini* of the Abruzzi Mountains, who, at the season of Advent, leave their home to make a pilgrimage to Rome,—stopping before all the way-side shrines as they journey along, to pay their glad music of welcome to the Virgin and the coming Messiah. Their song is called a *novena*, from its being sung for nine consecutive days,—first, for nine days previous to the Festa of the Madonna, which occurs on the 8th of December, and afterwards for the nine days preceding Christmas. The same words and music serve, however, for both celebrations. The *pifferari* always go in couples, one playing on the *zampogna*, or bagpipe, the bass and treble accompaniment, and the other on the *piffero*, or pastoral pipe, which carries the air; and for the month before Christmas the sound of their instruments resounds through the streets of Rome, wherever there is a shrine,—whether at the corners of the streets, in the depths of the shops, down little lanes, in the centre of the Corso, in the interior courts of the palaces, or on the stairways of private houses.

Their costume is extremely picturesque. On their heads they wear conical felt hats adorned with a frayed peacock's feather, or a faded band of red cords and tassels,—their bodies are clad in red waistcoats, blue jackets, and small-clothes of skin or yellowish homespun cloth,—skin sandals are bound to their feet with cords that interlace each other up the leg as far as the knee,—and over all

is worn a long brown or blue cloak with a short cape, buckled closely round the neck. Sometimes, but rarely, this cloak is of a deep red with a scalloped cape. As they stand before the pictures of the Madonna, their hats placed on the ground before them, and their thick, black, dishevelled hair covering their sunburnt brows, blowing away on their instruments or pausing to sing their *novena*, they form a picture which every artist desires to paint. Their dress is common to nearly all the peasantry of the Abruzzi, and, worn and tattered as it often is, it has a richness and harmony of tint which no new clothes could ever have, and for which the costumes of the shops and regular models offer a poor substitute. It is the old story again. The new and clean is not so paintable, not so picturesque, as the tarnished and soiled. The worn blue of the cloak is softened by the dull gray of the threads beneath,—patches of various colours are often let into the jacket or breeches,—the hat is lustreless from age, and rusty as an old wall,—and the first vivid red of the waistcoat is toned by constant use to a purely pictorial hue. Besides, the true *pifferaro* wears his costume as if it belonged to him and had always been worn by him,—so that it has none of that got-up look which spoils everything. From the sandals and corded leggings, which, in the Neapolitan dialect, are termed *ciocé*, the *pifferari* are often called *ciociari*.

Their Christmas pilgrimages are by no means prompted by purely religious motives, though, undoubtedly, such considerations have some weight with them, the common peasantry being religiously inclined, and often making pilgrimages simply from a sense of duty and propriety. But in these wanderings to Rome, their principal object is to earn a little money to support them during the winter months, when their "occupation is gone." As they are hired in Rome by the owners of the various houses adorned with a Madonna shrine (of which there are over fifteen hundred in the city) to play before them at the rate of a paul or so for each full *novena*, and as they can easily play before thirty or forty a day, they often return, if their luck be good, with a tolerable little sum in their pockets. Besides this, they often stand as models, if they are good-looking fellows, and thus add to their store; and then again, the *forestieri* (for, as the ancient Romans called strangers *barbari*, so their descendants call them *foresters*, wood-men, wild-men) occasionally drop *baiocchi* and pauls into their hats still further to increase it.

Sometimes it is a father and son who play together, but oftener two old friends who make the pilgrimage in pairs. This morning, as I was going out for a walk round the walls, two admirable speci-

mens of the *pifferari* were performing the *novena* before a shrine at the corner of the street. The player of the bagpipe was an old man, with a sad, but very amiable face, who droned out the bass and treble in a most earnest and deprecatory manner. He looked as if he had stood still, tending his sheep, nearly all his life, until the peace and quiet of Nature had sunk into his being, or, if you will, until he had become assimilated to the animals he tended. The other, who played the pipe, was a man of middle age, stout, vigorous, with a forest of tangled black hair, and dark quick eyes that were fixed steadily on the Virgin, while he blew and vexed the little brown pipe with rapid runs and nervous *fioriture*, until great drops of sweat dripped from its round open mouth. Sometimes, when he could not play fast enough to satisfy his eagerness, he ran his finger up and down the vents. Then, suddenly lowering his instrument, he would scream, in a strong peasant-voice, verse after verse of the *novena*, to the accompaniment of the bagpipe. One was like a slow old Italian *vettura* all lumbered with luggage and held back by its drag; the other panting and nervous at his work as an American locomotive, and as constantly running off the rails. Both, however, were very earnest at their occupation. As they stood there playing, a little group gathered round. A scamp of a boy left his sport to come and beat time with a stick on the stone step before them; several children clustered near; and two or three women, with black-eyed infants in their arms, also paused to listen and sympathize. At last the playing ceased. The *pifferari* took up their hats and looked smilingly round at us.

"Where do you come from?" I asked.

"*Eh!*" said the *pifferaro*, showing all his teeth, and shrugging his shoulders good-naturedly, while the other echoed the pantomime. "*Dal Regno*,"—for so the Abruzzi peasants call the kingdom of Naples.

"And do you come every year?"

"*Sì, Signore.* He (indicating his friend) and I (pointing to himself) have been companions for thirty-three years, and every year we have come to Rome to play the *novena*."

To this the old *zampognaro* bent his head on one side, and said, assentingly,—"*Eh! per trenta tre anni*"——

And "*Ecco*," continued the *pifferaro*, bursting in before the *zampognaro* could go on, and pointing to two stalwart youths of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, who at this moment came up the street with their instruments,—"These are our two sons. He is mine,"—indicating one with his reversed thumb; "and that other is his,"—jerking his head towards his companion. "And they, too, are going to play in company, as we do."

"For thirty-three years more, let us hope," said I.

"*Eh! speriamo*," (Let us hope so,) was the answer of the *pifferaro*, as he showed all his teeth in the broadest of smiles. Then, with a motion of his hand he set both the young men going, he himself joining in, straining out his cheeks, blowing all the breath of his body into the little pipe, and running up and down the vents with a sliding finger, until finally he brought up against a high, shrill note, to which he gave the full force of his lungs, and after holding it in loud blast for a moment, startled us by breaking off, without gradation, into a silence as sudden as if the music had snapped short off like a pipe-stem.

On further conversation with my *ciociari*, I found that they came yearly from Sora, a town in the Abruzzi, about fifty miles from Rome, making the journey on foot, and picking up by the way whatever trifle of copper they could. In this manner they travelled the whole distance in five days, living upon onions, lettuce, oil, and black bread. They were now singing the second *novena* for *Natale*; and, if one could judge from their manner and conversation, were quite content with what they had earned. I invited them up into my room, and there in the pleasantest way they stunned us with the noise of both their instruments, to the great delight of the children and the astonishment of the servants, for whom these common things had worn out their charm by constant repetition. At my request they repeated the words of the *novena* they had been singing, and I took them down from their lips. After eliminating the wonderful *m-ms* of the Neapolitan dialect, in which all the words lay imbedded like shells in the sand, and supplying some of the curious elisions with which those Abruzzi Procrusteans recklessly cut away the polysyllables, so as to bring them within the rhythmic compass, they ran thus:—

"Tu Verginella figlia di Sant' Anna,
Che in ventre tuo portasti il buon Gesù;
E lo partoristi sotto la capanna,
E dov' mangiav'no lo bue e l' asinello.

"Quel Angelo gridava: 'Venite, Santi!
'Ch' è andato Gesù dentro la capanna;
Ma guardate Vergine beata,
Che in ciel in terra sia nostr' avvocata!'

"San Giuseppe andava in compagnia,
Si trovò al partorir di Maria,
La notte di Natale è notte santa—
Il Padre e l' Figliuolo e lo Spirito Santo,
'Sta la ragione che abbiamo cantato;
Sia a Gesù bambino rappresentato."

The sudden introduction of "*Quel Angelo*" in this song reminds us of a similar felicity in the romantic ballad of "Lord Bateman," where we are surprised to learn that "*this Turk*," to whom no allusion had been previously made, "has one lovely daughter."

The air to which this is sung is very simple and sweet, though monotonous, and if for no other reason is interesting as being one of the oldest fragments of popular song existing in Italy. Between the verses, a curious little *ritornello* is played, and at the close of the last verse, there is a strange and solemn adagio.*

The wanderings of the *pifferari* are by no means confined to the Roman States. Sometimes they stray "as far away as Paris is," and, wandering about in that gay capital, like children at a fair, play in the streets for chance *sous*, or stand as models to artists, who, having once been in Rome, hear with a longing Rome-sickness the old characteristic sounds of the *piffero* and *zampogna*. Two of them I remember to have heard thus, as I was at work in my studio in Paris; and so vividly did they recall the Old Roman time, that I called them in for a chat. Wonderful was their speech. In the few months of their wandering, they had put into their Neapolitan dough various plums of French words, which, pronounced in their odd way, "suffered a change into something rich and strange." One of them told me that his wife had just written to him by the hand of a public letter-writer, lamenting his absence, and praying him to send her his portrait. He had accordingly sent her a photograph in half-length. Some time afterwards she acknowledged the receipt of it, but indignantly remonstrated with him for sending her a picture of a "*mezz' uomo, che pareva guardando per la finestra*," (a half-man, who seemed to be looking out of the window,) as she oddly characterized a half-length, and praying to have his legs also in the next portrait. This same fellow, with his dull, amiable face, played the *rôle* of a ferocious wounded brigand dragged into concealment by his wife, in the studio of a friend next door; but despite the savagery and danger of his counterfeited position, he was sure to be overpowered by sleep before he had been in it more than five minutes,—and if the artist's eye left him for a moment, he never failed to change his attitude for one more fitted to his own somnolent propensities than for the picture.

Every shopkeeper among the lower classes in Rome hires these *pifferari* to play before the little shrine behind his counter, or over his door, thinking thereby to procure the favour of the Madonna, without which his business is sure not to prosper. Padre Bresciani relates that in the year 1849, he heard a stout Roman woman, (*un*

* The music of this song will be found in the Appendix.

gran' pezzo di donna) invoking a curse upon some of the *birbanti* then abroad in the city, after this manner,—"*Eh! Madonna Santissima, mandate un accidente a 'sti birboni.*" "Send an apoplexy to those rascals, most holy Madonna."

"But, Sora Agnese," remonstrated the padre, "you must not invoke such curses upon anybody. You should forgive even wicked persons if you love the Madonna."

"*If* I love the Madonna!" was the reply. "*Figuratevi, sor compare mio*—just imagine whether I love her, when every year I hire the *pifferari* to play the *novena* to her!"

But the Roman *pifferari* cannot really be heard to advantage in the streets of Rome. In the mountains their pipe and bagpipe produce a wholly different impression, and I remember to have heard them once towards sundown at San Germano, when the effect was charming.

Just before reaching the town, the road passes within a stone's throw of the ancient amphitheatre built by Umidia Quadratilla, and mentioned by Pliny. Here we ordered the carriage to stop, and running through the furrows of a ploughed field ascended the slope of the hill on which it stands. Though ruined in parts it is a noble structure; the exterior walls of reticulated work are still in good condition, and its main front is tolerably perfect. Time has tinged its marble facings with a rich yellow hue, but has failed to eat out the cement or to shake the solid courses of its stones. Here and there shrubs, flowers, and one or two fig-trees have found a footing and grace its walls. Climbing through one of the round arches of entrance which is half choked with rubbish, we found ourselves within the enclosure: the interior is far more ruined than the exterior; the seats are all crumbled away and obliterated, and Indian corn, beans and potatoes, were growing in the arena. As we stood looking in silence upon this sad decay, we heard in the distance the pipe and bagpipe of some shepherds playing a melancholy pastoral tune. Nothing could be more charming;—more perfectly in rhyme with the mountains and the ruins. I could scarcely have believed such tones could come from a bagpipe. Softened by the distance, they lost all their nasal drawl, and stole sweetly to our ears with that special charm which the rudest native music has when heard in its native place. Looking through the archway over the distant valley and mountains, we listened to them enchanted.

The *pifferari* are by no means the only street-musicians in Rome, though they take the city by storm at Christmas. Every day under my window comes a band of four or five, who play airs and con-

certed pieces from the operas,—and a precious work they make of it sometimes! Not only do the instruments go very badly together, but the parts they play are not arranged for them. A violone grunts out a low accompaniment to a vinegar-sharp violin which saws out the air, while a trumpet blares in at intervals to endeavour to unite the two, and a flute does what it can, but not what it would. Sometimes, instead of a violone, a hoarse trombone, with a violent cold in the head, snorts out the bass impatiently, gets ludicrously uncontrollable and boastful at times, and is always so choleric, that, instead of waiting for the *cadenzas* to finish, it bursts in, knocks them over as by a blow on the head, roars away on false intervals, and overwhelms every other voice with its own noisy vociferation. The harmonic arrangements are very odd. Each instrument seems to consider itself ill-treated when reduced to an accompaniment or bass, and is constantly endeavouring, however unfitted for it, to get possession of the air,—the melody being, for all Italians, the principal object. The violin, however, weak of voice as it is, always carries the day, and the other instruments steal discontentedly back to their secondary places, the snuffy old violone keeping up a constant growl at its ill-luck, and the trombone now and then leaping out like a tiger on its prey.

Far better and more characteristic are the ballad-singers who generally go in couples,—an old man, dim of sight, perhaps blind, who plays the violin, and his wife or daughter, who has a guitar, tamborello, or at times a mandolin. Sometimes a little girl accompanies them, sings with them, and carries round a tin box, or the tamborello, to collect *baiocchi*. They sing long ballads to popular melodies, some of which are very pretty and gay, and for a *baiocco* they sell a sheet containing the printed words of the song. Sometimes it is in the form of a dialogue,—either a love-making, a quarrel, a reconciliation, or a leave-taking,—each singer taking an alternate verse. Sometimes it is a story with a chorus, or a religious conversation-ballad, or a story of a saint, or from the Bible. Those drawn from the Bible are generally very curious paraphrases of the original simple text, turned into the simplest and commonest idioms of the people;—one of them may be found in the Appendix to Goethe's "Italienische Reise." These Roman ballads and popular songs, so far as I am able to learn, have never been collected.* Many of them do not exist in print, and are only traditional and caught from mouth to mouth. This is particularly the case with those in the Romanesque dialect, which are replete with the peculiar

* Since the first edition was published, a little collection of Roman Ritornelle has been made.

wit and spirit of the country. But the memory of man is too perilous a repository for such interesting material; and it is greatly to be wished that some clever Italian, who is fitted for the task, would interest himself to collect them and give them a permanent place in the literature of his language.

But to return to our ballad-singers, whom we have left in the middle of their song, and who are now finishing. A crowd has gathered round them, as usual; out of the windows and from the balconies lean the occupants of the houses near by, and the *baiocchi* thrown by them ring on the pavement below. With rather stentorian voices they have been singing a dialogue which is most elaborately entitled a "Canzonetta Nuova, sopra un marinaro che da l' addio alla sua promessa sposa mentre egli deve partire per la via di Levante. Sdegno, pace, e matrimonio delli medesimi con intercalare sull' aria moderna. Rime di Francesco Calzaroni"—(A new song about a mariner, who says good-bye to his betrothed, he being on the point of leaving her to go to the East. Indignation, peace, and marriage of the same, with various parts, arranged in a modern air.) I give my *baiocco* and receive in return a smiling "*Grazie*" and a copy of the song, which is adorned by a woodcut of a ship in full sail.

The titles of these ballads are generally very characteristic; one or two of them I will here copy to give an idea of the subjects of which they treat. Here, for instance, is "The Marriage by Concourse, where a tailor, a barber, a mason, a shoemaker, a carpenter, a locksmith and a cook are the suitors;" and here another, which treats of "The Repentance of Young Men after they have taken Wives;" and one called a "New Song upon a quarrel between a mistress and her servant, whom she dismisses from her service because she spends too much money every day;" and one entitled "The Blind Little Peasant, who complains of the wrongs he has suffered from Menica, and abandons her to marry another;" and here is "a most beautiful composition upon an old woman who wishes to dress *alla moda*." Here is another of a moral character, containing the sad history of Frederick the Gambler, who, to judge from the woodcut accompanying the Canzonetta, must have been a ferocious fellow. He stands with his legs wide apart, in half-armour, a great sash tied over his shoulder and swinging round his legs, an immense sword at his side, and a great hat with two ostrich feathers on his head, looking the very type of a "swashing blade."

The singers of longer ballads carry about with them sometimes a series of rudely-executed illustrations of different incidents in the story, painted in distemper and pasted on a large pasteboard frame, which is hung against a wall or on a stand planted behind the

singer in the ground. These he pauses now and then in his song to explain to the audience, and they are sure to draw a crowd.

Every night during the spring, and sometimes during the clear evenings of winter, around the Piazza Barberini may be heard the sound of the guitar playing in accompaniment to a mandoline, as the performers march up and down the streets or stop before the little *osterias;* and as summer comes on, and the evenings grow warm, begin the street serenades,—sometimes like that of Lindoro in the opening of the "Barbiere di Sevilla," but generally with only one voice, accompanied by the same instruments. These serenades are, for the most part, given by a lover or friend to his *innamorata*, and the words are expressive of the tender passion; but there are also *serenate di gelosia*, or satirical serenades, when the most impertinent and stinging verses are sung. Long before arriving, the serenaders may be heard marching up the street to the thrum of their instruments. They then place themselves before the windows of the fair one, and, surrounded by a group of men and boys, make proclamation of their love in loud and often violent tones. It seems sometimes as if they considered the best method of expressing the intensity of their passion was by the volume of their voice. Certainly, in these cases, the light of love is not hidden under a bushel, for these serenaders shout out their songs in stentorian tones, that pierce the silent air of night, and echo through the deserted streets. But though the voices are harsh, and the music rude and wild, the words of some of these serenades are very pretty and graceful, and particularly those that go by the name of "Sospiri d' amore:"—

"Vorrei che la finestra omai s'aprisse,
Vorrei che lo mio bene s'affacciasse,
E un sospiro d' amore lo gradisse."

In the mountain towns the *contadini* know by heart hundreds of little songlets, which they shout under the windows of their *sposine* and lady-loves. Most of them consist of few lines, and all are variations upon the same theme. The stout *contadina* is a queen, a noble lady, a flower of beauty, a delicate creature, who deprives her lover of rest, and he comes to kiss the ground she has trod upon, and awakens the street with his lamenting, and prays her to come to the window and smile upon him. Love transfigures the world, and the peasant uses the noblest language. He sings:—

"Rizzatevi dal letto e uscite fuora,
Venite a vedè il cielo quanto è bello;
Il vostro viso al lume della luna
Par d' un angiolo fatto col penello.

"Oh Rosa delle rose, o Rosa bella,
Per te non dormo ne notte ne giorno,
E sempre penso alla tua faccia bella,
Alle grazie che hai faccio ritorno.
Faccio ritorno alle grazie che hai;
Ch' io ti lasci, amor mio, non creder mai.

"Miralo il cielo e mira quante stelle,
E mira quanti nodi in quella rete;
Son più le pene mie che non son chelle,
Son più le pene mie che dato m'ete,
Son più le pene mie ch' è tuoi martiri;
Io ti amo di buon cuore e tu t' adiri.

"Ti vengo a visitare, alma regina,
Ti vengo a visitare alla tu' casa;
Inginocchioni per tutta la via,
Bacio la terra andù che sei passata:
Bacio la terra, e risguardo le mura,
Dove se' passa, nobil creatura.
Bacio la terra, e risguardo la letta
Dove passate, nobil giovanetta.

"Vada la voce mia dentro le mura,
Di poi che vita mia non può passare.
Persona bella, delicata e pura,
Da dove siete, statemi ad ascoltare;
Statemi ad ascoltar, persona cara,
Per mia consolazione guardo l' aria;
Statemi ad ascoltar, persona pura,
Per mia consolazion guardo le mura."

In the fulness of his feelings the lover invokes blessings, not only upon his mistress, but also on the house and all the family:—

"In questa casa non ci ho più cantato;
Vo' domandar l'usanza che ci sia.
Se c'è del bene, Dio ce lo mantenga!
Se c'è del male, Dio lo mandi via!
Vo' benedir quella rosa incarnata,
E lo padrone e tutta la brigata;
Vo' benedir quella rosa vermiglia,
E lo padrone e tutta la famiglia."

Sometimes, when his mistress lives far away in another town, he arrives late at night, and sings until the morning breaks, the bells ring, and the windows begin to open: then he sings,—Farewell:—

"La vedo l' alba che vuole apparire,
Chiedo licenza, e non vo' piu cantare,
Chè le finestre si vedono aprire
E le campane si sentono sonare.

E si sente sonare in cielo e in terra;
Addio, bel gelsomin, ragazza bella.
E si sente sonare in cielo e in Roma,
Addio, bel gelsomin, bella persona."*

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* These serenades will all be found in the "Canti Popolari Toscani," collected by Giuseppe Tigri.

Note.—It is impossible in any translation to give the graceful terms of expression which characterise these little songs—English is not the language of love, and wants the endearing diminutives of the Italian—but those who do not understand the original will find in these versions the sense, if not the grace, of these verses:—

"Rise from your bed, come out into the night;
Come, see the sky, so beautiful and bright;
In the soft splendour of the moon your face is
Like to an angel's, that an artist traces.

"Dear Rose of roses, Rose of loveliest grace,
For thee I cannot sleep by night or day,
And always thinking on thy happy face
And all thy charms, I cannot keep away—
Always returning thy sweet face to see,—
Nor dream, dear love, that I can ever flee.

"Look at the stars that sparkle in the skies!
Behold the knots that in this net are wove!
My griefs are more than all those starry eyes,
More than those knots, that you have made by love!
But though my pains are more than yours can be,—
Loving with all my heart—you turn from me.

"I come, dear maid, to visit your abode—
I come to see you, and to sing my song—
And kneeling all the way along the road,
I kiss the ground where you have passed along;
I kiss the ground and gaze upon the wall
Where you have passed, oh! noblest maid of all!
I kiss the ground, and gaze upon the eaves
Whose roof, oh, noble maid, your form receives!

"Go! voice of mine, these walls to penetrate,
Since where thou art, my love, I cannot go.
Oh, maiden lovely, pure, and delicate,
From where you lie listen to me below!
List to my song, oh, dearest and most fair!
Who to console me, gaze into the air!
List to my song, oh, purest one of all,
Who to console me, gaze at this blank wall.

["Within

Among the Trasteverini, particularly, these serenades are common. Some of them are very clever in their improvisations and imitations of different dialects, particularly of the Neapolitan, in which there are so many charming songs. Their skill in improvisation, however, is not generally displayed in their serenades, but in the *osterias*, during the evenings of the *festas* in summer. There it is that their quickness and epigrammatic turn of expression are best seen. Two disputants will, when in good-humour and warmed with wine, string off verse after verse at each other's expense, full of point and fun,—the guitar burring along in the intervals, and a chorus of laughter saluting every good hit.

It is not uncommon for those who like to study Roman manners and humours, and eat truly Roman dishes, to make up a little party and dine at the Palombella, or some other *osteria con cucina* in the Trastevere. There, however, if you would get a taste of the real spirit of the Romans, you should go incognito and take your place at the tables in the common room, and pass if you can for one of them, or at least not for a looker-on or a listener. One other thing also is essential, and that is, that you should understand their language well; and then, if you are lucky, you will be rewarded for your pains by hearing capital songs and improvisations.

One lucky night I shall never forget, when we made a little party of artists and poets and dined together in a little *osteria* not far from the Piazzi Barberini. Peppo, the Neapolitan cook, gave us an excellent dinner, wonderful maccaroni and capital wine, and while we ate and drank, a guitar and mandoline in the adjoining room made

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"Within this house I never sang before,—
I wish the friendship of the house to pray;
If there be good—God keep it evermore!
If there be ill—God drive the ill away!
I wish that fair and blushing rose to bless,
And bring the house and master happiness.
Oh, crimson rose! my blessing rest on thee,
And on the master and his family!

"I see the dawn which now begins to break,
I take my leave and will no longer sing,
The windows open and the world's awake,
And everywhere the bells begin to ring.
In earth and heaven I hear them ringing clear.
Farewell, sweet jasmine, lovely maid and dear;
In heaven and Rome I hear them ring and knell,
Farewell, fair maid, beloved one, farewell!"

a low accompaniment to our talk. We went in our worst coats and most crumpled hats, tried to attract as little attention as possible, and sat at a table in the corner. The rest of the company was composed solely of working men, several of whom were carters, who came in after their hard day's work to take a temperate supper in their shirt-sleeves. Yet even in "best society" you will not find simpler or better manners, at once removed from servility and defiance. They soon saw that we were not of their class, but their behaviour to us was perfect—all the staring was done by us. They accepted courteously our offers to drink with them, and offered us of their wine in return. Then they talked and jested and played at Passatello with inimitable good-humour, while old Zia Nica, the padrona of the establishment, sat in the middle of the shabby old pot-house, looking with sharp wild eyes out from under a grey fell of tumbled hair—now shrieking out her orders, now exchanging with the new comers keen jokes that flashed like knives, and were received by tumultuous applause. As our dinner drew to a close we had in the mandoline and guitar, and all the opera tunes were played with great cleverness. Was there ever a better mandoline?—how it tingled and quivered as it nervously rang out the air, with its stinging vibrations and tense silvery shakes, while the soft woolly throb of the guitar kept up a constant accompaniment below! The old cobwebs on the dusky, soiled and smoky beams of the ceiling, where the colours of old frescoes were still to be seen, shook to the music, and the flame of the little onion-shaped light before the coarsely-painted engraving of the Madonna seemed to wink in sympathy. Old Zia Nica herself grew excited when a spirited Tarantella was played. She had danced it when young in Naples. "*Che bella cosa!* and I could dance it now," she cried.—"Brava, Zia Nica!—give us a Tarantella," was the cry all round. "*Eh! Perche nò?*"—and up she stood and shook her long fell of hair, and laughed a wild laugh, and showed her yellow teeth, and up and down the old *osteria* she shuffled and tramped, flinging up her hands and snapping her fingers, and panting and screaming, till at last with a whoop she fell down into her chair, planted her two hands akimbo on her knees, glared at the company and cried out, "Old Zia Nica's not dead yet. *Nò, Signori!* The old woman is not so old but that she can dance a Tarantella still—*grazie a Dio—nò, Signori-i-i-i.*"

Scarcely was this performance finished when the glass door jingled at the entrance of a little middle-aged fellow who had come across the street for a *fiasco* of wine. He was received with a shout of welcome. "Give us a toast in rhyme," cried one. "Bravo! give us a toast in rhyme," echoed all; and spinning round on his

feet with a quick, eager face, and flinging out his hands with nervous gesticulation, he suddenly, in a high voice, poured out a volley of humorous rhymes upon one after another of his friends, then launched a *brindisi* at us, and—hey presto change!—was out of the door in a minute, the sharp bell jingling as he closed it, and a peal of laughter pursuing him. So being in the humour, we called for some improvisation, and the mandoline and guitar began an air and accompaniment in *ottava rima*. After a minute or two, one of the men at the head of the table opposite broke out in a loud voice, and sang, or rather chanted a strophe; and scarcely had the instruments finished the little *ritornello*, when another answered him in a second strophe—to this he responded, and so alternately for some time the improvisation went on without a break. Then suddenly rose from the opposite end a third person, a carter, who poured out two or three strophes without stopping; and after him still another carter broke in. So that we had four persons improvising in alternation. This lasted a full half-hour, and during the whole time there was not a pause or hesitation. The language used was uncommonly good, and the ideas were of a character you would little have anticipated from such a company. The theme was art and love and poetry and music, and some of the recitation was original and spirited. Out of Italy could anything like this be seen? But the sound of music and song had reached the ears of the police, and those of their white-barred figures and chapeaux appeared at the door, and despite all our prayers they stopped the improvisation. This broke up the fun, and it was then proposed that we should go to the Colosseum in two carriages with the music. No sooner said than done. Off ran Antonio for the carriages, and in a few minutes we were on our way, through the Corso and down through the Forum, the mandoline and guitar playing all the way.

Such a night would be incomplete without a serenade; for the mandoline and guitar were made for such uses. So we stopped under the windows of one fair lady, and though our voices were loud, I fear they never reached her, as she happened not to be within a dozen or more miles of us.

In many of the back streets and squares of the city, fountains jet out of lions' heads into great oblong stone cisterns, often sufficiently large to accommodate some thirty washerwomen at once. Here the common people resort to wash their clothes, and with great laughter and merriment amuse themselves while at their work by improvising verses, sometimes with rhyme, sometimes without, at the expense of each other, or perhaps of the passer-by,—particularly if he happen to be a gaping *forestiere*, to whom their language

is unintelligible. They stand on an elevated stone step, so as to bring the cistern about mid-height of their body, and on the rough inclined bevel of its rim they slash and roll the clothes, or, opening them, flaunt them into the water, or gather them together, lifting their arms high above their heads, and always treating them with a violence which nothing but the coarsest material can resist. The air to which they chant their couplets is almost always a Campagna melody. Sharp attacks are given and as sharp *répliques* received, in exceeding good-humour; and when there is little wit there is sure to be much laughter. The salt is oftentimes pretty coarse, but it gives a relish to the talk.

A remarkable trait among the Italians is the good-nature with which they take personal jokes, and their callousness to ridicule of personal defects. Jests which would provoke a blow from an Anglo-Saxon, or wound and rankle in the memory for life, are here taken in good part. A cripple often joins in the laugh at his own deformity; and the rough carelessness with which such personal misfortunes are alluded to is amazing to us of a more sensitive organization. I well remember the extreme difficulty I once had in breaking an Italian servant of the habit of announcing an acquaintance, whose foreign name he could not pronounce, and who had the misfortune to be hump-backed, as "*quel gobbo*" (that hunchback). He could not understand why he should not call him a *gobbo*, if he was a *gobbo;* and in spite of all I could do, he would often open the door and say, "*Signore, quel gobbo desidera farle una visita,*" (that hunchback wishes to make you a visit,) when "*quel gobbo*" was right on his heels.

The Italians are also singularly free from that intense self-consciousness which runs in our English blood, and is the root of shyness, awkwardness, and affectation. Unconsciousness is the secret of grace, freedom, and simplicity. We never forget ourselves. The Italians always forget themselves. They are sometimes proud, very seldom vain, and never affected. The converse peculiarity follows, of course: having no self-consciousness, they are as little sensitive to their defects as vain of their charms. The models who come to the studios, and who have been selected for their beauty, despite the silent flattery incident to their very profession, and the lavish praise they constantly hear expressed, are always simple, natural, and unaffected. If you tell them they are very beautiful, they say, "*Ma che?*" deprecatorily, or perhaps admit the fact. But they are better pleased to have their dress admired than their faces. Of the former they are vain, of the latter they are not. For the most part, I think they rather wonder what it is we admire in them and think worthy of perpetuating in stone or colour.

But to return to our washerwomen. In every country-town a large washing-cistern is always provided by the authorities for public use; and, at all hours of the day, the picturesque figures of the peasants of every age, from the old hag, whose skin, once smooth and blooming, is now like a brown and crumpled palimpsest, (where Anacreontic verses are overwritten by a dull monkish sermon,) to the round, dark-eyed girl, with broad, straight back and shining hair, may be seen gathered around it,—their heads protected from the sun by their folded *tovaglie*, their skirts knotted up behind, and their waists embraced by stiff, red boddices. Their work is always enlivened by song,—and when their clothes are all washed, the basket is lifted to the head, and home they march, stalwart and majestic, like Roman caryatides. The sharp Italian sun shining on their dark faces and vivid costumes, or flashing into the fountain, and basking on the gray, weed-covered walls, makes a picture which is often enchanting in its colour. At the Emissary by Albano, where the waters from the lake are emptied into a huge cistern through the old conduit built by the ancient Romans to sink the level of the lake, I have watched by the hour together these strange pictorial groups, as they sang and thrashed the clothes they were engaged in washing; while over them, in the foreground, the tall grey tower and granary, once a castle, lifted itself in strong light and shade against the peerless blue sky, and rolling hills beyond, covered with the pale-green foliage of rounded olives, formed the characteristic background. Sometimes a peasant, mounted on the crupper of his donkey, would pause in the sun to chat awhile with the women. The children, meanwhile, sprawled and played upon the grass, and the song and chat at the fountain would not unfrequently be interrupted by a shrill scream from one of the mothers, to stop a quarrel, or to silence a cry which showed the stoutness of their little lungs.

The cobblers of Romé are also a gay and singing set. They do not imprison themselves in a dark cage of a shop, but sit "*sub Jove*," where they may enjoy the life of the street and all the "skyey influences." Their benches are generally placed near the *portone* of some palace, so that they may draw them under shelter when it rains. Here all day they sit and draw their waxed-ends and sing, —a row of battered-looking boots and shoes ranged along on the ground beside them, and waiting for their turn, being their only stock in trade. They commonly have enough to do, and as they pay nothing for shop-rent, every *baiocco* they get is nearly clear profit. They are generally as poor as Job's cat; but they are far happier than the proprietor of that interesting animal. Figaro is a high ideal of this class, and about as much like them as Raffaello's angels

are like Jeames Yellowplush. What the cobblers and Figaro have in common is song and a love of scandal. One admirable specimen of this class sits at the corner of the Via Felice and Capo le Case, with his bench backed against the gray wall. He is an oldish man, with a long gray beard and a quizzical face,—a sort of Hans Sachs, who turns all his life into verse and song. When he comes out in the morning, he chants a domestic idyl, in which he narrates in verse the events of his household, and the differences and agreements of himself and his wife, whom I take to be a pure invention. This over, he changes into song everything and every person that passes before him. Nothing that is odd, fantastic, or absurd escapes him, or fails to be chronicled and sarcastically commented on in his verse. So he sits all day long, his mind like a kaleidoscope, changing all the odd bits of character which chance may show him into rhythmic forms, and chirps and sings as perpetually as the cricket. Friends he has without number, who stop before his bench—from which he administers poetical justice to all persons—to have a long chat, or sometimes to bring him a friendly token; and from the dark interior of his drawer he often brings forth an orange, a bunch of grapes, or a handful of chestnuts, supplied by them, as a dessert for the thick cabbage-soup which he eats at mid-day.

In the busiest street of Rome, the pure Campagna song may often be heard from the throat of some peasant, as he slowly rumbles along in his loaded wine-cart,—the little dog at his side barking a sympathetic chorus. This song is rude enough, and seems in measure founded upon the Church chant. It is in the minor key, and consists ordinarily of two phrases, ending in a screaming monotone, prolonged until the breath of the singer fails, and often running down at the close into a blurred chromatic. No sooner is one strain ended than it is suddenly taken up again in *prestissimo* time and "slowed" down to the same dismal conclusion. Heard near, it is deafening and disagreeable. But when refined by distance, it has a sad and pleasant effect, and seems to belong to the place,—the long wail at the close being the very type of the melancholy stretches of the Campagna. In the same way I have frequently thought that the *Jodeln* of the Swiss was an imitation of the echo of the mountains, each note repeated first in octave, or fifth, and then in its third below. The Campagna song is to be heard not only in the Campagna, but everywhere in the country,—in the vineyards, in the grain-fields, in mountain and valley, from companies working together, and from solitary *contadini*,—wherever the influence and sentiment of the Roman Campagna is felt. The moment we get into Tuscany, on the one side, or over into Naples, on the other, it begins to be

lost. It was only the other day, at nightfall, that I was sauntering out on the desolate Campagna towards Civita Vecchia. The shadows were deepening and the mists beginning to creep whitely along the deep hollows. Everything was dreary and melancholy enough. As I paused to listen to the solitude, I heard the grind of a distant invisible cart, and the sound of a distant voice singing. Slowly the cart came up over the crest of the hill, a dark spot against the twilight sky, and mounted on the top of a load of brushwood sat a *contadino*, who was singing to himself these words,—not very consolatory, perhaps, but so completely in harmony with the scene and the time that they struck me forcibly:—

"E, bella, tu non piangera-a-a-i,
Sul giorno ch' io sarò mor-or-or-to-o-o-o-o-o."*

Not only at night and to celebrate their love do the Italian peasants sing,—they sing at their work and at their play. All the long summer days, standing in the breast-high corn, or beating with heavy spade the soil, or plucking clusters of purple grapes, they shriek out their ballads and songs in stentorian tones that may be heard for a mile. During the harvesting seasons they gather together at night, and lying under the light of the moon upon their threshing-floors, sing in chorus their simple melodies. And in the long winter evenings, sitting round the smouldering embers of their fires, they "rouse the night-owls" at their *veglie*, or beat time to their constantly interrupted song with the clattering of their looms. The city also sings as well as the country. The carpenter as he drives his plane; the blacksmith as he wields his hammer and strikes from the sputtering iron its fiery constellations; the cobbler as he pounds the soles of old shoes; the mason as he lays his bricks; the rougher-out as the chips of ringing marble fly under the steel point of his chisel; the maid of all-work as she draws water in the court-yard—all solace themselves with song. As the crowd stream back from the theatre, towards midnight, you hear them shouting the airs of the opera they have just been listening to; and oftentimes, on festa nights, in the "sma' hours ayont the twal," the prolonged screaming song of the peasants rouses you from your first slumbers as it sounds through the echoing streets. Since the revolution in 1848, Rome has been stricken with a morose silence;—but in the brilliant days when Pius IX. first came to the Papal chair the city rang with glad, patriotic songs; and every evening bands of young men met in the Piazza or wandered through the Corso singing in chorus. The

* "And, dearest, you will never weep for me-e-e-e,
The day when I shall be no mo-o-o-ore."

moment the Italians are contented they sing, and there is no clearer proof of their present discontent than the comparative silence of the streets in these latter days.

Whether this constant habit of song among the Southern people, while at their work, indicates happiness and content, I will not undertake to say; but it is pleasanter in effect than the sad silence in which we Anglo-Saxons perform our tasks,—and it seems to show a less harassed and anxious spirit. But I feel quite sure that these people are more easily pleased, contented with less, less morose, and less envious of the ranks above them, than we are. They give little thought to the differences of caste, have little ambition to make fortunes or rise out of their condition, and are satisfied with the commonest fare, if they can get enough of it. The demon of dissatisfaction never harries them. When you speak to them, they answer with a smile which is nowhere else to be found. The nation is old, but the people are children in disposition. Their character is like their climate, generally sunny,—subject to violent occasional storms, but never growling life away in an uncomfortable drizzle of discontent. They live upon Nature,—sympathize with it and love it,—are susceptible to the least touch of beauty,—are ardent, if not enduring in their affections,—and, unless provoked and irritated, are very peaceful and amiable. The flaw in their nature is jealousy; and it is a great flaw. Their want of truth is the result of their education. We who are of the more active and busy nations despise them for not having that irritated discontent which urges us forward to change our condition; and we think our ambition better than their supineness. But there is good in both. We do more,—they enjoy more; we make violent efforts to be happy,—invent, create, labour, to arrive at that quiet enjoyment which they own without struggle, and which our anxious strife unfits us to enjoy when the means for it are obtained. The general, popular idea, that an Italian is quarrelsome and ill-tempered, and that the best are only bandits in disguise, is quite a mistake; and when studied as they exist out of the track of travel, where they are often debased and denaturalized, they will be found to be simple, kind-hearted, and generous.

CHAPTER III.

BEGGARS IN ROME.

DIRECTLY above the Piazza di Spagna, and opposite to the Via de' Condotti, rise the double towers of the Trinità de' Monti. The ascent to them is over one hundred and thirty-five steps, planned with considerable skill, so as to mask the steepness of the Pincian, and forming the chief feature of the Piazza. Various landings and dividing walls break up their monotony; and a red granite obelisk, found in the gardens of Sallust, crowns the upper terrace in front of the church. All day long, these steps are flooded with sunshine, in which, stretched at length, or gathered in picturesque groups, models of every age and both sexes bask away the hours when they are free from employment in the studios. Here, in a rusty old coat, and long white beard and hair, is the *Padre Eterno*, so called from his constantly standing as model for the First Person of the Trinity in religious pictures. Here is the ferocious bandit, with his thick black beard and conical hat, now off duty, and sitting with his legs wide apart, munching in alternate bites an onion, which he holds in one hand, and a lump of bread, which he holds in the other. Here is the *contadina*, who spends her studio life in praying at a shrine with upcast eyes, or lifting to the Virgin her little sick child,—or carrying a perpetual copper vase to the fountain,—or receiving imaginary bouquets at a Barmecide Carnival. Here is the invariable pilgrim, with his scallop-shell, who has been journeying to St. Peter's and reposing by the way near aqueducts or broken columns so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and who is now fast asleep on his back, with his hat pulled over his eyes. When strangers come along, the little ones run up and thrust out their hands for *baiocchi;* and so pretty are they, with their large, black, lustrous eyes, and their quaint, gay dresses, that a new comer always finds something in his pocket for them. Sometimes a group

of artists, passing by, will pause and steadily examine one of these models, turn him about, pose him, point out his defects and excellences, give him a *baiocco*, and pass on. It is, in fact, a model's exchange.*

All this is on the lower steps, close to the Piazza di Spagna; but as one ascends to the last platform, before reaching the upper piazza in front of the Trinità de' Monti, a curious squat figure, with two withered and crumpled legs, spread out at right angles and clothed in long blue stockings, comes shuffling along on his knees and hands, which are protected by clogs. As it approaches, it turns suddenly up from its quadrupedal position, takes off its hat, shows a broad, stout, legless *torso*, with a vigorous chest and a ruddy face, as of a person who has come half-way up from below the steps through a trap-door, and with a smile whose breadth is equalled only by the cunning which lurks round the corners of the eyes, says, in the blandest and most patronizing tones, with a rising inflection, "*Buon giorno, Signore! Oggi fa bel tempo*," or "*fa cattivo tempo*," as the case may be. This is no less a person than Beppo, King of the Beggars, and Baron of the Scale di Spagna. He is better known to travellers than the Belvedere Torso of Hercules at the Vatican, and has all the advantage over that wonderful work, of having an admirable head and a good digestion. Hans Christian Andersen has celebrated him in "The Improvisatore," and unfairly attributed to him an infamous character and life; but this account is purely fictitious, and is neither *vero* nor *ben trovato*. Beppo, like other distinguished personages, is not without a history. The Romans say of him, "*Era un Signore in paese suo*,"—"He was a gentleman in his own country,"—and this belief is borne out by a certain courtesy and style in his bearing which would not shame the first gentlemen in the land. He was undoubtedly of a good family in the provinces, and came to Rome, while yet young, to seek his fortune. His crippled condition cut him off from any active employment, and he adopted the profession of a mendicant, as being the most lucrative and requiring the least exertion. Remembering Belisarius, he probably thought it not beneath his own dignity to ask for an *obolus*. Should he be above doing what a great general had done? However this may be, he certainly became a mendicant, after changing his name,—and, steadily pursuing this profession for more than a quarter of a century, by dint of his fair words, his

* Of late years the government have prohibited the models, for I know not what reason, from gathering upon these steps; and they now congregate at the corner of the Via Sistina and Capo le Case, near the Pizzicheria, from which they supply themselves with groceries.

bland smiles, and his constant "*Fa buon tempo*," and "*Fa cattivo tempo*," which, together with his withered legs, were his sole stock in starting, he has finally amassed a very respectable little fortune. He is now about fifty-five years of age, has a wife and several children, and a few years ago, on the marriage of a daughter to a very respectable tradesman, he was able to give her what was considered in Rome a very respectable dowry. The other day, a friend of mine met a tradesman of his acquaintance running up the Spanish steps.

"Where are you going in such haste?" he inquired.

"To my banker."

"To your banker? but what banker is there above the steps?"

"Only Beppo," was the grave answer. "I want sixty *scudi*, and he can lend them to me without difficulty."

"Really?"

"Of course. *Come vi pare?*" said the other, as he went on to his banker.

Beppo hires his bank—which is the upper platform of the steps—of the government, at a small rent *per annum*; and woe to any poor devil of his profession who dares to invade his premises! Hither, every fair day, at about noon, he comes mounted on his donkey and accompanied by his valet, a little boy, who, though not lame exactly, wears a couple of crutches as a sort of livery,—and as soon as twilight begins to thicken and the sun is gone, he closes his bank, (it is purely a bank of deposit,) crawls up the steps, mounts a stone post, and there majestically waits for his valet to bring the donkey. But he no more solicits deposits. His day is done; his bank is closed; and from his post he looks around, with a patronizing superiority, upon the poorer members of his profession, who are soliciting, with small success, the various passers-by, as a king smiles down upon his subjects. The donkey being brought, he shuffles on to its crupper and makes a joyous and triumphant passage down through the streets of the city to his home. The bland business smile is gone. The wheedling subserviency of the day is over. The cunning eye opens largely. He is calm, dignified, and self-possessed. He mentions no more the state of the weather. "What's Hecuba to him," at this free moment of his return? It is the large style in which all this is done that convinces me that Beppo was a "*Signor in paese suo*." He has a bank, and so had Sir Francis Baring. What of that? He is a gentleman still. The robber knights and barons demanded toll of those who passed their castles, with violence and threats, and at the bloody point of their swords. Whoso passes Beppo's castle is prayed in courtesy to leave

a remembrance, and receives the blandest bow and thanks in return. Shall we, then, say, the former are nobles and gentlemen,—the other is a miserable beggar? Is it worse to ask than to seize? Is it meaner to thank than to threaten? If he who is supported by the public is a beggar, our kings are beggars, our pensions are charity. Did not the Princess Royal hold out her hand, the other day, to the House of Commons? and does any one think the worse of her for it? We are all, in measure, beggars; but Beppo, in the large style of kings and robber-barons, asks for his *baiocco*, and, like the merchant-princes, keeps his bank. I see dukes and noble guards in shining helmets, spurs, and gigantic boots, ride daily through the streets on horseback, and hurry to their palaces; but Beppo, erectly mounted on his donkey, in his short jacket, (for he disdains the tailored skirts of a fashionable coat, though at times over his broad shoulders a great blue cloak is grandly thrown, after the manner of the ancient emperors,) is far more impressive, far more princely, as he slowly and majestically moves at nightfall towards his august abode. The shadows close around him as he passes along; salutations greet him from the damp shops; and darkness at last swallows up for a time the great square *torso* of the "King of the Beggars."

Such is Beppo as he appears on the public 'change. His private life is involved somewhat in obscurity; but glimpses have been had of him which indicate a grand spirit of hospitality, and condescension not unworthy of the best days of his ancestors, the Barons of the Middle Ages. Innominato a short time since was passing late at night along the district of the Monti, when his attention was drawn by an unusual noise and merry-making in one of its mean little *osterie* or *bettole*. The door was ajar, and peeping in he beheld a gallant company of roysterers of the same profession as Beppo, with porters, and gentlemen celebrated for lifting in other ways. They were gathered round a table, drinking merrily, and mounted in the centre of the table, with his withered legs crooked under him, sat Baron Beppo, the high priest of the festive rites. It was his banquet, and he had been strictly scriptural in his invitations to all classes from the street. He was the Amphitryon who defrayed the cost of the wine, and acknowledged with a smile and a cheerful word the toasts of his guests; and, when Innominato saw him, he was as "glorious" as Tam o' Shanter. He was not under the table, simply because he was on it; and he had not lost his equilibrium, solely because he rested upon so broad a base. Planted like an oak, his legs figuring the roots, there he sat, while the jolly band of beggars and rascals were "rousing the night-owl with a

catch," and the blood of the vine was freely flowing in their cups. The conversation was very idiomatic and gay, if not aristocratic, and Beppo's tongue wagged with the best. It was a most cheering spectacle. The old Barons used to sit above the salt, but Baron Beppo sat higher yet—or rather, he reminded one of classic days, as, mounted there like a Bacchic Torso, he presided over the noisy rout of Silenus.

Since the previous edition of this book was published Beppo has fallen into disgrace. His breakfast had perhaps disagreed with him, perhaps he had "roused the night-owl" too late on the previous night, and perhaps his nerves were irritated by a bad *scirocco;* but certain it is, that one unfortunate morning an English lady, to whom he applied for *qualche cosa*, made some jocosely-intended answer to the effect that he was as rich as she, and alluded, as it is said, to the dowry he had given his daughter—whereupon it became suddenly "*cattivo giorno*" with Beppo, and he suffered himself to threaten her, and even, as some accounts go, to throw stones; and the lady having reported him to the authorities, Beppo went into forced retirement for a time. I was made aware of this one day by finding his bank occupied by a new figure and face. Astonished at the audacity of this interloper, I stopped and said—"And Beppo, where is *he*?" The jolly beggar then informed me, in a very high and rather exulting voice (I am sorry to say), beginning with a sharp and prolonged eh—e-e-e-h, that the police had laid violent hands on Beppo, because he had maltreated an English lady, and that he ought to have known better, but *come si fa;* and that for the present he was at San Michele.

Beppo having repented, and it is to be hoped amended during his sojourn in that holy hospice, has now again made his appearance in the world. But during his absence the government has passed a new and salutary law, by which beggars are forbidden publicly to practise their profession, except upon the steps of the churches. There they may sit and extend their hand, and ask charity from those who are going to their prayers, but they may no longer annoy the public, and specially strangers in the street. Beppo, therefore, keeps no more his bank on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna, but has removed it to those of the church of St. Agostino, where, at least for the present, he is open to the "receipt of custom."

Begging, in Rome, is as much a profession as praying and shop-keeping. Happy is he who is born deformed, with a withered limb, or to whom Fortune sends the present of a hideous accident or malady; it is a stock to set up trade upon. St. Vitus's dance is worth its hundreds of *scudi* annually; epileptic fits are also a prize;

and a distorted leg and hare-lip have a considerable market value. Thenceforth the creature who has the luck to have them is absolved from labour. He stands or lies in the sun, or wanders through the Piazza, and sings his whining, lamentable strophe of, "*Signore, povero stroppiato, datemi qualche cosa per amor di Dio!*"—and when the *baiocco* falls into his hat, like ripe fruit from the tree of the stranger, he chants the antistrophe, "*Dio la benedica, la Madonna e tutti i santi!*"* No refusal but one does he recognize as final,—and that is given, not by word of mouth, but by elevating the forefinger of the right hand, and slowly wagging it to and fro. When this finger goes up he resigns all hope, as those who pass the gate of the Inferno, replaces his hat and lapses into silence, or turns away to some new group of sunny-haired foreigners. The recipe to avoid beggars is, to be black-haired, to wear a full beard, to smoke in the streets, speak only Italian, and shake the forefinger of the right hand when besieged for charity. Let it not be supposed from this that the Romans give nothing to the beggars, but pass them by on the other side. This is quite a mistake. On the contrary, they give more than the foreigners; and the poorest class, out of their little, will always find something to drop into their hats for charity.

The ingenuity which the beggars sometimes display in asking for alms is often humoristic and satirical. Many a woman on the cold side of thirty is wheedled out of a *baiocco* by being addressed as *Signorina*. Many a half-suppressed exclamation of admiration, or a prefix of *Bella*, softens the hearts of those to whom compliments on their beauty come rarely. A great many *baiocchi* are also caught from green travellers of the middle class, by the titles which are lavishly squandered by these poor fellows. *Illustrissimo*, *Eccellenza*, *Altezza*, will sometimes open the purse, when plain "*Mosshoo*" will not.

The profession of a beggar is by no means an unprofitable one. A great many drops finally make a stream. The cost of living is almost nothing to them, and they frequently lay up money enough to make themselves very comfortable in their old age. A Roman friend of mine, Conte C., speaking of them one day, told me this illustrative anecdote:—

"I had occasion," he said, "a few years ago, to reduce my family," (the servants are called, in Rome, the family,) "and having no need of the services of one under-servant, named Pietro, I dismissed him. About a year after, as I was returning to my house,

* Signore, a poor cripple; give me something, for the love of God!"—"May God bless you, the Madonna, and all the saints!"

towards nightfall, I was solicited by a beggar, who whiningly asked me for charity. There was something in the voice which struck me as familiar, and, turning round to examine the man more closely, I found it was my old servant, Pietro. 'Is that you, Pietro?' I said; 'you,—begging here in the streets! what has brought you to this wretched trade?' He gave me, however, no very clear account of himself, and evidently desired to avoid me when he recognized who I was. But, shocked to find him in so pitiable a condition, I pressed my questions, and finally told him I could not bear to see any one who had been in my household reduced to beggary; and though I had no actual need of his services, yet, rather than see him thus, he might return to his old position as servant in my house, and be paid the same wages as he had before. He hesitated, was much embarrassed, and, after a pause, said—'A thousand thanks, your Excellency, for your kindness; but I cannot accept your proposal, because,—to tell you the truth,—I make more money by this trade of begging.'"

But though the beggars often lay by considerable sums of money, so that they might, if they chose, live with a certain degree of comfort, yet they cannot leave off the habit of begging after having indulged in it for many years. They get to be avaricious, and cannot bring their minds to spend the money they have. The other day, an old beggar, who used to frequent the steps of the Gesù, when about to die, ordered the hem of her garment to be ripped up, saying that there was money in it. In fact, about a thousand *scudi* were found there, three hundred of which she ordered to be laid out upon her funeral, and the remainder to be appropriated to masses for her soul. This was accordingly done, and her squalid life ended in a pompous procession to the grave.

The great holidays of the beggars are the country *festas*. Thronging out of the city, they spread along the highways, and drag, drive, roll, shuffle, hobble, as they can, towards the festive little town. Everywhere along the road they are to be met,—perched on a rock, seated on a bank, squatted beneath a wall or hedge, and screaming, with outstretched hand, from the moment a carriage comes in sight until it is utterly passed by. As one approaches the town where the *festa* is held, they grow thicker and thicker. They crop up along the road like toadstools. They hold up every hideous kind of withered arm, distorted leg, and unsightly stump. They glare at you out of horrible eyes, that look like cranberries. You are requested to look at horrors, all without a name, and too terrible to be seen. All their accomplishments are also brought out. They fall into improvised fits; they shake with sudden palsies; and all the while keep up a chorus, half-whine, half-scream, which suffers

you to listen to nothing else. It is hopeless to attempt to buy them all off, for they are legion in number, and to pay one doubles the chorus of the others. The clever scamps, too, show the utmost skill in selecting their places of attack. Wherever there is a sudden rise in the road, or any obstacle which will reduce the gait of the horses to a walk, there is sure to be a beggar. But do not imagine that he relies on his own powers of scream and hideousness alone,—not he! He has a friend, an ambassador, to recommend him to your notice, and to expatiate on his misfortunes. Though he himself can scarcely move, his friend, who is often a little ragged boy or girl, light of weight, and made for a chase, pursues the carriage and prolongs the whine, repeating, with a mechanical iteration, "*Signore! Signore! datemi qualche cosa, Signore!*" until his legs, breath, and resolution give out at last; or, what is still commoner, your patience is wearied out or your sympathy touched, and you are glad to purchase the blessing of silence for the small sum of a *baiocco*. When his whining fails, he tries to amuse you; and often resorts to the oddest freaks to attract your notice. Sometimes the little rascal flings himself heels over head into the dust, and executes somersets without number, as if they had some hidden influence on the sentiment of compassion. Then, running by the side of the carriage, he will play upon his lips with both hands, making a rattling noise, to excite your curiosity. If you laugh, you are lost, and he knows it. But if you sternly resist all his entreaties, it sometimes happens, if you have given him a hard run, that, despite his broken wind and tired legs, he will send after you a peculiar blessing in the shape of an "apoplexy," and throw a stone at your carriage, merely for luck, of course, as in other countries a shoe is thrown.

As you reach the gates of the town, the row becomes furious. There are scores of beggars on either side the road, screaming in chorus. No matter how far the town be from the city, there is not a wretched, maimed cripple of your acquaintance, not one of the old stumps who have dodged you round a Roman corner, not a ragged baron who has levied toll for passage through the public squares, a privileged robber, who has shut up for you a pleasant street or waylaid you at an interesting church, but he is sure to be there. How they got there is as inexplicable as how the apples got into the dumplings in Peter Pindar's poem. But at the first ring of a *festa*-bell they start up from under-ground, (those who are legless getting only half-way up,) like Rhoderick Dhu's men, and level their crutches at you as the others did their arrows. An English lady, a short time since, after wintering at Rome, went to take the baths of Lucca in the summer. On going out for a walk, on the first

morning after her arrival, whom should she meet but King Beppo, whom she had just left in Rome! He had come with the rest of the nobility for recreation and bathing, and of course had brought his profession with him.

Owing to a great variety of causes, the number of beggars in Rome is very large. They grow here as noxious weeds in a hot-bed. The government neither favours commerce nor stimulates industry. Its policy is averse to change of any kind, even though it be for the development of its own resources or of the energies of the people. The Church is Brahmanic, contemplating only its own navel. Its influence is specially restrictive in Rome, because it is also the State there. It restrains not only trade, but education; it conserves ancient ideas and usages; it prefers not to grow, and looks with abhorrence upon change.

This restrictive policy of the Church makes itself felt everywhere, high and low; and by long habit the people have become indolent and supine. The splended robes of ecclesiastical Rome have a draggled fringe of beggary and vice. What a change there might be, if the energies of the Italians, instead of rotting in idleness, could have a free scope! Industry is the only purification of a nation; and as the fertile and luxuriant Campagna stagnates into malaria, because of its want of ventilation and movement, so does this grand and noble people. The government makes what use it can, however, of the classes it *exploits* by its system; but things go in a vicious circle. The people, kept at a stand-still, become idle and poor; idleness and poverty engender vice and crime; crime fills the prisons; and the prisons afford a body of cheap slaves to the government.

To-day, as I am writing, some hundreds of *forçats*, in their striped brown uniforms, are tugging at their winches and ropes to drag the column of the Immaculate Virgin to its pedestal on the Piazza di Spagna. By the same system of compulsory labour, the government, despite its limited financial resources, is enabled to carry out public projects which, with well-paid workmen, would be too expensive to be feasible. In this manner, for instance, for an incredibly small sum, was built the magnificent viaduct which spans with its triple tier of arches the beautiful Val di L'Arriccia. But, for my own part, I cannot look upon this system as being other than very bad, in every respect. And when, examining into the prisons themselves, I find that the support of these poor criminal slaves is farmed out by the government to some responsible person at the lowest rate that is offered, generally for some ten *baiocchi* apiece *per diem*, and often refarmed by him at a still

lower rate, until the poor wretches are reduced to the very minimum of necessary food as to quantity and quality, I confess that I cannot look with pleasure on the noble viaduct at L'Arriccia, or the costly column to the Immaculate Virgin, erected by the labour of their hands.

Within a few years the government seemed to become conscious of the great number of beggars in Rome, and of the reproach they offered to the wise and paternal regulations of the priestcraft. Accordingly, for a short time, they carried on a move in the right direction, which had been begun by the Triumvirate of 1849, during their short career. Some hundreds of the beggars were hired at the rate of a few *baiocchi* a day to carry on excavations in the Forum and in the Baths of Caracalla. The selection was most appropriate. Only the old, decrepit, and broken-down were taken,—the younger and sturdier were left. Ruined men were in harmony with the ruined temples. Such a set of labourers was never before seen. Falstaff's ragged regiment was a joke to them. Each had a wheelbarrow, a spade, or pick, and a cloak; but the last was the most important part of their equipment. Some of them picked at the earth with a gravity that was equalled only by the feebleness of the effort and the poverty of the result. Three strokes so wearied them that they were forced to pause and gather strength, while others carried away the ant-hills which the first dug up. It seemed an endless task to fill the wheelbarrows. Fill, did I say? They were never filled. After a bucketful of earth had been slowly shovelled in, the labourer paused, laid down his spade carefully on the little heap, sighed profoundly, looked as if to receive congratulations on his enormous success, then flinging, with a grand sweep, the tattered old cloak over his left shoulder, lifted his wheelbarrow-shafts with dignity, and marched slowly and measuredly forward towards the heap of deposit, as Belisarius might have moved at a funeral in the intervals of asking for *oboli*. But reduced gentlemen, who have been accustomed to carry round the hat as an occupation, always have a certain air of condescension when they work for pay, and, by their dignity of deportment, make you sensible of their former superior state. Occasionally, in case a *forestiere* was near, the older, idler, and more gentlemanlike profession would be resumed for a moment (as by parenthesis), and if without success, a sadder dignity would be seen in the subsequent march. Very properly for persons who had been reduced from beggary to work, they seemed to be anxious both for their health and their appearance in public, and accordingly a vast deal more time was spent in the arrangement of the cloak than in any other

part of the business!! It was grand in effect, to see these figures, incumbered in their heavy draperies, guiding their wheelbarrows through the great arches of Caracalla's Baths, or along the Via Sacra; and determined to show, that in despite of fortune they were still the *gens togata*.

It would, however, be a grievous mistake to suppose that all the beggars in the streets of Rome are Romans. In point of fact, the greater number are strangers, who congregate in Rome during the winter from every quarter. Naples sends them in by thousands. Every little country town of the Abruzzi Mountains yields its contribution. From north, south, east, and west they flock here as to a centre where good pickings may be had of the crumbs that fall from the rich men's tables. In the summer season they return to their homes with their earnings, and not one in five of those who haunted the churches and streets in the winter is to be seen in June.

It is but justice to the Roman government to say that its charities are very large. If, on the one hand, it does not encourage commerce and industry, on the other, it liberally provides for the poor. In proportion to its means, no government does more, if so much. Every church has its poor-box (*Cassa dei Poveri*). Numerous societies, such as the *Sacconi*, and other confraternities, employ themselves in accumulating contributions for the relief of the poor and wretched. Well-endowed hospitals exist for the care of the sick and unfortunate; and there are various establishments for the charge and education of poor orphans. A few figures will show how ample are these charities. The revenue of these institutions is no less than eight hundred and forty thousand *scudi* annually, of which three hundred thousand are contributed by the Papal treasury, forty thousand of which are a tax upon the Lottery. The hospitals, altogether, accommodate about four thousand patients, the average number annually received amounting to about twelve thousand; and the foundling hospitals alone are capable of receiving upwards of three thousand children annually. Besides the hospitals for the sick, there is also a hospital for poor convalescents at Sta, Trinità dei Pellegrini, a lunatic asylum containing about four hundred patients, one for incurables at San Giacomo, a lying-in hospital at San Rocco, and a hospital of education and industry at San Michele. There are also thirteen societies for bestowing dowries on poor young girls on their marriage; and from the public purse, for the same object, are expended every year no less than thirty-two thousand *scudi*. In addition to these charities are the sums collected and administered by the various confraternities, as well as the sum of one hundred and seventy-two thousand *scudi* distributed to the poor by the com-

mission of subsidies. But though so much money is thus expended, it cannot be said that it is well administered. The proportion of deaths at the hospitals is very large; and among the foundlings, it amounted, between the years 1829 and 1833, to no less than seventy-two *per cent.*

Despite the enormous sums expended in charity, there is much poverty and suffering among the lower classes in Rome. No one certainly need ever die of hunger, if he be willing to live on public charity. But a natural pride prevents many from availing themselves of this; and there is a large class, which barely struggles along, enduring great privations, living in the most miserable manner, and glad in any way to earn an honest penny. The beggars are by no means the greatest sufferers, though, Heaven knows, many of them are wretched enough. These poor classes live generally on the ground-floor, gregariously crowded into damp and unwholesome rooms. You may peep into their dark and dismal caves as you pass along the street. The broken and uneven floors are paved with brick and clammy with moisture, the walls damp and stained with great blotches of saltpetre, the rafters of the ceilings brown with age and smoke, the furniture shabby, rickety, and consisting of a rude chest of drawers, a few broken-down chairs, a table, and a large high bed of corn-leaves, mounted upon trestles, which stands in the corner and covered with a white quilt. Yet no place is so mean as to be without its tawdry picture of the Madonna, and out of the smallest means a sum is squeezed enough to feed with oil the slender, crusted wick of the onion-shaped lamp, which sheds upon it a thick, dull, yellow point of feeble flame. In the winter these rooms are cold, unwholesome, rheumatic, and reek with moisture. There in the rainy season the old women crouch over their little earthenware pot of coals (*scaldino*), warming their shrivelled, veiny hands, or place it under their dress to warm their ill-fed bodies. Yet despite their poverty and sufferings they are not a complaining people, and there is something touching in their resignation, their constant reference to the Madonna and their invariable refrain of "*Pazienza.*" If you give them a *baiocco* they are very grateful, and at once pray to the Madonna to bless you, for it is she who has prompted the gift, and she who will reward it. Yet the climate is kindly, and the weeks of cold and rain are few, and when the sun shines and the air is mild you will see them all sitting outside their doors in the street, which is their saloon, chatting gaily, screaming across to their neighbours, and sometimes bursting into wild Campagna songs. Some of them earn a slender pittance by keeping a little stall of roasted chestnuts, and apples, and pine-cones, over which at times is

spread a coarse canvas supported by three or four poles, sometimes to keep the wind off and sometimes to shelter them from the sun. Not all however can afford this luxury—one must be rather up in the world for that. The love days have gone by; but there is often seen hovering about one of these old women the remains of the "*bel giovane*" who won her heart and hand, in a tall battered white hat, a short jacket, a waistcoat patched with old and new colours, and long blue stockings on his bent legs, who now plays second fiddle and fusses about the little establishment, rearranging the humble wares with tremulous hands, and looking round for customers, and indulging in chat about the weather and the times. She meanwhile sits calmly there with her *scaldino*, the master-spirit, who rules and decides all.

But to return to the beggars. At many of the convents in Rome, it is the custom at noon to distribute, gratis, at the door, a quantity of soup, and any poor person may receive a bowlful on demand. Many of the beggars thus become pensioners of the convents, and may be seen daily at the appointed hour gathering round the door with their bowl and wooden spoon, in expectation of the *Frate* with the soup. This is generally made so thick with cabbage that it might be called a cabbage-stew; but Soyer himself never made a dish more acceptable to the palate of the guests than this. No nightingales' tongues at a banquet of Tiberius, no edible birds'-nests at a Chinese feast, were ever relished with more gusto. I have often counted at the gates of the Convent of Capuchins, in the Via S. Basilio, from eighty to one hundred of these poor wretches, some stretched at length on the pavement, some gathered in groups under the shadow of the garden wall or on the steps of the studios, and discussing politics, Austria, France, Italy, Louis Napoleon and Garibaldi, while they waited for their daily meal. When the bells ring for mid-day, the gates are opened and the crowd pours in; and then, with their hats off, you may see them gathered round the caldron, from which a burly Capuchin ladles out soup into their wooden platters, after they have all repeated after him their "pater noster." The figures and actions of these poor wretches, after they have obtained their soup, make one sigh for human nature. Each, grasping his portion as if it were a treasure, separates himself immediately from his brothers, flees selfishly to a corner, if he can find one empty, or, if not, goes to a distance, turns his back on his friends, and, glancing anxiously at intervals all around, as if in fear of a surprise, gobbles up his cabbage, wipes out his bowl, and then returns to companionship or disappears. The idea of sharing his portion with those who are portionless occurs to him only as the idea of a robber to the mind of a miser.

Any account of the beggars of Rome without mention of the Capuchins and Franciscans would be like performing the "Merchant of Venice" with no Shylock; for these orders are founded in beggary and supported by charity. The priests do not beg; but their ambassadors, the lay-brothers, clad in their long, brown serge, a cord around their waist, and a basket on their arm, may be seen shuffling along at any hour and in every street, in dirty, sandalled feet, to levy contributions from shops and houses. Here they get a loaf of bread, there a pound of flour or rice, in one place fruit or cheese, in another a bit of meat, until their basket is filled. Sometimes money is given, but generally they are paid in articles of food. There is another set of these brothers who enter your studio or ring at your bell and present a little tin box with a slit in it, into which you are requested to drop any sum you please, for the holidays, for masses, for wax candles, etc. As a big piece of copper makes more ring than gold, it is generally given, and always gratefully received. Sometimes they will enter into conversation, and are always pleased to have a little chat about the weather. They are very poor, very good-natured, and very dirty. It is a pity they do not baptize themselves a little more with the material water of this world. But they seem to have a hydrophobia. Whatever the inside of the platter may be, the outside is far from clean. They walk by day and they sleep by night in the same old snuffy robe, which is not kept from contact with the skin by any luxury of linen, until it is worn out. Dirt and piety seem to them synonymous. In disbelieving moments, I cannot help applying to them Charles Lamb's famous speech,—"If dirt were trumps, what a hand they would have of it!" Yet, beggars as they are, by faith and profession, they have the reputation at Rome of being the most inoffensive of all the conventual orders, and are looked upon by the common people with kindliness, as being thoroughly sincere in their religious professions. They are, at least, consistent in many respects in their professions and practice. They really mortify the flesh by penance, fasting, and wretched fare, as well as by dirt. They do not proclaim the virtues and charms of poverty, while they roll about in gilded coaches dressed in "purple and fine linen," or gloat over the luxuries of the table. Their vices are not the cardinal ones, whatever their virtues may be. The "Miracles of St. Peter," as the common people call the palaces of Rome, are not wrought for them. Their table is mean and scantily provided with the most ordinary food. Three days in the week they eat no meat; and during the year they keep three *Quaresime*. But, good as they are, their sour, thin wine, on empty, craving stomachs, sometimes does a mad work; and these

brothers in dirt and piety have occasionally violent rows and disputes in their refectories over their earthen bottles. It is only a short time since that my old friends the Capuchins got furious together over their wine, and ended by knocking each other about the ears with their earthen jars, after they had emptied them. Several were wounded, and had time to repent and wash in their cells. But one should not be too hard on them. The temper will not withstand too much fasting. A good dinner puts one at peace with the world, but an empty stomach is the habitation often of the Devil, who amuses himself there with pulling all the nerve-wires that reach up into the brain. I doubt whether even St. Simeon Stylites always kept his temper as well as he did his fast.

As I see them walking up and down the alleys of their vegetable garden, and under the sunny wall where, without the least asceticism, oranges glow and roses bloom during the whole winter, I do not believe in their doctrine, nor envy them their life. And I cannot but think that the thousands of *frati* who are in the Roman States would do quite as good service to God and man, if they were an army of labourers on the Campagna, or elsewhere, as in their present life of beggary and self-contemplation. I often wonder, as I look at them, hearty and stout as they are, despite their mode of life, what brought them to this pass, what induced them to enter this order,—and recall, in this connection, a little anecdote current here in Rome, to the following effect:—A young fellow, from whom Fortune had withheld her gifts, having become desperate, at last declared to a friend that he meant to throw himself into the Tiber, and end a life which was worse than useless. "No, no," said his friend, "don't do that. If your affairs are so desperate, retire into a convent; become a Capuchin." "*Ah, no!*" was the indignant answer; "I am desperate; but I have not yet arrived at such a pitch of desperation as that."

Though the Franciscans live upon charity, they have almost always a garden connected with their convent, where they raise multitudes of cabbages, cauliflowers, fennel, peas, beans, artichokes, and lettuce. Indeed, there is one kind of the latter which is named after them,—*capuccini*. But their gardens they do not till themselves; they hire gardeners, who work for them. Now I cannot but think that working in a garden is just as pious an employment as begging about the streets, though, perhaps, scarcely as profitable. The opinion that, in some respects, it would be better for them to attend to this work themselves, was forced upon my mind by a little farce I happened to see enacted among their cabbages, the other day as I was looking down out of my window. My attention was first

attracted by hearing a window open from a little three-story-high *loggia*, opposite, hanging over their garden. A woman came forth, and, from amid the flower-pots, which half concealed her, she dropped a long cord to the ground. "*Pst, Pst,*" she cried to the gardener at work below. He looked up, executed a curious pantomime, shrugged his shoulders, shook his fore-finger, and motioned with his head and elbow sideways to a figure, visible to me, but not to her, of a brown Franciscan, who was amusing himself in gathering some fennel, just round the corner of the wall. The woman, who was fishing for the cabbages, immediately understood the predicament, drew up her cord, disappeared from the *loggia*, and the curtain fell upon the little farce. The gardener, however, evidently had a little soliloquy after she had gone. He ceased working, and gazed at the unconscious Franciscan for some time, with a curious grimace, as if he were not quite satisfied at thus losing his little perquisite. And here, perhaps, a short account of the Capuchins may not be out of place or without interest.

The head-quarters of the Capuchins throughout the world is the Convent of Santa Maria della Concezione, close by the Piazza Barberini, and here resides the general of the order and his staff. The convent is very large, having no less than six hundred cells; but all of these are rarely if ever occupied. The Famiglia proper, by which term is meant the friars, both lay and clerical, belonging to it, number about one hundred and twenty; but as it is the chief house of all the provinces of Rome, the general hospital for sick and infirm is here, and there are always a certain number of friars in it who do not belong to the convent. To this must be added the visitors from all parts of the world, who come on ecclesiastical business, and for other reasons; and with these additions the number of persons in the convent does not generally vary much from about two hundred persons. The padri or priests, are many of them well-educated men, as far as Latin and theology go, and they devote the chief part of their time to prayer and saying mass, giving the remainder, which is not much, to study. The lay-brothers are completely illiterate, and their occupation is to beg alms in the streets, to sweep the cells, cook the dinner, serve at table, and perform the menial duties of the convent. They also pretend to cultivate the garden, but they do this chiefly by proxy, "assisting," for the most part, in a purely French sense.

The cells in which they live are only about six feet by ten in size; they are paved with brick, and, instead of glass, they have linen cloth in their windows. Their furniture is a crucifix, a bed or pallet, a vase of holy water, and some coarse print of a saint or two. They

have no sheets upon their beds, but only blankets; and they do not undress, but sleep in their monastic dresses, which are renewed once in three years. They wear no linen underclothes, and, unless their health requires it, no stockings; and the result as to cleanliness may be easily imagined.

Connected with the convent is a factory, where the cloth, worn by the Capuchins throughout the Romagna, is wóven, and where the leathern sandals are fashioned. But even in this, secular labour is called in, the friars having a certain unwillingness to do any labour. Pieces of cloth, already cut into the appropriate form, are distributed among the community once in three years, and each sews it up for himself.

Their life is by no means an enviable one. Their fare is very meagre, and their religious duties constant. Their day commences at midnight, when they are all roused from their beds by a sort of rattle of wood and iron, called a "*troccolo*," and by the sharp clang of the church bell, to say matins in the choir of the church. The scene here is then said to be very picturesque. A single oil lamp burning over the reading-desk is the sole light in the church. There stands the officiating priest, and reads the collects and lessons of the day, while the others gather in the shadow and chant their hymns and responses in hoarse bass voices, that echo through the vaulted choir. At the end of the matins the bell begins to toll, and the solemn Te Deum is sung, after which, without speaking, all return to their narrow cells. Sometimes, in the cold winter nights, sitting alone in a warm room, with all the comforts of life and warmth about me, as I hear the convent bell ringing at midnight, and know that at its sound every one of the Capuchins, whether he be old, rheumatic, and weary, or not, must rise from his bed to go into that cold, cheerless chapel, and say his matins, my heart is touched with pity for them. But I hope habit makes it easier to them than it would be to me, and, at all events, the evil is mitigated by the fact that they do not have to dress.

At six o'clock in the morning the bell rings them to mass, and from this time forward the chief portion of the day is devoted to religious exercises; for what with masses, and hearing confessions, and accompanying funerals, and the canonical hours, and vespers, nocturns, and complines, little time can remain for anything else. One of their exercises, which they have in common with the Quakers, is that of silent meditation, which takes place in the morning, and at twilight, when the friars all meet and commune silently with themselves. On these occasions the blinds are closed so as to shut out the light, and here they remain without speaking for a half-hour. What they think about then, they alone know. Of course the lay-

brothers are not held very strictly to the religious exercises, or it would be scarcely possible for them to perform all their other functions.

These brown-cowled gentlemen are not the only ones who carry the tin box. Along the curbstones of the public walks, and on the steps of the churches, sit blind old creatures, who shake at you a tin box, outside of which is a figure of the Madonna, and inside of which are two or three *baiocchi*, as a rattling accompaniment to an unending invocation of aid. Their dismal chant is protracted for hours and hours, increasing in loudness whenever the steps of a passer-by are heard. It is the old strophe and antistrophe of begging and blessing, and the singers are so wretched that one is often softened into charity. Those who are not blind have often a new almanac to sell towards the end of the year, and at other times they vary the occupation of shaking the box by selling lives of the saints, which are sometimes wonderful enough. One sad old woman, who sits near the Quattro Fontane, and says her prayers and rattles her box, always touches my heart, there is such an air of forlornness and sweetness about her. As I was returning, last night, from a mass at San Giovanni in Laterano, an old man glared at us through great green goggles,—to which those of the "green-eyed monster" would have yielded in size and colour,—and shook his box for a *baiocco*. "And where does this money go?" I asked. "To say masses for the souls of those who die over opposite," said he, pointing to the Hospital of San Giovanni, through the open doors of which we could see the patients lying in their beds.

Nor are these the only friends of the box. Often in walking the streets one is suddenly shaken in your ear, and turning round you are startled to see a figure entirely clothed in white from head to foot, a rope round his waist, and a white hood drawn over his head and face, and showing, through two round holes, a pair of sharp black eyes behind them. He says nothing, but shakes his box at you, often threateningly, and always with an air of mystery. This is a penitent *Saccone*; and as this *confraternità* is composed chiefly of noblemen, he may be one of the first princes or cardinals in Rome, performing penance in expiation of his sins; or, for all you can see, it may be one of your intimate friends. The money thus collected goes to various charities. The *Sacconi* always go in couples,—one taking one side of the street, the other the opposite,—never losing sight of each other, and never speaking. Clothed thus in secrecy, they can test the generosity of any one they meet with complete impunity, and they often amuse themselves with startling foreigners. Many a group of English girls, convoyed by their mother, and staring into some mosaic or cameo shop, is scared into a scream by the

sudden jingle of the box, and the apparition of the spectre in white who shakes it. And many a simple old lady retains to the end of her life a confused impression, derived therefrom, of inquisitions, stilettos, tortures, and banditti, from which it is vain to attempt to dispossess her mind. The stout old gentleman, with a bald forehead and an irascibly rosy face, takes it often in another way,—confounds the fellows for their impertinence, has serious notions, first, of knocking them down on the spot, and then of calling the police, but finally determines to take no notice of them, as they are nothing but foreigners, who cannot be expected to know how to behave themselves in a rational manner. Sometimes a holy charity (*santa elemosina*) is demanded after the oddest fashion. It was only yesterday that I met one of the confraternities, dressed in a shabby red suit, coming up the street, with the invariable oblong tin begging-box in his hand,—a picture of Christ on one side, and of the Madonna on the other. He went straight to a door opening into a large, dark room, where there was a full cistern of running water, at which several poor women were washing clothes, and singing and chattering as they worked. My red acquaintance suddenly opens the door, letting in a stream of light upon this Rembrandtish interior, and lifting his box with the most wheedling of smiles, he says, with a rising inflection of voice, as if asking a question,—"*Prezioso sangue di Gesù Cristo?*"—(Precious blood of Jesus Christ?)

Others of these disguised gentlemen of the begging-box sit at the corners of the streets or on the steps of the churches, or wander about, entering everywhere the shops, to collect sums for prisoners, and among these are often gentlemen of good family and fortune; others carry with them a sack, in which they receive alms in kind for the same purpose. The Romans are a charitable people, and they always give liberally of their store. In the Piazza della Rotonda and the Piazza Navona you will see these brethren of the sack begging of the fruiterers and hucksters; and few there are who refuse to add their little for the poor prisoners. As soon as they are told that the charity is for them, they drop into the sack a wedge of cheese, a couple of *provature*, a handful of rice, a loaf of bread, two or three oranges, apples, pears, or potatoes, or a good slice of polenta, saying, "*Eh, poveracci, Dio li consoli, pigliate,*" (Ah, poor creatures, may God help them! take these;)—for you must remember a prisoner does not always mean a criminal in Rome. Sometimes into the box drops the last *baiocco* of some poor fellow, who, as he gives it, says, in Trastevere dialect—"*Voi che siete un religioso di Dio, fateme buscà 'n ternetto, chè pozza pagà la pigione.*"—Give me a winning terno in the lottery, to pay my rent.

There is another species of begging and extortion practised in Rome which deserves notice in this connection. Beside the perpetual hand held out by the mendicants in the street, there are festivals and ceremonials where the people demand as of right certain vails and presents called *mancie* and *propine*. The largesse which in old times used to be scattered by the Emperors who came to Rome to be crowned in St. Peter's is still given, after a degenerate way, upon the coronation of a Pope. Formerly it was the custom for the Pope to proceed to the church on horseback, his almoner following after him with two sacks of money in gold, silver and copper, which he scattered among the crowds accompanying the Papal procession. But an accident having happened at the installation of Clement XIV., the Pope has ever since driven in a triumphal carriage; and the largesse is now distributed by his almoner in the Cortile del Belvedere, where the proud inhabitants of the Borgo and Trastevere do not disdain to hold out their hands as they pass before him for the little sum of money which the Holy Father still gives to his faithful children on this august occasion—nay, more, they claim it as a right.

In like manner, on the beatification of a saint, all the intendants, secretaries, agents, and servants of every kind are entitled to a *mancia;* and so firmly established is this custom, that a specific time and place is appointed where they present themselves, and each receives his vail sealed up in an envelope of paper, and addressed to him by name.

Whenever a Cardinal is made Pope, by old custom all his clothes and furniture become the spoil of his servants. And as soon as the report of his election by the Conclave runs through the city, his apartments are at once sacked by them. Sometimes the report proves false, and the irritated Cardinal, whose ambitious hopes have crumbled into vexation, returning home, finds his luxurious rooms turned topsy-turvy, and not even a change of dress in his wardrobe. The first meeting of servants and master on such an occasion is agreeable to neither party; and it is not to be wondered at if the name of the Lord is sometimes taken in vain, and "*apoplexies*" are showered about in profusion.

Many of the servants of the princely houses and in the palaces of the Cardinals receive no wages, the *mancie*, which by time-honoured custom they are entitled to claim of visitors, affording an ample compensation. Indeed, in some houses, there are servants who pay for the privilege of serving there, their *mancie* far exceeding the fair rate of their wages. Some of these vails are expected, on Christmas and New Year's-day, but besides these there are other stated occasions when the frequenters of the house are expected to give presents. If

these seem to the servant insufficient in amount, they sometimes go so far as plainly to express their views, and scornfully to say, "*Signore, mi si viene de più; questa non è la misura della propina di sala.*"—I am entitled to more—just as if they had presented a bill which you had refused to pay.

Padre Bresciani relates a good story *apropos* to these *mancie*, which he says occurred to some of his friends and himself. They had requested a deacon of their acquaintance to give them a letter to the custode of a certain palace in order that they might see some beautiful pictures there. With much courtesy the request was granted, and the little company drove at once to the palace, and presented the letter to the custode, a tall fellow of about thirty years of age. He took the letter, opened it, and after fumbling a little in his pockets for something, turned round to one of them, and said, "Excuse me, I have not my spectacles: would your Excellency have the goodness to read this for me?"

The gentleman appealed to then read as follows: "*Vi raccommando sommamente questi nobilissimi Signori, mostrate loro tutte le rarità del palazzo, ben intesi, accettando le vostre propine.*"—"I warmly recommend to you these most distinguished gentlemen: show them all the choice things in the palace,—accepting, of course, your present for so doing."

The clever custode, imagining that these gentlemen might consider that the letter rendered the *mancia* unnecesary, resorted to this trick to let them see that neither the deacon nor himself intended to dispense with it.

The last, but by no means the meanest, of the tribe of pensioners whom I shall mention, is my old friend, "Beefsteak,"—now, alas! gone to the shades of his fathers. He was a good dog,—a mongrel, a Pole by birth,—who accompanied his master on a visit to Rome, where he became so enamoured of the place that he could not be persuaded to return to his native home. Bravely he cast himself on the world, determined to live, like many of his two-legged countrymen, upon his wits. He was a dog of genius, and his confidence in the world was rewarded by its appreciation. He had a sympathy for the arts. The crowd of artists who daily and nightly flocked to the Lepre and the Caffè Greco attracted his notice. He introduced himself to them, and visited them at their studios and rooms. A friendship was struck between them and him, and he became their constant visitor and their most attached ally. Every day, at the hour of lunch, or at the more serious hour of dinner, he lounged into the Lepre, seated himself in a chair, and awaited his friends, confident

of his reception. His presence was always hailed with a welcome, and to every new comer he was formally presented. His bearing became, at last, not only assured, but patronizing. He received the gift of a chicken-bone or a delicate titbit as if he conferred a favour. He became an epicure, a *gourmet*. He did not eat much; he ate well. With what a calm superiority and gentle contempt he declined the refuse bits a stranger offered from his plate! His glance, and upturned nose, and quiet refusal, seemed to say,—"Ignoramus! know you not I am Beefsteak?" His dinner finished, he descended gravely and proceeded to the Caffè Greco, there to listen to the discussions of the artists, and to partake of a little coffee and sugar, of which he was very fond. At night he accompanied some one or other of his friends to his room, and slept upon the rug. He knew his friends, and valued them; but perhaps his most remarkable quality was his impartiality. He dispensed his favours with an even hand. He had few favourites, and called no man master. He never outstayed his welcome "and told the jest without the smile," never remaining with one person for more than two or three days at most. A calmer character, a more balanced judgment, a better temper, a more admirable self-respect,—in a word, a profounder sense of what belongs to a gentleman, was never known in any dog. But Beefsteak is now no more. Just after the agitations of the Revolution of '48, with which he had little sympathy,—he was a conservative by disposition,—he disappeared. He had always been accustomed to make a *villeggiatura* at L'Arriccia during a portion of the summer months, returning only now and then to look after his affairs in Rome. On such visits he would often arrive towards midnight, and rap at the door of a friend to claim his hospitality, barking a most intelligible answer to the universal Roman inquiry, "*Chi è?*" "One morn we missed him at the accustomed" place, and thenceforth he was never seen. Whether a sudden home-sickness for his native land overcame him, or a fatal accident befell him, is not known. Peace to his manes! There "rests his head upon the lap of earth" no better dog.

In the Roman studio of one of his friends and admirers, Mr. Mason, I had the pleasure, a short time since, to see, among several admirable and spirited pictures of Campagna life and incidents, a very striking portrait of Beefsteak. He was sitting in a straw-bottomed chair, as we have so often seen him in the Lepre, calm, dignified in his deportment, and somewhat obese. The full brain, the narrow, fastidious nose, the sagacious eye, were so perfectly given, that I seemed to feel the actual presence of my old friend. So admirable a portrait of so distinguished a person should not be lost to the world. It should be engraved, or at least photographed.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE Christmas Holidays have come, and with them various customs and celebrations quite peculiar to Rome. They are ushered in by the festive clang of a thousand bells from all the belfries in Rome at Ave Maria of the evening before the august day. At about nine o'clock of the same evening the Pope performs High Mass in some one of the great churches, generally at Santa Maria Maggiore, when the pillars of this fine old basilica are draped with red hangings, and scores of candles burn in the side-chapels, and the great altar blazes with light. The fuguing chants of the Papal choir sound into the dome and down the aisles, while the Holy Father ministers at the altar, and a motley crowd parade and jostle and saunter through the church. Here, mingled together, may be seen soldiers of the Swiss guard, with their shining helmets, long halberds, and parti-coloured uniforms, designed by Michel Angelo,—chamberlains of the Pope, all in black, with high ruffs, Spanish cloaks, silken stockings, and golden chains,—peasants from the mountains, in rich-coloured costumes and white *tovaglie*,—common labourers from the Campagna, with black mops of tangled hair,—foreigners of every nation,—Englishmen, with sloping shoulders, long, light, pendant whiskers, and an eye-glass stuck in one eye,—Germans, with spectacles, frogged coats, and long, straight hair put behind their ears and cut square in the neck,—Americans, in high-heeled patent-leather boots, shabby black dress-coats, black satin waistcoats, and beards shaved only from the upper lip,—and wasp-waisted French officers, with baggy trousers, goat-beards, and a pretentious swagger. Nearer the altar are crowded together in pens a mass of women in black dresses and black veils, who are determined to see and hear all, treating the ceremony purely as a spectacle, and not as a religious rite. Meantime the music soars,

the organ groans, the censer clicks, and steams of incense float to and fro. The Pope and his attendants kneel and rise,—he lifts the Host and the world prostrates itself. A great procession of dignitaries with torches bears a fragment of the original cradle of the Holy Bambino from its chapel to the high altar through the swaying crowd that gape, gaze, stare, sneer, and adore. And thus the evening passes. When the clock strikes midnight all the bells ring merrily, Mass commences at the principal churches, and at San Luigi dei Francesi and the Gesù there is a great illumination (what the French call *un joli spectacle*) and very good music. Thus Christmas is ushered in at Rome.

The next day is a great festival. All classes are dressed in their best and go to Mass,—and when that is over, they throng the streets to chat and lounge and laugh and look at each other. The Corso is so crowded in the morning, that a carriage can scarcely pass. Everywhere one hears the pleasant greeting of "*Buona Festa*," "*Buona Pasqua.*" All the *basso popolo*, too, are out,—the women wearing their best jewellery, heavy gold ear-rings, three rowed *collane* of well-worn coral and gold, long silver and gold pins and arrows in their hair, and great worked brooches with pendants,—and the men of the Trastevere in their peaked hats, their short jackets swung over one shoulder in humble imitation of the Spanish cloak, and rich scarfs tied round their waists. Most of the ordinary cries of the day are missed. But the constant song of "*Arancie! arancie dolci!*" (oranges, sweet oranges) is heard in the crowd; and everywhere are the cigar-sellers carrying round their wooden tray of tobacco, and shouting, "*Sigari! sigari dolci! sigari scelti!*" at the top of their lungs; the *nocellaro* also cries sadly out his dry chestnuts and pumpkin-seeds. The shops are all closed, and the shopkeepers and clerks saunter up and down the streets, dressed better than the same class anywhere else in the world,—looking spick-and-span, as if they had just come out of a bandbox, and nearly all of them carrying a little cane. One cannot but be struck by the difference in this respect between the Romans on a *festa*-day in the Corso and the Parisians during a *fête* in the Champs Elysées,—the former are so much better dressed, and so much happier, gayer, and handsomer.

During the morning, the Pope celebrates High Mass at San Pietro, and thousands of spectators are there,—some from curiosity, some from piety. Few, however, of the Roman families go there to-day;—they perform their religious services in their private chapel or in some minor church; for the crowd of foreigners spoils St. Peter's for prayer. At the elevation of the Host, the guards, who

line the nave, drop to their knees, their side-arms ringing on the pavement,—the vast crowd bends,—and a swell of trumpets sounds through the dome. Nothing can be more impressive than this moment in St. Peter's. Then the choir from its gilt cage resumes its chant, the high falsetti of the soprani soaring over the rest, and interrupted now and then by the clear musical voice of the Pope,—until at last he is borne aloft in his Papal chair on the shoulders of his attendants, crowned with the triple crown, between the high, white, waving fans; all the cardinals, monsignori, canonici, officials, priests, and guards going before him in splendid procession. The Pope shuts his eyes, from giddiness and from fasting,—for he has eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and the swaying motion of the chair makes him dizzy and sick. But he waves at intervals his three fingers to bless the crowd that kneel or bend before him, and then goes home to the Vatican to dine with a clean conscience and, let us hope, with a good appetite.

It is the custom in Rome at the great *festas*, of which Christmas is one of the principal ones, for each parish to send round the sacrament to all its sick; and during these days a procession of priests and attendants may be seen, preceded by their cross and banner, bearing the holy wafer to the various houses. As they march along, they make the streets resound with the psalm they sing. Everybody lifts his hat as they pass, and many among the lower classes kneel upon the pavement. Frequently the procession is followed by a rout of men, women, and children, who join in the chanting and responses, pausing with the priest before the door of the sick person, and accompanying it as it moves from house to house.

At Christmas, all the Roman world which has a *baiocco* in its pocket eats *torone* and *pan giallo*. The shops of the pastrycooks and confectioners are filled with them, mountains of them incumber the counters, and for days before Christmas crowds of purchasers throng to buy them. *Torone* is a sort of hard candy, made of honey and almonds, and crusted over with crystallized sugar; or, in other words, it is a *nuga* with a sweet frieze coat;—but *nuga* is a trifle to it for consistency. *Pan giallo* is perhaps so called *quasi lucus*, it being neither bread nor yellow. I know no way of giving a clearer notion of it than by saying that its father is almond-candy, and its mother a plum-pudding. It partakes of the qualities of both its parents. From its mother it inherits plums and citron, while its father bestows upon it almonds and consistency. In hardness of character it is half-way between the two,—having neither the maternal tenderness on the one hand, nor the paternal stoniness on the other. One does not break one's teeth on it as over the *torone*,

which is only to be cajoled into masticability by prolonged suction, and often not then; but the teeth sink into it as the waggoner's wheels into clayey mire, and every now and then receive a shock, as from sunken rocks, from the raisin stones, indurated almonds, pistachio-nuts, and pine-seeds, which startle the ignorant and innocent eater with frightful doubts. I carried away one tooth this year over my first piece; but it was a tooth which had been considerably indebted to California, and I have forgiven the *pan giallo*. My friend the Conte Cignale, who partook at the same time of *torone*, having incautiously put a large lump into his mouth, found himself compromised thereby to such an extent as to be at once reduced to silence and retirement behind his pocket-handkerchief. An unfortunate jest, however, reduced him to extremities, and, after a vehement struggle for politeness, he was forced to open the window and give his *torone* to the pavement—and the little boys, perhaps. *Chi sa?* But despite these dangers and difficulties, all the world at Rome eats *pan giallo* and *torone* at Christmas,—and a Christmas without them would be an egg without salt. They are at once a penance and a pleasure. Not content with the *pan giallo*, the Romans also import the *pan forte di Siena*, which is a blood cousin of the former, and suffers almost nothing from time and age.

On Christmas and New Year's-day all the servants of your friends present themselves at your door to wish you a "*buona festa*," or a "*buon capo d' anno*." This generous expression of good feeling is, however, expected to be responded to by a more substantial expression on your part, in the shape of four or five pauls, so that one peculiarly feels the value of a large visiting-list of acquaintances at this season. To such an extent is this practice carried, that in the houses of the cardinals and princes places are sought by servants merely for the vails of the *festas*, no other wages being demanded. Especially is this the case with the higher dignitaries of the Church, whose *maestro di casa*, in hiring domestics, takes pains to point out to them the advantages of their situation in this respect. Lest the servants should not be aware of all these advantages, the times when such requisitions may be gracefully made and the sums which may be levied are carefully indicated,—not by the cardinal in person, of course, but by his underlings; and many of the fellows who carry the umbrella and cling to the back of the cardinal's coach, covered with shabby gold-lace and carpet-collars, and looking like great beetles, are really paid by everybody rather than the master they serve. But this is not confined to the *Eminenze*, many of whom are, I dare say, wholly ignorant that such practices exist. The servants of the embassies and all the noble houses also make

the circuit of the principal names on the visiting-list, at stated occasions, with good wishes for the family. If one rebel, little care will be taken that letters, cards, and messages arrive promptly at their destination in the palaces of their *padroni;* so it is a universa habit to thank them for their politeness, and to request them to do you the favour to accept a piece of silver in order to purchase a bottle of wine and drink your health. I never knew one of them refuse; probably they would not consider it polite to do so. It is curious to observe the care with which at the embassies a new name is registered by the servants, who scream it from anteroom to *salon*, and how considerately a deputation waits on you at Christmas and New Year, or, indeed, whenever you are about to leave Rome to take your *villeggiatura*, for the purpose of conveying to you the good wishes of the season or of invoking for you a "*buon viaggio.*" One young Roman, a teacher of languages, told me that it cost him annually some twenty *scudi* or more to convey to the servants of his pupils and others his deep sense of the honour they did him in inquiring for his health at stated times. But this is a rare case, and owing, probably, to his peculiar position. A physician in Rome, whom I had occasion to call in for a slight illness, took an opportunity on his first visit to put a very considerable *buona mano* into the hands of my servant, in order to secure future calls. I cannot, however, say that this is customary; on the contrary, it is the only case I know, though I have had other Roman physicians; and this man was in his habits and practice peculiarly un-Roman. I do not believe it, therefore, to be a Roman trait. On the other hand, I must say, for my servant's credit, that he told me the fact with a shrug, and added, that he could not, after all, recommend the gentleman as a physician, though I was *padrone*, of course, to do as I liked.

On Christmas Eve, a *Presepio* is exhibited in several of the churches. The most splendid is that of the Ara Coeli, where the miraculous Bambino is kept. It lasts from Christmas to Twelfth-Night, during which period crowds of people flock to see it; and it well repays a visit. The simple meaning of the term *Presepio* is a manger, but it is also used in the Church to signify a representation of the birth of Christ. In the Ara Coeli the whole of one of the side-chapels is devoted to this exhibition. In the foreground is a grotto, in which is seated the Virgin Mary, with Joseph at her side and the miraculous Bambino in her lap. Immediately behind are an ass and an ox. On one side kneel the shepherds and kings in adoration; and above, God the Father is seen surrounded by clouds of cherubs and angels playing on instruments, as in the early pictures of Raphael. In the background is a scenic representation of

a pastoral landscape, on which all the skill of the scene-painter is expended. Shepherds guard their flocks far away, reposing under palm-trees or standing on green slopes which glow in the sunshine. The distances and perspective are admirable. In the middle ground is a crystal fountain of glass, near which sheep, preternaturally white, and made of real wool and cotton-wool, are feeding, tended by figures of shepherds carved in wood. Still nearer come women bearing great baskets of real oranges and other fruits on their heads. All the nearer figures are full-sized, carved in wood, painted, and dressed in appropriate robes. The miraculous Bambino is a painted doll swaddled in a white dress, which is crusted over with magnificent diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. The Virgin also wears in her ears superb diamond pendants. Joseph has none; but he is not a person peculiarly respected in the Church. As far as the Virgin and Child are concerned, they are so richly dressed that the presents of the kings and wise men seem rather supererogatory,—like carrying coals to Newcastle,—unless, indeed, Joseph come in for a share, as it is to be hoped he does. The general effect of this scenic show is admirable, and crowds flock to it and press about it all day long. Mothers and fathers are lifting their little children as high as they can, and until their arms are ready to break; little maids are pushing, whispering, and staring in great delight; peasants are gaping at it with a mute wonderment of admiration and devotion; and Englishmen are discussing loudly the value of the jewels, and wanting to know, by Jove, whether those in the crown can be real.

While this is taking place on one side of the church, on the other is a very different and quite as singular an exhibition. Around one of the antique columns of this basilica—which once beheld the splendours and crimes of the Cæsars' palace—a staging is erected, from which little maidens are reciting, with every kind of pretty gesticulation, sermons, dialogues, and little speeches, in explanation of the *Presepio* opposite. Sometimes two of them are engaged in alternate question and answer about the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Redemption. Sometimes the recitation is a piteous description of the agony of the Saviour and the sufferings of the Madonna,—the greatest stress being, however, always laid upon the latter. All these little speeches have been written for them by their priest or some religious friend, committed to memory, and practised with the appropriate gestures over and over again at home. Their little piping voices are sometimes guilty of such comic breaks and changes, that the crowd about them rustles into a murmurous laughter. Sometimes, also, one of the very little preachers has an obstinate fit, pouts, shakes her shoulders, and refuses to go on with her part;—

another, however, always stands ready on the platform to supply the vacancy, until friends have coaxed, reasoned, or threatened the little pouter into obedience. These children are often very beautiful and graceful, and their comical little gestures and intonations, their clasping of hands and rolling up of eyes, have a very amusing and interesting effect. The last time I was there, I was sorry to see that the French costume had begun to make its appearance. Instead of the handsome Roman head, with its dark, shining, braided hair, which is so elegant when uncovered, I saw on two of the children the deforming bonnet, which could have been invented only to conceal a defect, and which is never endurable, unless it be perfectly fresh, delicate, and costly. Nothing is so vulgar as a shabby bonnet. Yet the Romans, despite their dislike of the French, are beginning to wear it. Ten years ago it did not exist here among the common people. I know not why it is that the three ugliest pieces of costume ever invented, the dress-coat, the trousers, and the bonnet, all of which we owe to the French, have been accepted all over Europe, to the exclusion of every national costume. Certainly it is not because they are either useful, elegant, or commodious.

If one visit the Ara Coeli during the afternoon of one of these *festas*, the scene is very striking. The flight of one hundred and twenty-four steps is then thronged by merchants of Madonna wares, who spread them out over the steps and hang them against the walls and balustrades. Here are to be seen all sorts of curious little coloured prints of the Madonna and Child of the most ordinary quality, little bags, pewter medals, and crosses stamped with the same figures and to be worn on the neck,—all offered at once for the sum of one *baiocco*. Here also are framed pictures of the Saints, of the Nativity, and, in a word, of all sorts of religious subjects appertaining to the season. Little wax dolls, clad in cotton-wool to represent the Saviour, and sheep made of the same materials, are also sold by the basketful. Children and women are busy buying them, and there is a deafening roar all up and down the steps of "*Mezzo baiocco, bello colorito, mezzo baiocco, la Santissima Concezione Incoronata*,"—"*Diario Romano, Lunario Romano Nuovo*,"—"*Ritratto colorito, medaglia e quadruccio, un baiocco tutti, un baiocco tutti*,"—"*Bambinelli di cera, un baiocco.*"* None of the prices are higher than one *baiocco*, except to strangers,—and generally several articles are held up together, enumerated, and proffered with a loud voice for this sum. Meanwhile men, women, children,

* "A half-*baiocco*, beautifully coloured,—a half-*baiocco*, the Holy Conception Crowned." "Roman Diary,—New Roman Almanac." "Coloured portrait, medal, and little picture, one *baiocco*, all." "Little children in wax, one *baiocco*."

priests, beggars, soldiers, and peasants are crowding up and down, and we crowd with them.

At last, ascending, we reach the door which faces towards the west. We lift the great leathern curtain and push into the church. A faint perfume of incense salutes the nostrils. The golden sunset bursts in as the curtain sways forward, illuminates the mosaic floor, catches on the rich golden ceiling, and flashes here and there over the crowd on some brilliant costume or shaven head. All sorts of people are thronging there,—some kneeling before the shrine of the Madonna, which gleams with its hundreds of silver votive hearts, legs, and arms,—some listening to the preaching,—some crowding round the chapel of the *Presepio*. Old women, haggard and wrinkled, come tottering along with their *scaldini* of coals, drop down on their knees to pray, and, as you pass, interpolate in their prayers a parenthesis of begging. The church is not architecturally handsome; but it is eminently picturesque, with its relics of centuries, its mosaic pulpits and floor, its frescoes of Pinturicchio and Pesaro, its antique columns, its rich golden ceiling, its Gothic mausoleum to the Savelli, and its mediæval tombs. A dim, dingy look is over all,—but it is the dimness of faded splendour; and one cannot stand there, knowing the history of the church, its great antiquity, and the various fortunes it has known, without a peculiar sense of interest and pleasure.

It was here that Romulus, in the gray dawning of Rome, built the temple of Jupiter Feretrius. Here the *spolia opima* were deposited. Here the triumphal processions of the Emperors and generals ended. Here the victors paused before making their vows until, from the Mamertine Prisons below, the message came to announce that their noblest prisoner and victim, while the clang of their triumph and his defeat rose ringing in his ears as the procession ascended the steps, had expiated with death the crime of being the enemy of Rome. Up the steep steps, which then led to the temple of the Capitoline Jove, here, after his earliest triumph, the first great Cæsar climbed upon his knees. Here, murdered at their base, Rienzi, "last of the Roman tribunes," fell. And, if the tradition of the Church is to be trusted, it was on the site of the present high altar that Augustus erected the "*Ara primogenito Dei*," to commemorate the Delphic prophecy of the coming of our Saviour. Standing on a spot so thronged with memories, the dulled imagination takes fire. The forms and scenes of the past rise from their graves and pass before us, and the actual and visionary are mingled together in strange poetic confusion. Truly, as Walpole says, "our memory sees more than our eyes in this country."

And this is one great charm of Rome,—that it animates the dead figures of its history. On the spot where they lived and acted, the Cæsars change from the manikins of books to living men; and Virgil, Horace, and Cicero grow to be realities, when we walk down the Sacred Way and over the very pavement they may once have trod. The conversations "De Claris Oratoribus" and the "Tusculan Questions" seem like the talk of the last generation, as we wander on the heights of Tusculum, or over the grounds of that charming villa on the banks of the Liris, which the great Roman orator so graphically describes in his treatise "De Legibus." The landscape of Horace has not changed. Still in the winter you may see the dazzling peak of the "*gelidus Algidus*," and "*ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte;*" and wandering at Tivoli in the summer, you quote his lines—

> "Domus Albuneæ resonantis,
> Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
> Mobilibus pomaria rivis,"

and feel they are as true and fresh as if they were written yesterday. Could one better his compliment to any Roman Lalage of to-day than to call her "*dulce ridentem?*" In all its losses, Rome has not lost the sweet smiling of its people. Would you like to know the modern rules for agriculture in Rome, read the "Georgics;" there is so little to alter, that it is not worth mentioning. So, too, at Rome, the Emperors become as familiar as the Popes. Who does not know the curly-headed Marcus Aurelius, with his lifted brow and projecting eyes—from the full, round beauty of his youth to the more haggard look of his latest years? Are there any modern portraits more familiar than the severe, wedge-like head of Augustus, with his sharp-cut lips and nose,—or the dull phiz of Hadrian, with his hair combed down over his low forehead,—or the vain, perking face of Lucius Verus, with his thin nose, low brow, and profusion of curls,—or the brutal bull-head of Caracalla,—or the bestial, bloated features of Vitellius?

These men, who were but lay-figures to us at school, mere pegs of names to hang historic robes upon, thus interpreted by the living history of their portraits, the incidental illustrations of the places where they lived and moved and died, and the buildings and monuments they erected, become like the men of yesterday. Art has made them our contemporaries. They are as near to us as Pius VII. and Napoleon. I never drive out of the old Nomentan Gate without remembering the ghastly flight of Nero,—his recognition there by an old centurion,—his damp, drear hiding-place underground, where, shuddering and quoting Greek, he waited for his executioners,—and

his subsequent miserable and cowardly death, as narrated by Tacitus and Suetonius; and it seems nearer to me, more vivid, and more actual, than the death of Rossi in the court of the Cancelleria. I never drive by the Cæsars' palaces, without recalling the ghastly jest of Tiberius, who sent for some fifteen of the Senators at dead of night and commanded their presence; and when they, trembling with fear, and expecting nothing less than that their heads were all to fall, had been kept waiting for an hour, the door opened, and he, nearly naked, appeared with a fiddle in his hand, and, after fiddling and dancing to his quaking audience for an hour, dismissed them to their homes uninjured. The air seems to keep a sort of spiritual scent or trail of these old deeds, and to make them more real here than elsewhere. The ghosts of history haunt their ancient habitations. Invisible companions walk with us through the silent, deserted streets of Pompeii. Vague voices call to us from the shattered tombs along the Via Appia; and looking out over the blue sea, through the columns of that noble villa, lately unearthed at Ostia, one almost seems to hear the robes of ancient senators sweeping along its rich mosaic floors. The Past hovers like a subtle aura around the Present. Places, as well as persons, have lives and influences; touching our natures to mysterious issues. Haunted by its crimes, oppressed and debilitated by the fierce excesses of its Empire, Rome, silent, grave, and meditative, sighs over its past, wrapped in the penitent robes of the Church.

Besides, here one feels that the modern Romans are only the children of their ancient fathers, with the same characteristics,—softened, indeed, and worn down by time, just as the sharp traits of the old marbles have worn away; but still the same people,—proud, passionate, lazy, jealous, vindictive, easy, patient, and able. The Popes are but Church pictures of the Emperors,—a different robe, but the same nature beneath;—Alexander VI. was but a second Tiberius,—Pius VII., a modern Augustus. When I speak of the Roman people, I do not mean the class of hangers-on upon the foreigners, but the Trasteverini and the inhabitants of the provinces and mountains. No one can go through the Trastevere, when the people are roused, without feeling that they are the same as those who listened to Marcus Antonius and Brutus, when the bier of Cæsar was brought into the streets,—and as those who fought with the Colonna and stabbed Rienzi at the foot of the Capitol steps. The Ciceruacchio of '48 was but an ancient Tribune of the People, in the primitive sense of that title. I like, too, to parallel the anecdote of Caius Marius, when, after his ruin, he concealed himself in the marshes, and astonished his captors, who expected to find him

weak of heart, by the magnificent self-assertion of "I am Caius Marius," with the story which is told of Stefano Colonna. One day at Arles, he fell into the hands of his enemies, and they, not recognising him, cried out "Who are you?" "Stefano Colonna, citizen of Rome," was his dauntless reply,—and struck by his heroic bearing they suffered him to go free. Again, after this great captain met with his sad reverses and, deprived of all his possessions, fled from Rome, an attendant asked him,—"What fortress have you now?" He placed his hand on his heart, and answered,—"*Eccola!*" The same blood evidently ran in the veins of both these men; and well might Petrarca call Colonna "a phœnix risen from the ashes of the ancient Romans."

But, somehow or other, I have wandered strangely from my subject. I beg pardon—but how can one help it in Rome?

The Santissimo Bambino is a very round-faced and expressionless doll, carved, as the legend goes, from a tree on the Mount of Olives, by a Franciscan pilgrim, and painted by St. Luke while the pilgrim slept. It is difficult to say which was the worse artist of the two, the sculptor or the painter. But Saint Luke's pictures generally do not give us a high idea of his skill as a painter. The legend is a charming anachronism, unless, indeed, Saint Luke was only a spiritual presence;—but, as the whole incident was miraculous, the greater the anachronism, the greater the miracle. The Bambino, however he came into existence, is invested, according to the assertions of priests and the belief of the common people, with wonderful powers in curing the sick; and his practice is as lucrative as any physician's in Rome. His aid is in constant requisition in severe cases, and certain it is that a cure not unfrequently follows upon his visit; but as the regular physicians always cease their attendance upon his entrance, and blood-letting and calomel are consequently intermitted, perhaps the cure is not so miraculous as it might at first seem. He is always borne in state to his patients; and during the Triumvirate of '49, the Pope's carriage was given to him and his attendants. Ordinarily he goes in a great tan-coloured coach, outside of which waves a vermilion flag, while within are two *Frati minori;* one with the *stola,* and the other with a lighted torch. As he passes through the streets, the people kneel or cross themselves; the women covering their head with their apron or handkerchief, as they always do when entering a consecrated place, and the more superstitious crying out, "Oh *Santo Bambino,* give us thy blessing! oh *Santo Bambino,* cure our diseases! lower the water of the Tiber; heal Lisa's leg; send us a good carnival; give us a winning *terno* in the lottery," or anything else they want.

I was assured by the priest who exhibited him to me at the church, that, on one occasion, having been stolen by some irreverent hand from his ordinary abiding-place in one of the side chapels, he returned alone, by himself, at night, to console his guardians and to resume his functions. Great honours are paid to him. He wears jewels which a Colonna might envy, and not a square inch of his body is without a splendid gem. On festival occasions, like Christmas, he bears a coronet as brilliant as the triple crown of the Pope, and, lying in the Madonna's arms in the representation of the Nativity, he is adored by the people until Epiphany. Then, after the performance of Mass, a procession of priests, accompanied by a band of music, makes the tour of the church and proceeds to the chapel of the *Presepio*, where the bishop, with great solemnity removes him from his mother's arms. At this moment the music bursts forth into a triumphant march, a jubilant strain over the birth of Christ, and he is borne through the doors of the church to the great steps. There the bishop elevates the Holy Bambino before the crowds who throng the steps, and they fall upon their knees. This is thrice repeated, and the wonderful image is then conveyed to its original chapel, and the ceremony is over.

It is curious to note in Rome how many a modern superstition has its root in an ancient one, and how tenaciously customs still cling to their old localities. On the Capitoline Hill the bronze she-wolf was once worshipped * as the wooden Bambino is now. It stood in the Temple of Romulus, and there the ancient Romans used to carry children to be cured of their diseases by touching it. On the supposed site of this temple now stands the church dedicated to St. Theodoro, or Santo Toto as he is called in Rome. Though

* "Romuli nutrix lupa honoribus est affecta divinis," says Lactantius, De Falsa Religione, lib. i. cap. 20, p. 101, edit. var. 1660. According to Dionysius, a wolf in brass, of ancient workmanship, was in the temple of Romulus in the Palatine (Antiq. Rom., lib. i.). Livy also speaks of one as standing under the Ruminal fig-tree (Hist., lib. x. cap. 59). Cicero speaks of one as existing on the Capitol, "quem inauratum in Capitolis parvum et lactantem uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse." (In Catilinam iii. 3;) see also Cicero de Divin. ii. 20. Dion Cassius also speaks of the same wolf on the Capitol (lib. 37); see also Montfaucon, Diarium Italicum, t. i., p. 174, to the same effect. Which of these wolves it is that is now preserved in the museum of the Capitol has afforded a "very pretty quarrel" to archæologists. Winckelmann declares it to have been found in the church of St. Theodorus, on the site, or close by the site, of the Temple of Romulus, and therefore the wolf described by Dionysius; but the authority he cites (Faunus) scarcely bears him out in this assertion. One thing seems to be quite clear, that one of the brazen wolves was on the Capitol, and received divine honours.

names have changed, and the temple has vanished, and church after church has here decayed and been rebuilt, the old superstition remains, and the common people at certain periods still bring their sick children to Santo Toto, that he may heal them with his touch.

The Eve of Epiphany, or Twelfth-Night, is to the children of Rome what Christmas Eve is to us. It is then that the *Befana* (a corruption, undoubtedly, of *Epifania*) comes with her presents. This personage is neither merry nor male, like Santa Claus, nor beautiful and childlike, like Christ-kindchen,—but is described as a very tall, dark woman, ugly, and rather terrible, "*d' una fisionomia piuttosto imponente*," who comes down the chimney, on the Eve of Epiphany, armed with a long *canna* and shaking a bell, to put playthings into the stockings of the good children, and bags of ashes into those of the bad. It is a night of fearful joy to all the little ones. When they hear her bell ring, they shake in their sheets; for the Befana is used as a threat to the wilful, and their hope is tempered by a wholesome apprehension; and well they may, if she is like what Berni paints her—

> "Ha gli occhi rossi ed il viso furibondo,
> I labbri grossi, e par la Befania."

Benidetto Buommattei, in an amusing Idyll, gives her, however, a much better character than her appearance would seem to suggest—

> "Io son colei, che al cominciar dell' erta
> Abito del Castalio in certe grotte,
> Onde non parto mai, che in questa notte.
> Avete inteso ancora,
> Donne? Io son la Befana.
> Di che vi spaurite?
> Che credete, ch' io sia
> Come si dice, qualche mala cosa?
> Non abbiate paura, moccicone,
> Ch' io non fo mal nè a bestia nè a persone.
> Io giovo sempre a tutti, e più alle Donne,
> Che mi per sempre amiche.
> Non vennè quà da quelle amene balze
> Per altro che per empiervi le calze
> De' miei ricchi presenti.
> So pur, che voi sapete la possanza
> Ch' io ho sopra i mortali
> Sin di cangiar il sesso e la figura.
> Per questo ognun all' opra mia ricorre,
> Uomini, donne, bestie ed animali."

The celebration of Epiphany is of very ancient date, and is stated by Domenico Manni, who has written a little treatise on this subject, to have been instituted about the year 350 by Julius I. Previous to his time, it seems not to have been a separate festival, but to have been mixed up with other festivals, probably of Pagan origin. It is now generally supposed only to celebrate the visit of the Magian kings to the cradle of Christ; but the office of the day still performed in the Roman Church clearly proves that it also celebrates the Baptism of Christ and the first miracle of changing water into wine at the marriage in Cana.—"*Tribus miraculis ornatum diem sanctum colimus. Hodie stella magos duxit ad Præsepium; hodie vinum ex aqua factum est ad nuptias; hodie in Jordano a Johanne Christus baptizari voluit.*"

It is curious to trace in the *Befana* of Italy and in the popular superstitious notions and usages of this country at Epiphany the distorted reflections not only of the Christian history, but also of the pagan mythology and festivals which took place at this time. The gifts which it is the universal practice of Christendom to present to children at Christmas or Twelfth-Night, are but symbols of the treasures brought to the infant Christ by the wise men. The baptism has left its trace in the *canna* of St. John, which is always borne by the *Befana*. In some parts of Italy it is also a superstition that at midnight of the eve of Epiphany sheep have the power of speech—"*le pecore la notte di Befana favellano.*" Sant' Epifanio, who lived in the fourth century, declares that in his time, on this night the water of a certain river was changed into wine. And it is still a popular superstition, derived undoubtedly from the miracle at Cana, that then also extraordinary transformations of things take place—such as that the walls are changed into cheese, the bed sheets into a kind of paste called Lasagne, and water into exquisite wine. Mixed up with these, also, are reminiscences of the Murder of the Innocents; for on this night it is said, that the *Befana* goes wandering about, not only with presents, but also to stab and prick the bodies of bad children. The best way to avoid this punishment is to eat beans, which form, therefore, a common dish on Twelfth-Night; but another mode of avoiding these persecutions is to place a mortar on the body, and to offer up for good luck a certain prayer composed expressly for this occasion, and called the Avemaria della Befana. In Venice, Girolamo Tartarotti informs us that this figure is called Radòdese, which is probably a corruption of the name of Herod, or Erode.

It is curious, too, to note how the physiognomy of this imaginary character varies among different nations and under different in-

fluences. The Christ-kindchen of Germany is an image of the infant Christ himself. The Santa Claus is a clumsier impersonation, in which the figures of the ancient Teutonic legend are scarcely hidden under the Christian garb of the Church; while the Befana of Italy is a bizarre creature made up of fragments and spoils from various scriptural figures.

As far back as the twelfth century, mysteries and *pia spectacula* were given, representing the visit of the kings to Christ, and the flight into Egypt. And Galvano della Fiamma, the Milanese historian, tells us that it was the custom in Milan, in the year 1326, for three persons crowned, dressed as kings, mounted on large horses, and followed by a great concourse of people, to go through the streets at Epiphany, with a golden star carried before them; and this procession went to the square of San Lorenzo, where was seated a person representing King Herod, and surrounded by the scribes and wise men, when a long dialogue took place between them. In other places, a beautiful girl was put upon an ass, carrying an infant in her arms, and followed by an old man on foot, which was intended, of course, to represent the flight into Egypt. In later times these celebrations were travestied by the Befana, who went through the streets accompanied by persons carrying burning brooms, or sheaves of straw, ringing bells, and blowing horns and whistles; and even to the present day, in some places, a figure stuffed with straw, and dressed grotesquely, is carried in procession through the streets, and followed by a cheering and hooting crowd.

The burning broom which was carried in the procession of the Befana was not without significance; for according to some legend she is said to have been an old woman, who was engaged in cleaning the house when the three kings passed carrying their presents to the infant Christ. She was called to the window to see them, but being too intent on the worldly matters of the household, she declined to intermit her sweeping, saying, "I will see them as they return." Unfortunately the kings did not return by the same road, and the old woman is represented as waiting and watching for them eternally. She is, in fact, a sort of female wandering Jew, who never lays aside her broom.

On Epiphany eve, there may be seen in many of the houses and shops in Rome boys disguised as women, who with blackened faces, a fantastic cap on their heads, a long *canna* in one hand and a lantern in the other, represent the Befana. At their feet are baskets of sweetmeats, apples and fruit, and hanging from their necks are stockings filled with various presents. Some of these contain fruit and toys for the good children, and are accompanied with letters of

congratulation and good wishes; others have nothing in them but bags of ashes for the bad children, and letters containing threats and reproofs.

But the great festival of the Befana takes place in Rome on the eve of Twelfth-Night, in the Piazza di Sant' Eustachio,—and a curious spectacle it is. The Piazza itself (which is situated in the centre of the city, just beyond the Pantheon), and all the adjacent streets, are lined with booths covered with every kind of plaything for children. Most of these are of Roman make, very rudely fashioned, and very cheap; but for those who have longer purses, there are not wanting heaps of German and French toys. These booths are gaily illuminated with rows of candles and the three-wick'd brass lamps of Rome; and, at intervals, painted posts are set into the pavement, crowned with pans of grease, with a wisp of tow for wick, from which flames blaze and flare about. Besides these, numbers of torches carried about by hand lend a wavering and picturesque light to the scene. By eight o'clock in the evening, crowds begin to fill the Piazza and the adjacent streets. Long before one arrives, the squeak of penny-trumpets is heard at intervals; but in the Piazza itself the mirth is wild and furious, and the din that salutes one's ears on entering is almost deafening. The object of every one is to make as much noise as possible, and every kind of instrument for this purpose is sold at the booths. There are drums beating, tambourines thumping and jingling, pipes squeaking, watchmen's rattles clacking, penny-trumpets and tin horns shrilling, the sharpest whistles shrieking,—and mingling with these is heard the din of voices, screams of laughter, and the confused burr and buzz of a great crowd. On all sides you are saluted by the strangest noises. Instead of being spoken to, you are whistled at. Companies of people are marching together in platoons, or piercing through the crowd in long files, and dancing and blowing like mad on their instruments. It is a perfect witches' sabbath. Here, huge dolls dressed as Pulcinella or Pantaloon are borne about for sale,—or over the heads of the crowd great black-faced jumping-jacks, lifted on a stick, twitch themselves in fantastic fits,—or, what is more Roman than all, long poles are carried about strung with rings of hundreds of *ciambelle* (a light cake, called jumble in English), which are screamed for sale at a *mezzo baiocco* each. There is no alternative but to get a drum, whistle, or trumpet—join in the racket—and fill one's pockets with toys for the children and absurd presents for older friends. The moment you are once in for it, and making as much noise as you can, you begin to relish the jest. The toys are very odd—particularly the Roman whistles;—some of

these are made of pewter, with a little wheel that whirls as you blow; others are of terra-cotta, very rudely modelled into every shape of bird, beast, and human deformity, each with a whistle in its head, breast, or tail, which it is no joke to hear, when blown close to your ears by a stout pair of lungs. The scene is extremely picturesque. Above, the dark vault of night, with its far stars, the blazing and flaring of lights below, and the great, dark walls of the Sapienza and Church looking grimly down upon the mirth. Everywhere in the crowd are the glistening helmets of soldiers, who are mixing in the sport, and the *chapeaux* of white-strapped *gendarmes*, standing at intervals to keep the peace. At about half-past eleven o'clock the theatres are emptied, and the upper classes flock to the Piazza. I have never been there later than half-past twelve, but the riotous fun still continued at that hour; and, for a week afterwards, the squeak of whistles may be heard at intervals in the streets.

The whole month of December was formerly dedicated to Saturn, and was given up to the wild festivities of the Saturnalia, of which Carnival and Twelfth-Night retain many striking features. The Moccoletti, for instance, is manifestly a reproduction of the Saturnalian Cerei; and the ancient custom of electing a mock king at this season is still a characteristic ceremony of Twelfth-Night. Under Augustus, the Saturnalia Proper only occupied three days, the 17th, 18th, and 19th of December; but two days were afterwards added under the name of the Opalia; and, still later, the Sigillaria increased the number of days to seven. This last festival received its name from the *Sigilla*, which were then exposed for sale and given as toys to children; and these *sigilla* were neither more nor less than little earthenware figures, similar to those which form so striking a peculiarity in the modern celebration of Epiphany in the Piazza Sant' Eustachio.

The custom of giving and receiving presents at Epiphany is by no means confined to children. It is universal, extending even to the Pope and College of Cardinals, and assuming the form of a religious and symbolical ceremony. On Epiphany morning, the Cardinal Prodatario, who is head of College of ninety-nine apostolic writers, used, by ancient custom, formerly to present the members of the College to the Pope, upon which one of the members, after pronouncing a Latin address, placed in his hands a Tribute, or Befana as it was called, consisting of a hundred ducats in gold placed in a cup or chalice of silver which was valued at thirty-five *scudi*. This chalice was, however, sometimes of gold, and together with the ducats made up the sum of 200 *scudi*. The Pope in accepting it made a reply in Latin, and graciously allowed the writers to kiss his foot. This

ceremony has been omitted since the year 1802; but the Befana tribute of the value of 200 *scudi* is still presented to the Pope by the Cardinal Prodatario in behalf of the College—and still graciously accepted.

At the two periods of Christmas and Easter, the young Roman girls take their first communion. The former, however, is generally preferred, as it is a season of rejoicing in the Church, and the ceremonies are not so sad as at Easter. In entering upon this religious phase of their life, it is their custom to retire to a convent, and pass a week in prayer and reciting the offices of the Church. During this period, no friend, not even their parents, is allowed to visit them, and information as to their health and condition is very reluctantly and sparingly given at the door. In case of illness, the physician of the convent is called; and even then neither parent is allowed to see them, except, perhaps, in very severe cases. Of course, during their stay in the convent, every exertion is made by the sisters to render a monastic life agreeable, and to stimulate the religious sensibilities of the young communicant. The pleasures of society and the world are decried, and the charms of peace, devotion, and spiritual exercises eulogized, until, sometimes, the excited imagination of the communicant leaves her no rest, before she has returned to the convent and taken the veil as a nun. The happiness of families is thus sometimes destroyed; and I knew one very united and pleasant Roman family which in this way was sadly broken up. Two of three sisters were so worked upon at their first communion, that the prayers of family and friends proved unavailing to retain them in their home. The more they were urged to remain, the more they desired to go, and the parents, brothers, and remaining sister, were forced to yield a most reluctant consent. They retired into the convent and became nuns. It was almost as if they had died. From that time forward, the home was no longer a home. I saw them when they took the veil, and a sadder spectacle was not easily to be seen. The girls were happy, but the parents and family wretched, and the parting was tearful and sad. They do not seem since to have regretted the step they then took; but regret would be unavailing,—and even if they felt it, they could scarcely show it. The occupation of the sisters in the monastery they have joined is prayers, the offices of the Church, and, I believe, a little instruction of poor children. But gossip among themselves, of the pettiest kind, must make up for the want of wider worldly interests. In such limited relations, little jealousies engender great hypocrisies; a restricted horizon enlarges small objects. The repressed heart and introverted mind, deprived of their natural

scope, consume themselves in self-consciousness, and duties easily degenerate into routine. We are not all in all to ourselves; the world has claims upon us, which it is cowardice to shrink from, and folly to deny. Self-forgetfulness is a great virtue, and selfishness a great vice. After all, the best religious service is honest labour. Large interests keep the heart sound; and the best of prayers is the doing of a good act with a pure purpose.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

CHAPTER V.

LENT.

THE gay confusion of Carnival is over, with its mad tossing of flowers and *bonbons*, its showering of *confetti*, its brilliantly-draped balconies running over with happy faces, its barbaric races, its rows of joyous *contadine*, its quaint masquerading, and all the glad folly of its Saturnalia. For Saturnalia it is, in most respects just like the *festa* of the Ancient Romans, with its *Saturni septem dies*, its uproar of "*Io Saturnalia!*" in the streets, and all its mad frolic. In one point it materially differs, however; for on the ancient *festa* no criminal could be punished; but in modern times it is this gay occasion that the government selects to execute (*giustiziare!*) any poor wretch who may have been condemned to death, so as to strike a wholesome terror into the crowd! But all is over now. The last *moccoletti* are extinguished, that flashed and danced like myriads of fire-flies from window and balcony and over the heads of the roaring tide of people that ebbed and flowed in hurrying eddies of wild laughter through the streets. The Corso has become sober and staid, and taken in its draperies. The fun is finished. The masked balls, with their *belle maschere*, are over. The theatres are all closed. Lent has come, bringing its season of sadness; and the gay world of strangers is flocking down to Naples.

Eh, Signore! Finito il nostro carnevale. Adesso è il carnevale dei preti:—"Our carnival is over, and that of the priests has come." All the *frati* are going round to every Roman family, high and low, from the prince in his palace to the boy in the *caffè*, demanding "*una santa elemosina,—un abbondante santa elemosina,—ma abbondante,*"—and willingly pocketing any sum, from a half-*baiocco* upwards. The parish priest is now making his visits in every ward of the city, to register the names of the Catholics in all the houses, so as to insure a confession from each during this season of penance.

And woe to any wight who fails to do his duty!—he will soon be brought to his marrow-bones. His name will be placarded in the church, and he will be punished according to circumstances,—perhaps by a mortification to the pocket, perhaps by the penance of the convent; and perhaps his fate will be worse, if he be obstinate. So nobody is obstinate, and all go to confession like good Christians, and confess what they please, for the sake of peace, if not of absolution. The Francescani march more solemnly up and down the alleys of their cabbage-garden, studiously, with books in their hands, which they pretend to read; now and then taking out their snuff-stained bandanna and measuring it from corner to corner, in search of a feasible spot for its appropriate function: they are, however, really only feeling by the hem for the inside, for an Italian looks upon a handkerchief as a bag the outside of which is never to be used, so that he may safely roll it up again into a little round ball, and polish off his nose with it, before returning it to his pocket. Whatever penance they do is not to Father Tiber or Santa Acquedotto, excepting by internal ablutions,—the exterior things of this world being ignored. There is no meat-eating now, save on certain festivals, when a supply is laid in for the week. But opposites cure opposites, (contrary to the homœopathic rule,) and their *magro* makes them *grasso*. Two days of festival, however, there are in the little church of San Patrizio and Isidoro, when the streets are covered with sand, and sprigs of box and red and yellow hangings flaunt before the portico, and scores of young boy-priests invade their garden, and, tucking up their long skirts, run and scream among the cabbages; for boyhood is an irrepressible thing, even under the extinguisher of a priest's black dress.

Daily you will hear the tinkle of a bell and the chant of high child-voices in the street, and, looking out, you will see two little boys clad in some refuse of the Church's wardrobes, one of whom carries a crucifix or a big black cross, while the other rings a bell and chants as he loiters along; now stopping to chaff with other boys of a similar age,—nay, even at times laying down his cross to dispute or struggle with them,—and now renewing the appeal of the bell. This is to call together the children of the parish to learn their Catechism, or to exercise them in their Latin responses—and these latter they will rattle off generally with an amazing volubility, and for the most part without an idea of what they mean.

Meantime the snow is gradually disappearing from Monte Gennaro and the Sabine Mountains. Picnic parties are spreading their tables under the Pamfili Doria pines, and drawing St. Peter's from the old wall near by the ilex avenue,—or making excursions to Frascati, Tusculum, and Albano,—or spending a day in wandering among the

ruins of the Etruscan city of Veii, lost to the world so long ago that even the site of it was unknown to the Cæsars,—or strolling by the shore at Ostia, or under the magnificent *pineta* at Castel Fusano, whose lofty trees repeat, as in a dream, the sound of the blue Mediterranean that washes the coast at half a mile distant. There is no lack of places that Time has shattered and strewn with relics, leaving Nature to festoon her ruins and heal her wounds with tenderest vines and flowers, where one may spend a charming day and dream of the old times.

Spring has come. The nightingales already begin to bubble into song under the Ludovisi ilexes and in the Barberini Gardens. Daisies have snowed all over the Campagna,—periwinkles star the grass,—crocuses and anemones impurple the spaces between the rows of springing grain along the still brown slopes. At every turn in the streets basketfuls of sweet-scented Parma violets are offered you by little girls and boys; and at the corner of the Condotti and Corso is a splendid show of camellias, set into beds of double violets, and sold for a song. Now and then one meets huge baskets filled with these delicious violets, on their way to the confectioners and *caffès*, where they will be made into syrup; for the Italians are very fond of this *bibita*, and prize it not only for its flavour, but for its medicinal qualities. Violets seem to rain over the villas in the spring,—acres are purple with them, and the air all around is sweet with their fragrance. Every day, scores of carriages are driving about the Borghese grounds, which are open to the public, and hundreds of children are running about, plucking flowers and playing on the lovely slopes and in the shadows of the noble trees, while their parents stroll at a distance and wait for them in the shady avenues. At the Pamfili Doria villa the English play their national game of cricket, on the flower-enamelled green, which is covered with the most wondrous anemones; and there is a *matinée* of friends who come to chat and look on. This game is rather "slow" at Rome, however, and does not rhyme with the Campagna. The Italians lift their hands and wonder what there is in it to fascinate the English; and the English in turn call them a lazy, stupid set, because they do not admire it. But those who have seen *pallone* will not, perhaps, so much wonder at the Italians, nor condemn them for not playing their own game, when they remember that the French have turned them out of their only amphitheatre adapted for it, and left them only *pazienza*.

If one drives out at any of the gates he will see that spring is come. The hedges are putting forth their leaves, the almond-trees are in full blossom, and in the vineyards the *contadini* are setting

cane-poles and trimming the vines to run upon them. Here and there along the slopes the rude antique plough, dragged heavily along by great gray oxen, turns up the rich loam, that needs only to be tickled to laugh out in flowers and grain. In the olive-orchards, the farmers are carefully pruning away decayed branches and loosening the soil about their old roots. Here and there, the smoke of distant bonfires, burning heaps of useless stubble, shows against the dreamy purple hills like the pillar of cloud that led the Israelites. One smells the sharp odour of these fires everywhere, and hears them crackle in the fields :—

"Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis."

On *festa*-days the way-side *osterias* (*con cucina*) are crowded by parties who come out to sit under the green arbours of vines, drink wine grown on the very spot, and regale themselves with a fry of eggs and chopped sausages, or a slice of lamb, and enjoy the delicious air that breathes from the mountains. The old cardinals descend from their gilded carriages, and, accompanied by one of their household and followed by their ever-present lackeys in harlequin liveries, totter along on foot with swollen ankles, lifting their broad red hats to the passers-by who salute them, and pausing constantly in their discourse to enforce a phrase or take a pinch of snuff. Files of scholars from the Propaganda stream along, now and then, two by two, their leading-strings swinging behind them, and in their ranks all shades of physiognomy, from African and Egyptian to Irish and American. Youths from the English College, and Germans, in red, go by in companies. All the minor schools, too, will be out,—little boys, in black hats, following the lead of their priest-master, (for all masters are priests,) orphan girls in white, convoyed by Sisters of Charity, and the deaf and dumb with their masters. Scores of *ciociuri*, also, may be seen in faded scarlets, with their wardrobes of wretched clothes, and sometimes a basket with a baby in it, on their heads. The *contadini*, who have been to Rome to be hired for the week to labour on the Campagna, come tramping along, one of them often mounted on a donkey, and followed by a group carrying their implements with them; while hundreds of the middle classes, husbands and wives with their children, and *paini* and *paine* with all their jewellery on, are out to take their holiday stroll, and to see and be seen.

Once in a while, the sadness of Lent is broken by a Church festival, when all the fasters eat prodigiously and make up for their usual Lenten fare. One of the principal days is that of the 19th of March, dedicated to San Giuseppe, (the most ill-used of all the

saints,) when the little church in Capo le Case, dedicated to him, is hung with brilliant draperies, and the pious flock thither in crowds to say their prayers. The great curtain is swaying to and fro constantly as they come and go, and a file of beggars is on the steps to relieve you of *baiocchi*. Beside them stands a fellow who sells a print of the Angel appearing to San Giuseppe in a dream, and warning him against the sin of jealousy. Four curious lines beneath the print thus explain it:—

"Qual sinistro pensier l' alma ti scuote?
Se il sen fecondo di Maria tu vedi,
Giuseppe, non temer; calmati, e credi
Ch' opra è sol di colui che tutto puote."

Whether Joseph is satisfied or not with this explanation, it would be difficult to determine from his expression. He looks rather haggard and bored than persuaded, and certainly has not that cheerful acquiescence of countenance which one is taught to expect.

During all Lent, a sort of bun, called *maritozze*, which is filled with the edible kernels of the pine-cone, made light with oil, and thinly crusted with sugar, is eaten by the faithful,—and a very good Catholic "institution" it is. But in the festival days of San Giuseppe, gaily-ornamented booths are built at the corner of many of the streets, especially near the church in Capo le Case, in the Borgo, and at Sant' Eustachio, which are adorned with great green branches as large as young trees, and hung with red and gold draperies, where the "*Frittelle di San Giuseppe*" are fried in huge caldrons of boiling oil and lard and served out to the common people. These fritters, which are a delicate batter mixed sometimes with rice, are eaten by all good Catholics, though one need not be a Catholic to find them excellent eating. In front of the principal booths are swung "*Sonetti*" in praise of the Saint, of the cook, and of the dough-nuts,—some of them declaring that Mercury has already descended from Olympus at the command of the gods to secure a large supply of the fritters, and praying all believers to make haste, or there will be no more left. The latter alternative seems little probable, when one sees the quantity of provision laid in by the vendors. Their prayer, however, is heeded by all; and a gay scene enough it is,—especially at night, when the great cups filled with lard are lighted, and the shadows dance on the crowd, and the light flashes on the tinsel-covered festoons that sway with the wind, and illuminates the booth, while the smoke rises from the great caldrons which flank it on either side, and the cooks, all in white, ladle out the dripping fritters into large polished platters, and

laugh and joke, and laud their work, and shout at the top of their lungs, "*Ecco le belle, ma belle frittelle!*" For weeks this frying continues in the streets; but after the day of San Giuseppe, not only the sacred fritters are made, but thousands of minute fishes, fragments of cauliflower, *broccoli*, cabbage, and artichokes go into the hissing oil, and are heaped upon the platters and vases. For all sorts of fries the Romans are justly celebrated. The sweet olive-oil, which takes the place of our butter and lard, makes the fry light, delicate, and of a beautiful golden colour; and spread upon the snowy tables of these booths, their odour is so appetizing and their look so inviting, that I have often been tempted to join the crowds who fill their plates and often their pocket-handkerchiefs (*con rispetto*) with these golden fry, "*fritti dorati*," as they are called, and thus do honour to the Saint, and comfort their stomachs with holy food, which quells the devil of hunger within.

This festival of San Giuseppe, which takes place on the 19th of March, bears a curious resemblance to the *Liberalia* of the ancient Romans, a festival in honour of Bacchus, which was celebrated every year on the 17th of March, when priests and priestesses, adorned with garlands of ivy, carried through the city wine, honey, cakes, and sweetmeats, together with a portable altar, in the middle of which was a small fire-pan (*foculus*), in which, from time to time, sacrifices were burnt. The altar has now become a booth, the *foculus* a caldron, the sacrifices are of little fishes as well as of cakes, and San Giuseppe has taken the place of Bacchus, Liber Pater; but the festivals, despite these differences, have such grotesque points of resemblance that the latter looks like the former, just as one's face is still one's face, however distortedly reflected in the bowl of a spoon; and, perhaps, if one remembers the third day of the Anthesteria, when cooked vegetables were offered in honour of Bacchus, by putting it together with the Liberalia, we shall easily get the modern *festa* of San Giuseppe.

But not only at this time and at these booths are good *fritti* to be found. It is a favourite mode of cooking in Rome; and a mixed fry (*fritta mista*) of bits of liver, brains, cauliflower, and artichokes is a staple dish, always ready at every restaurant. At any *osteria con cucina* on the Campagna one is also sure of a good omelet and salad; and, sitting under the vines, after a long walk, I have made as savoury a lunch on these two articles as ever I found in the most glittering restaurant in the Palais Royal. If one add the background of exquisite mountains, the middle distance of flowery slopes, where herds of long-haired goats, sheep, and gray oxen are feeding among the skeletons of broken aqueducts, ruined tombs, and

shattered mediæval towers, and the foreground made up of picturesque groups of peasants, who lounge about the door, and come and go, and men from the Campagna, on horseback, with their dark, capacious cloaks and long ironed staff, who have come from counting their oxen and superintending the farming, and *carrettieri*, stopping in their hooded wine-carts or ringing along the road,—there is, perhaps, as much to charm the artist as is to be seen while sipping beer or *eau gazeuse* on the hot Parisian *asphalte*, where the *grisette* studiously shows her clean ankles, and the dandy struts in his patent-leather boots.

One great *festa* there is during Lent at the little town of Grotta-Ferrata, about fourteen miles from Rome. It takes place on the 25th of March, and sometimes is very gay and picturesque, and always charming to one who has eyes to see and has shed some of his national prejudices. By eight o'clock in the morning open carriages begin to stream out of the Porta San Giovanni, and in about two hours may be seen the old castellated monastery, at whose foot the little village of Grotta-Ferrata stands. As we advance through noble elms and plane-trees, crowds of peasants line the way, beggars scream from the banks, donkeys bray, *carrette* rattle along, until at last we arrive at a long meadow which seems alive and crumbling with gaily-dressed figures that are moving to and fro as thick as ants upon an ant-hill. Here are gathered peasants from all the country villages within ten miles, all in their festal costumes; along the lane which skirts the meadow and leads through the great gate of the old fortress, donkeys are crowded together, and keeping up a constant and outrageous concert; mountebanks, in harlequin suits, are making faces or haranguing from a platform, and inviting everybody into their penny-show. From inside their booths is heard the sound of the invariable pipes and drum, and from the lifted curtain now and then peers forth a comic face, and disappears with a sudden scream and wild gesticulation. Meantime the closely-packed crowd moves slowly along in both directions, and on we go through the archway into the great court-yard. Here, under the shadow of the monastery, booths and benches stand in rows, arrayed with the produce of the country villages,—shoes, rude implements of husbandry, the coarse woven fabrics of the country people, hats with cockades and rosettes, feather brooms and brushes, and household things, with here and there the tawny pinchbeck ware of a pedlar of jewellery, and little framed pictures of the Madonna and saints. Extricating ourselves from the crowd, we ascend by a stone stairway to the walk around the parapets of the walls, and look down upon the scene. How gay

it is! Around the fountain, which is spilling in the centre of the court, a constantly varying group is gathered, washing, drinking, and filling their flasks and vases. Near by, a charlatan, mounted on a table, with a canvas behind him painted all over with odd cabalistic figures, is screaming, in loud and voluble tones, the virtues of his medicines and unguents, and his skill in extracting teeth. One need never have a pang in tooth, ear, head, or stomach, if one will but trust his wonderful promises. In one little bottle he has the famous water which renews youth; in another, the lotion which awakens love, or cures jealousy, or changes the fright into the beauty. All the while he plays with his tame serpents, and chatters as if his tongue went of itself, while the crowd of peasants below gape at him, laugh with him, and buy from him. Listen to him, all who have ears!—

Udite, udite, O rustici!
Attenti, non fiatate!
Io già suppongo e immagino
Che al par di me sappiate
Che io son quel gran medico
Dottore Enciclopedico
Chiamato Dulcamara,
La cui virtù preclara
E i portenti infiniti
Son noti in tutto il mondo—*e in altri siti.*

Benefattor degli uomini,
Reparator dei mali,
In pochi giorni io sgombrerò.
Io spazzo gli spedali,
E la salute a vendere
Per tutto il mondo io vo.
Compratela, compratela,—
Per poco io ve la do.

È questo l' odontalgico,
Mirabile liquore,
De' topi e dei cimici
Possente distruttore,
I cui certificati
Autentici, bollati,
Toccar, vedere, e leggere,
A ciaschedun farò.
Per questo mio specifico
Simpatico, prolifico,

Un uom settuagenario
E valetudinario
Nonno di dieci bamboli
Ancora diventò.

O voi matrone rigide,
Ringiovanir bramate?
Le vostre rughe incomode
Con esso cancellate.
Volete, voi donzelle,
Ben liscia aver la pelle?
Voi giovani galanti,
Per sempre avere amanti,
Comprate il mio specifico,—
Per poco io ve lo do.

Ei muove i paralitici;
Spedisce gli apopletici,
Gli asmatici, gli artritici,
Gli isterici, e diabetici;
Guarisce timpanitidi
E scrofoli e rachitidi;
E fino il mal di fegato,
Che in moda diventò.
Comprate il mio specifico,—
Per poco io ve lo do.

And so on and on and on. There is never an end of that voluble gabble. Nothing is more amusing than the Italian *ciarlatano*, wherever you meet him; but, like many other national characters, he is vanishing, and is seen more and more rarely every year.

But to return to the fair and our station on the parapets at Grotta-Ferrata. Opposite us is a penthouse, (where nobody peaks and pines,) covered with green boughs, whose jutting eaves and posts are adorned with gay draperies; and under the shadow of this is seated a motley set of peasants at their lunch and dinner. Smoking plates come in and out of the dark hole of a door that opens into kitchen and cellar, and the waiters flourish their napkins and cry constantly, "*Vengo subito*," "*Eccomi quà*,"—whether they come or not. Big-bellied flasks of rich Grotta-Ferrata wine are filled and emptied; bargains are struck for cattle, donkeys, and clothes; healths are pledged; and toasts are given, and *passatella* is played. But there is no riot and no quarrelling. If we lift our eyes from this swarm below, we see the exquisite Campagna with its silent, purple distances stretching off to Rome, and hear the rush of a wild torrent scolding in the gorge below among the stones and olives.

But while we are lingering here, a crowd is pushing through into the inner court, where mass in going on in the curious old church. One has now to elbow his way to enter, and all around the door, even out into the middle court, *contadini* are kneeling. Besides this, the whole place reeks intolerably with garlic, which, mixed with whiffs of incense from the church within and other unmentionable smells, make such a compound that only a brave nose can stand it. But stand it we must, if we would see Domenichino's frescoes in the chapel within; and as they are among the best products of his cold and clever talent, we gasp and push on,—the most resolute alone getting through. Here in this old monastery, as the story goes, he sought refuge from the fierce Salvator Rosa, by whom his life was threatened, and here he painted some of his best works, shaking in his shoes with fear. When we have examined these frescoes, we have done the fair of Grotta-Ferrata; and those of us who are wise and have brought with us a well-packed hamper, stick in our hat one of the red artificial roses which everybody wears, take a charming drive to the Villa Conti, Muti, or Falconieri, and there, under the ilexes, forget the garlic, finish the day with a picnic, and return to Rome when the western sun is painting the Alban Hill.

And here, in passing, one word on the onions and garlic, whose odour issues from the mouths of every Italian crowd, like the fumes from the maw of Fridolin's dragon. Everybody eats them in Italy; the upper classes show them to their dishes to give them a flavour, and the lower use them not only as a flavour but as a food. When only a formal introduction of them is made to a dish, I confess that the result is far from disagreeable; but that close, intimate, and absorbing relation existing between them and the lowest classes is frightful. *Senza complimenti*, it is "tolerable and not to be endured." When a poor man can procure a raw onion and a hunch of black bread, he does not want a dinner; and towards noon many and many a one may be seen sitting like a king upon a door-step, or making a statuesque finish to a palace *portone*, cheerfully munching this spare meal, and taking his siesta after it, full-length upon the bare pavement, as calmly as if he were in the perfumed chambers of the great:—

> "Under the canopies of costly state,
> And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody."

And, indeed, so he is; for the canopy of the soft blue sky is above him, and the plashing fountains lull him to his dreams. Nor is he without ancient authority for his devotion to those twin saints, Cipollo and Aglio. There is an "odour of sanctity" about them, turn up our

noses as we may. The ancient Egyptians offered them as first-fruits upon the altars of their gods, and employed them also in the services for the dead; and such was their attachment to them, that the followers of Moses hankered after them despite the manna, and longed for "the leeks and the onions and the garlic which they did eat in Egypt freely." Nay, even the fastidious Greeks not only used them as a charm against the Evil Eye, but ate them with delight. In the "Banquet" of Xenophon, Socrates specially recommends them, and Galen discourses wisely and at length on their admirable qualities. On this occasion, several curious reasons for their use are adduced, of which we who despise them should not be ignorant. Niceratus says that they relish well with wine, citing Homer in confirmation of his opinion; Callias affirms that they inspire courage in battle; and Charmidas clenches the matter by declaring that they are most useful in "deceiving a jealous wife, who, finding her husband return with his breath smelling of onions, would be induced to believe he had not saluted any one while from home." Despise them not, therefore, O Saxon! for their pedigree is long, and they are sacred plants. Happily for you, if these reasons do not persuade you against your will, there is a certain specific against them,—*Eat them yourself*, and you will smell them no longer.

The time of the church processions is now coming, and one good specimen takes place on the 29th of March, from the Santa Maria in Via, which may stand with little variations for all the others. These processions, which are given by every church once a year, are in honour of the Madonna, or some saint specially reverenced in the particular church. They make the circuit of the parish limits, passing through all its principal streets, and every window and balcony is decorated with yellow and crimson hangings, and with crowds of dark eyes. The front of the church, the steps, and the street leading to it are spread with yellow sand, over which are scattered sprigs of box. After the procession has been organized in the church, they "come unto these yellow sands," preceded by a band of music, which plays rather jubilant, and what the unco pious would call profane music, of polkas and marches, and airs from the operas. Next follow great lanterns of strung glass drops, accompanied by soldiers; then an immense gonfalon representing the Virgin at the Cross, which swings backwards and forwards, borne by the confraternity of the parish, with blue capes over their white dresses, and all holding torches. Then follows a huge wooden cross, garlanded with golden ivy-leaves, and also upheld by the confraternity, who stagger under its weight. Next come two crucifixes, covered, as the body of Christ always is during Lent and

until Resurrection-day, with cloth of purple (the colour of passion), and followed by the *frati* of the church in black, carrying candles and dolorously chanting a hymn. Then comes the bishop in his mitre, his yellow stole upheld by two principal priests, (the curate and sub-curate,) and to him his acolytes waft incense, as well as to the huge figure of the Madonna which follows. This figure is of life-size, carved in wood, surrounded by gilt angels, and so heavy that sixteen stout porters, whose shabby trousers show under their improvised costume, are required to bear it along. With this the procession comes to its climax. Immediately after follow the guards, and a great concourse of the populace closes the train.

As Holy Week approaches, pilgrims begin to flock to Rome with their oil-cloth capes, their scallop-shell, their long staffs, their rosaries, and their dirty hands held out constantly for "*una santa elemosina pel povero pellegrino.*" Let none of my fair friends imagine that she will find a Romeo among them, or she will be most grievously disappointed. There is something to touch your pity in their appearance, though not the pity akin to love. They are, for the most part, old, shabby, soiled, and inveterate mendicants,—and though, some time or other, some one or other may have known one of them for her true-love "by his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon," that time has been long forbye, unless they are wondrously disguised. Besides these pilgrims, and often in company with them, bands of peasants, with their long staffs, may be met on the road, making a pilgrimage to Rome for the Holy Week, clad in splendid *ciociari* dresses, carrying their clothes on their heads, and chanting a psalm as they go. Among these may be found many a handsome youth and beautiful maid, whose faces will break into the most charming of smiles as you salute them and wish them a happy pilgrimage. And of all smiles, none is so sudden, open, and enchanting as a Roman girl's; breaking out over their dark, passionate faces, black eyes, and level brows, like a burst of sunlight from behind a cloud. There must be noble possibilities in any nation which, through all its oppression and degradation, has preserved the childlike frankness of an Italian smile.

Still another indication of the approach of Holy Week is the Easter egg, which now makes its appearance, and warns us of the solemnities to come. Sometimes it is stained yellow, purple, red, green, or striped with various colours; sometimes it is crowned with paste-work, representing, in a most primitive way, a hen,—her body being the egg, and her pastry-head adorned with a disproportionately tall feather. These eggs are exposed for sale at the corners of the streets and bought by everybody, and every sort of

ingenious device is resorted to to attract customers and render them attractive. This custom is probably derived from the East, where the egg is the symbol of the primitive state of the world and of the creation of things. The new year formerly began at the spring equinox, about Easter; and at that period of the renewal of Nature, a festival was celebrated in the new moon of the month Phamenoth, in honour of Osiris, when painted and gilded eggs were exchanged as presents, in reference to the beginning of all things. The transference of the commencement of the year to January deprived the Paschal egg of its significance. Formerly in France, and still in Russia as in Italy, it had a religious significance, and was never distributed until it had received a solemn benediction. On Good Friday, a priest in his robes, with an attendant, may be seen going into every door in the street to bless the house, the inhabitants, and the eggs. The last, coloured and arranged according to the taste of the individual, are spread upon a table, which is decorated with box, flowers, and whatever ornamental dishes the family possesses. The priest is received with bows at the door; and when he has sprinkled holy water around and given his benediction he is rewarded with the gratuity of a *paul* or a *scudo*, according to the piety and purse of the proprietor; while into the basket of his attendant is always dropped a loaf of bread, a couple of eggs, a *baiocco*, or some such trifle.

The egg plays a prominent part in the religions of the ancient world, and serious discussions are to be found in Plutarch and Macrobius, whether the egg or the hen was first produced: philosophers and learned men declared that the egg contained in itself all four elements, and was therefore a microcosm. It was used in auguries, and was placed by the ancient Romans on the table at the beginning of their repasts; and at the feasts in honour of the dead it also had a prominent place. The ancient Jews at Pasqua, after purifying and cleansing the house, placed hard eggs on the table as a symbol; as well as cakes, dates, and dried figs. The Greeks and Romans also used the egg in expiations, and when they blessed the houses and temples, and sprinkled them with lustral water, they carried an egg with them. The account of the blessing of a ship by Apuleius might almost stand for a description of the modern ceremony at Pasqua. "The high priest," he says, "carrying a lighted torch and an egg, and some sulphur, made the most solemn prayers with his chaste lips, completely purified it, and consecrated it to the goddess."

Beside the blessing of the eggs and house, it is the custom in some parts of Italy, (and I have particularly observed it in Siena,) for the priest, at Easter, to affix to the door of the chief palaces and villas a waxen cross, or the letter M in wax, so as to guard the

house from evil spirits. But only the houses of the rich are thus protected; for the priests bestow favours only "for a consideration," which the poor cannot so easily give.

Among the celebrations which take place throughout Italy at this period, is one which, though not peculiar to Rome, deserves record here for its singularity. On Good Friday it is the custom of the people of Prato (a little town near Florence) to celebrate the occasion by a procession, which takes place after nightfall, and is intended to represent the procession to the Cross. The persons composing it are mounted on horseback and dressed in fantastic costumes, borrowed from the theatrical wardrobe, representing Pontius Pilate, the centurions, guards, executioners, apostles, and even Judas himself. Each one carries in one hand a flaring torch, and in the other some emblem of the Crucifixion, such as the hammer, pincers, spear, sponge, cross, and so on. The horses are all unshod, so that their hoofs may not clatter on the pavement; and, with a sort of mysterious noiselessness, this singular procession passes through all the principal streets, illuminated by torches that gleam picturesquely on their tinsel-covered robes, helmets, and trappings. This celebration only takes place once in three years; and, on the last occasion but one, a tremendous thunderstorm broke over the town as the procession was passing along. The crowd thereupon incontinently dispersed, and the unfortunate person who represented Judas, trembling with superstitious fear, fell upon his knees, and, after the fashion of Nick Bottom the weaver, who relieved the Duke Theseus by declaring that he was only a lion's fell and not a veritable lion, cried out to the Madonna, "*Misericordia per me!* Have mercy on me! I am not really Judas, but only the cobbler at the corner, who is representing him—all for the glory of the blessed Bambino." And in consideration of this information the Madonna graciously extended him her potent aid, and saved his valuable life—but he has henceforth rejoiced in the popular nickname of Judas.

It is on this day, too, that the customary Jew is converted, recants, and is baptized; and there are not wanting evil tongues which declare that there is a wonderful similarity in his physiognomy every year. However this may be, there is no doubt that some one is annually dug out of the Ghetto, which is the pit of Judaism here in Rome; and if he fall back again, after receiving the temporal reward, and without waiting for the spiritual, he probably finds it worth his while to do so, in view of the zeal of the Church, and in remembrance of the fifteenth verse of the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, if he ever reads that portion of the Bible.

It is in the great basaltic vase in the baptistery of St. John Lateran, the same in which Rienzi bathed in 1347, before receiving the insignia of knighthood, that the converted Jew, and any other infidel who can be brought over, receives his baptism when he is taken into the arms of the Church.

It is at this season, too, that the *pizziccheria* shops are gaily dressed in the manner so graphically described by Hans Andersen in his "Improvisatore." No wonder, that, to little Antonio, the interior of one of these shops looked like a realization of Paradise; for they are really splendid; and when glittering with candles and lamps at night, the effect is very striking. Great sides of bacon and lard are ranged endwise in regular bars all around the interior, and adorned with stripes of various colours, mixed with golden spangles and flashing tinsel; while over and under them, in reticulated work, are piled scores upon scores of brown cheeses, in the form of pyramids, columns, towers, with eggs set into their interstices. From the ceiling, and around the doorway, hang wreaths and necklaces of sausages,—or groups of long gourd-like cheeses, twined about with box,—or netted wire baskets filled with Easter eggs,—or great bunches of white candles gathered together at the wicks. Seen through these, at the bottom of the shop, is a picture of the Madonna, with scores of candles burning about it, and gleaming upon the tinsel hangings and spangles with which it is decorated. Underneath this, there is often represented an elaborate *presepio*, or, when this is not the case, the animals may be seen mounted here and there on the cheeses. Candelabri of eggs, curiously bound together, so as to resemble bunches of gigantic white grapes, are swung from the centre of the ceiling,—and cups of coloured glass, with a taper in them, or red paper lanterns, and *terra-cotta* lamps, of the antique form, show here and there their little flames among the flitches of bacon and cheeses; while, in the midst of all this splendour, the figure of the *pizzicagnolo* moves to and fro, like a high-priest at a ceremony. Nor is this illumination exclusive. The doors, often of the full width of the shop, are thrown wide open, and the glory shines upon all passers-by. It is the apotheosis of ham and cheese, at which only the Hebraic nose, doing violence to its natural curve, turns up in scorn; while true Christians crowd around it to wonder and admire, and sometimes to venture in upon the almost enchanted ground. May it be long before this pleasant custom dies out!

At last comes Holy Week, with its pilgrims that flock from every part of the world. Every hotel and furnished apartment is crowded, —every carriage is hired at double and treble its ordinary fare,—

every door, where a Papal ceremony is to take place, is besieged by figures in black with black veils. The streets are filled with Germans, English, French, Americans, all on the move, coming and going, and anxiously inquiring about the ceremonies, and when they are to take place, and where,—for everything is kept in a charming condition of perfect uncertainty, from the want of any public newspaper or journal, or other accurate means of information. So everybody asks everybody, and everybody tells everybody, until nobody knows anything, and everything is guesswork. But, nevertheless, despite impatient words, and muttered curses, and all kinds of awkward mistakes, the battle goes bravely on. There is terrible fighting at the door of the Sistine Chapel, to hear the *Miserere*, which is sure to be Baini's when it is said to be Allegri's, as well as at the railing of the Chapel, where the washing of the feet takes place, and at the supper-table, where twelve country boors represent the Apostolic company, and are waited on by the Pope, in a way that shows how great a sham the whole thing is. The air is close to suffocation in this last place. Men and women faint and are carried out. Some fall and are trodden down. Sometimes, as at the table a few years ago, some unfortunate pays for her curiosity with her life. It is "Devil take the hindmost!" and if any one is down, he is leaped over by men and women indiscriminately, for there is no time to be lost. In the Chapel, when once they are in, all want to get out. Shrieks are heard as the jammed mass sways backward and forward,—veils and dresses are torn in the struggle,—women are praying for help. Meantime the stupid Swiss keep to their orders with a literalness which knows no parallel; and all this time, the Pope, who has come in by a private door, is handing round beef and mustard and bread and potatoes to the gormandizing Apostles, who put into their pockets what their stomachs cannot hold, and improve their opportunities in every way. At last those who have been through the fight return at nightfall, haggard and ghastly with fear, hunger, and fatigue; and, after agreeing that they could never counsel any one to such an attempt, set off the next morning to attack again some shut door behind which a "function" is to take place.

All this, however, is done by the strangers. The Romans, on these high festivals, do not go to Saint Peter's, but perform their religious services at their parish churches, calmly and peacefully; for in Saint Peter's all is a spectacle. "How shall I, a true son of the Holy Church," asks Pasquin, "obtain admittance to her services?" And Marforio answers, "Declare you are an Englishman, and swear you are a heretic."

The Piazza is crowded with carriages during all these days, and a hackman will look at nothing under a *scudo* for the smallest distance, and, to your remonstrances, he shrugs his shoulders and says, "*Eh, signore, bisogna vivere; adesso è la nostra settimana, e poi niente.*" "Next week I will take you anywhere for two *pauls*,—now for fifteen."* Meluccio (the little old apple), the aged boy in the Piazza San Pietro, whose sole occupation it has been for years to open and shut the doors of carriages and hold out his hand for a *mezzo-baiocco*, is in great glee. He runs backwards and forwards all day long,—hails carriages,—identifies to the bewildered coachmen their lost fares, whom he never fails to remember,—points out to bewildered strangers the coach they are hopelessly striving to identify, having entirely forgotten coachman and carriage in the struggle they have gone through. He is everywhere screaming, laughing, and helping everybody. It is his high festival as well as the Pope's, and grateful strangers drop into his hand the frequent *baiocco* or half-*paul*, and thank God and Meluccio as they sink back in their carriages and cry, "*A casa.*"

Finally comes Easter Sunday, the day of the Resurrection: at twelve on the Saturday previous all the bells are rung, the crucifixes uncovered, and the Pope, cardinals, and priests change their mourning-vestments for those of rejoicing. Easter has come. You may know it by the ringing bells, the sound of trumpets in the street, the firing of guns from the windows, the explosions of mortars planted in the pavement; and of late years,—the dispensation of French generals, who are in chronic fear of a revolution on all festal days,—by the jar of long trains of cannon going down to the Piazza San Pietro, to guard the place and join in the dance, in case of a rising among the populace.

By twelve o'clock Mass in Saint Peter's is over, and the Piazza is crowded with people to see the Benediction,—and a grand, imposing spectacle it is! Out over the great balcony stretches a white awning, where priests and attendants are collected, and where the Pope will soon be seen. Below, the Piazza is alive with moving masses. In the centre are drawn up long lines of soldiery, with yellow and red pompons and glittering helmets and bayonets. These are surrounded by crowds on foot, and at the outer rim are packed carriages filled and overrun with people mounted on the seats and boxes. There is a half-hour's waiting while we can look about, a steady stream of carriages all the while pouring in, and, if one could see it, stretching

* The government, since this was written, has established a very fair tariff for hackney coaches; but, in recognition of old customs, allows a double fare to be charged at this season.

out a mile behind, and adding thousands of impatient spectators to those already there. What a sight it is!—above us the great dome of Saint Peter's, and below, the grand embracing colonnade, and the vast space, in the centre of which rises the solemn obelisk, thronged with masses of living beings. Peasants from the Campagna and the mountains are moving about everywhere. Pilgrims in oil-cloth cape and with iron staff demand charity. On the steps are rows of purple, blue, and brown umbrellas; for there the sun blazes fiercely. Everywhere crop forth the white hoods of Sisters of Charity, collected in groups, and showing, among the parti-coloured dresses, like beds of chrysanthemums in a garden. One side of the massive colonnade casts a grateful shadow over the crowd beneath, that fill up the intervals of its columns; but elsewhere the sun burns down and flashes everywhere. Mounted on the colonnade are crowds of people leaning over, beside the colossal statues. Through all the heat is heard the constant plash of the two sun-lit fountains, that wave to and fro their veils of white spray. At last the clock strikes. In the far balcony, beneath the projecting awning that casts a patch of soft transparent shadow along the golden sunlit *façade*, and surrounded by a group of brilliant figures, are seen two huge fans of snowy peacock plumes, and between them a figure clad in white rises from a golden chair, and spreads his great sleeves like wings as he raises his arms in benediction. That is the Pope, Pius the Ninth. All is dead silence, and a musical voice, sweet and penetrating, is heard chanting from the balcony;—the people bend and kneel; with a cold gray flash the forest of bayonets gleams as the soldiers drop to their knees, and rise to salute as the voice dies away, and the two white wings are again waved;—then thunder the cannon,—the bells clash and peal joyously,—and a few white papers, like huge snowflakes, drop wavering from the balcony;—these are Indulgences, and there is an eager struggle for them below;—then the Pope again rises, again gives his benediction, waving to and fro his right hand, three fingers open, and making the sign of the cross,—and the peacock fans retire, and he between them is borne away,—and Lent is over.

As Lent is ushered in by the dancing lights of the *moccoletti*, so it is ushered out by the splendid illumination of Saint Peter's, which is one of the grandest spectacles in Rome. The first illumination is by means of paper lanterns, distributed everywhere along the architectural lines of the church, from the steps beneath its portico to the cross above its dome. These are lighted before sunset, and against the blaze of the western light are for some time completely invisible; but as twilight thickens, and the shadows deepen, and a gray

pearly veil is drawn over the sky, the distant basilica begins to show against it with a dull furnace-glow, as of a wondrous coal fanned by a constant wind, looking not so much lighted from without as reddening from an interior fire. Slowly this splendour grows, and the mighty building at last stands outlined against the dying twilight as if etched there with a fiery burin. As the sky darkens into intense blue behind it, the material part of the basilica seems to vanish, until nothing is left to the eye but a wondrous, magical, visionary structure of fire. This is the silver illumination: watch it well, for it does not last long. At the first hour of night, when the bells sound all over Rome, a sudden change takes place. From the lofty cross a burst of flame is seen, and instantly a flash of light whirls over the dome and drum, climbs the smaller cupolas, descends like a rain of fire down the columns of the *façade*, and before the great bell of St. Peter's has ceased to toll twelve peals, the golden illumination has succeeded to the silver. For my own part, I prefer the first illumination; it is more delicate, airy, and refined, though the second is more brilliant and dazzling. One is like the Bride of the Church, the other like the Empress of the World. In the second lighting, the Church becomes more material; the flames are like jewels, and the dome seems a gigantic triple crown of St. Peter's. One effect, however, is very striking. The outline of fire, which before was firm and motionless, now wavers and shakes as if it would pass away, as the wind blows the flames back and forth from the great cups by which it is lighted. From near and far the world looks on,—from the Piazza beneath, where carriages drive to and fro in its splendour, and the band plays and the bells toll,—from the windows and *loggias* of the city, wherever a view can be caught of this superb spectacle,—and from the Campagna and mountain towns, where, far away, alone and towering above everything, the dome is seen to blaze. Everywhere are ejaculations of delight, and thousands of groups are playing the game of "What is it like?" One says, it is like a hive covered by a swarm of burning bees; others, that it is the enchanted palace in the gardens of Gul in the depths of the Arabian nights,—like a gigantic tiara set with wonderful diamonds, larger than those which Sinbad found in the roc's valley,—like the palace of the fairies in the dreams of childhood,—like the stately pleasure-dome of Kubla Khan in Xanadu,—and twenty other whimsical things. At nearly midnight, ere we go to bed, we take a last look at it. It is a ruin, like the Colosseum,—great gaps of darkness are there, with broken rows of splendour. The lights are gone on one side the dome,—they straggle fitfully here and there down the other and over the *façade*, fading even as we look. It is

melancholy enough. It is a bankrupt heiress, an old and wrinkled beauty, that tells strange tales of its former wealth and charms, when the world was at its feet. It is the broken-down poet in the madhouse,—with flashes of wild fancies still glaring here and there amid the sad ruin of his thoughts. It is the once mighty Catholic Church, crumbling away with the passage of the night,—and when morning and light come, it will be no more.

CHAPTER VI.

GAMES IN ROME.

WALKING, during pleasant weather, almost anywhere in Rome, but especially in passing through the enormous arches of the Temple of Peace, or along by the Colosseum, or some wayside *osteria* outside the city-walls, the ear of the traveller is often saluted by the loud, explosive tones of two voices going off together, at little intervals, like a brace of pistol-shots; and turning round to seek the cause of these strange sounds, he will see two men, in a very excited state, shouting, as they fling out their hands at each other with violent gesticulation. Ten to one he will say to himself, if he be a stranger in Rome, "How quarrelsome and passionate these Italians are!" If he be an Englishman or an American, he will be sure to congratulate himself on the superiority of his own countrymen, and wonder why these fellows stand there shaking their fists at each other, and screaming, instead of fighting it out like men,—and muttering, "A cowardly pack, too!" will pass on, perfectly satisfied with his facts and his philosophy. But what he has seen was really not a quarrel. It is simply the game of *Morra*, as old as the Pyramids, and formerly played among the hosts of Pharaoh and the armies of Cæsar as now by the subjects of Pius IX. It is thus played.

Two persons place themselves opposite each other, holding their right hands closed before them. They then simultaneously and with a sudden gesture throw out their hands, some of the fingers being extended, and others shut up on the palm,—each calling out in a loud voice, at the same moment, the number he guesses the fingers extended by himself and his adversary to make. If neither cry out aright, or if both cry out aright, nothing is gained or lost; but if only one guess the true number, he wins a point. Thus, if one throw out four fingers and the other two, he who cries out six

makes a point, unless the other cry out the same number. The points are generally five, though sometimes they are doubled; and as they are made, they are marked by the left hand, which, during the whole game, is held stiffly in the air at about the shoulders' height, one finger being extended for every point. When the *partito* is won, the winner cries out "*Fatto!*" or "*Guadagnato!*" or "*Vinto!*" or else strikes his hands across each other in sign of triumph. This last sign is also used when Double *Morra* is played, to indicate that five points are made.

So universal is this game in Rome, that the very beggars play away their earnings at it. It was only yesterday, as I came out of the gallery of the Capitol, that I saw two who had stopped screaming for "*baiocchi per amor di Dio*," to play pauls against each other at *Morra*. One, a cripple, supported himself against a column, and the other, with his ragged cloak slung on his shoulder, stood opposite him. They staked a paul each time with the utmost *nonchalance*, and played with an earnestness and rapidity which showed that they were old hands at it, while the coachmen from their boxes cracked their whips, and jeered and joked them, and the shabby circle around them cheered them on. I stopped to see the result, and found that the cripple won two successive games. But his cloaked antagonist bore his losses like a hero; and when all was over he did his best with the strangers issuing from the Capitol to line his pockets for a new chance.

Nothing is more simple and apparently easy than *Morra*, yet to play it well requires quickness of perception and readiness in the calculation of chances. As each player, of course, knows how many fingers he himself throws out, the main point is to guess the number of fingers thrown by his opponent, and to add the two instantaneously together. A player of skill will soon detect the favourite numbers of his antagonist; and it is curious to see how remarkably clever some of them are in divining, from the movement of the hand, the number to be thrown. The game is always played with great vivacity, the hands being flung out with vehemence, and the numbers shouted at the full pitch of the voice, so as to be heard at a considerable distance. It is from the sudden opening of the fingers, while the hands are in the air, that the old Roman phrase, *micare digitis*, "to flash with the fingers," is derived.

A bottle of wine is generally the stake; and round the *osterias*, of a *festa*-day, when the game is played after the blood has been heated and the nerves strained by previous potations, the regular volleyed explosions of "*Tre! Cinque! Otto! Tutti!*" are often interrupted by hot discussions. But these are generally settled peacefully by the bystanders, who act as umpires,—and the excitement goes off

in talk. The question arises almost invariably upon the number of fingers flashed out; for an unscrupulous player has great opportunities of cheating, by holding a finger half extended, so as to be able to close or open it afterwards according to circumstances; but sometimes the losing party will dispute as to the number called out. The thumb is the father of all evil at *Morra*, it being often impossible to say whether it was intended to be closed or not, and an unskilful player is easily deceived in this matter by a clever one. When "*Tutti*" is called, all the fingers, thumb and all, must be extended, and then it is an even chance that a discussion will take place as to whether the thumb was out. Sometimes, when the blood is hot, and one of the parties has been losing, violent quarrels will arise, which the umpires cannot decide; and, in very rare cases, knives are drawn and blood is spilled. Generally these disputes end in nothing; and, often as I have seen this game, I have never been a spectator of any quarrel, though discussions numberless I have heard. But, beyond vague stories by foreigners, in which I put no confidence, the vivacity of the Italians easily leading persons unacquainted with their characters to mistake a very peaceable talk for a violent quarrel, I know of only one case that ended tragically. There a savage quarrel, begun at *Morra*, was with difficulty pacified by the bystanders, and one of the parties withdrew to an *osteria* to drink with his companions. But while he was there, the rage which had been smothered, but not extinguished, in the breast of his antagonist, blazed out anew. Rushing at the other, as he sat by the table of the *osteria*, he attacked him fiercely with his knife. The friends of both started at once to their feet, to interpose and tear them apart; but before they could reach them, one of the combatants dropped bleeding and dying on the floor, and the other fled like a maniac from the room.

This readiness of the Italians to use the knife, for the settlement of every dispute, is generally attributed by foreigners to the passionateness of their nature; but I am inclined to believe that it also results from their entire distrust of the possibility of legal redress in the courts. Where courts are organized as they were in Naples, who but a fool would trust to them? Open tribunals, where justice is impartially administered, would soon check private assassinations; and were there more honest and efficient police-courts, there would be far fewer knives drawn. The Englishman invokes the aid of the law, knowing that he can count upon prompt justice; take that belief from him, he, too, like Harry Gow, would "fight for his own hand." In the half-organized society of the less civilised parts of the United States, the pistol and bowie-knife are as frequent arbiters of disputes

as the stiletto is among the Italians. But it would be a gross error to argue from this, that the Americans are violent and passionate by nature; for, among the same people in the older States, where justice is cheaply and strictly administered, the pistol and bowie-knife are almost unknown. Despotism and slavery nurse the passions of men; and wherever law is loose, or courts are venal, public justice assumes the shape of private vengeance. The farther south one goes in Italy, the more frequent is violence and the more unrepressed are the passions. Compare Piedmont with Naples and Sicily, and the difference is immense. The dregs of vice and violence settle to the south.

But to return to *Morra*. As I was walking out beyond the Porta San Giovanni the other day, I heard the most ingenious and consolatory periphrasis for a defeat that it was ever my good-fortune to hear; and, as it shows the peculiar humour of the Romans, it may here have a place. Two of a party of *contadini* had been playing at *Morra*, the stakes being, as usual, a bottle of wine, and each, in turn, had lost and won. A lively and jocose discussion now arose between the friends on the one side, and the players on the other,—the former claiming that each of the latter was to pay his bottle of wine for the game he lost, (to be drunk, of course, by all,) and the latter insisting, that, as one loss offset the other, nothing was to be paid by either. As I passed, one of the players was speaking. "*Il primo partito*," he said, "*ho guadagnato io; e poi, nel secondo*,"—here a pause,—"*ho perso la vittoria*:" "The first game, I won; the second, I——*lost the victory*." And with this happy periphrasis, our friend admitted his defeat. I could not but think how much better it would have been for the French, if this ingenious mode of adjusting with the English the Battle of Waterloo had ever occurred to them. To admit that they were defeated was of course impossible; but to acknowledge that they "lost the victory" would by no means have been humiliating. This would have soothed their irritable national vanity, prevented many heart-burnings, saved long and idle arguments and terrible "kicking against the pricks," and rendered a friendly alliance possible.

No game has a better pedigree than *Morra*. It was played by the Egyptians more than two thousand years before the Christian era. In the paintings at Thebes and in the temples of Beni-Hassan, seated figures may be seen playing it,—some keeping their reckoning with the left hand uplifted,—some striking off the game with both hands, to show that it was won,—and, in a word, using the same gestures as the modern Romans. From Egypt it was introduced into Greece. The Romans brought it from Greece at an early

period, and it has existed among them ever since, having suffered apparently no alteration. Its ancient Roman name was *Micatio*, and to play it was called *micare digitis*,—(to flash with the fingers), —the modern name *Morra* being merely a corruption of the verb *micare*. Varro describes it precisely as it is now played; and Cicero, in the first book of his treatise "De Divinatione," thus alludes to it:—"*Quid enim est sors? Idem propemodum quod* micare, *quod talos jacere, quod tesseras; quibus in rebus temeritas et casus, non ratio et consilium valent.*" So common was it, that it became the basis of an admirable proverb, to denote the honesty of a person:—"*Dignus est quicum in tenebris mices:*" "So trustworthy, that one may play *Morra* with him in the dark." At one period they carried their love of it so far, that they used to settle by *micatio* the sales of merchandise and meat in the Forum, until Apronius, prefect of the city, prohibited the practice in the following terms, as appears by an old inscription, which is particularly interesting as containing an admirable pun: "*Sub exagio potius pecora vendere quam digitis concludentibus tradere:*" "Sell your sheep by the balance, and do not bargain or deceive" (*tradere* having both these meanings) "by opening and shutting your fingers at *Morra*."

One of the various kinds of the old Roman game of *Pila* still survives under the modern name of *Pallone*. It is played between two sides, each numbering from five to eight persons. Each of the players is armed with a *bracciale*, or gauntlet of wood, covering the hand and extending nearly up to the elbow, with which a heavy ball is beaten backwards and forwards, high into the air, from one side to the other. The object of the game is to keep the ball in constant flight, and whoever suffers it to fall dead within his bounds loses. It may, however, be struck in its rebound, though the best strokes are before it touches the ground. The gauntlets are hollow tubes of wood, thickly studded outside with pointed bosses, projecting an inch and a half, and having inside, across the end, a transverse bar, which is grasped by the hand, so as to render them manageable to the wearer. The balls, which are of the size of a large cricket-ball, are made of leather, and so heavy, that, when well played, they are capable of breaking the arm unless properly received on the gauntlet. They are inflated with air, which is pumped into them with a long syringe, through a small aperture closed by a valve inside. The game is played on an oblong figure marked out on the ground, or designated by the wall around the sunken platform on which it is played; and across the centre is drawn a transverse line, dividing equally the two

sides. Whenever a ball either falls outside the lateral boundary, or is not struck over the central line, it counts against the party playing it. When it flies over the extreme limits, it is called a *volata*, and is reckoned the best stroke that can be made. At the end of the lists is a spring-board, on which the principal player stands. The best batter is always selected for this post; the others are distributed about. Near him stands the *pallonaio*, whose office is to keep the balls well inflated with air, and he is busy nearly all the time. Facing him, at a short distance, is the *mandarino*, who gives ball. As soon as the ball leaves the *mandarino's* hand, the chief batter runs forward to meet it, and strikes it as far and high as he can, with the gauntlet. Four times in succession have I seen a good player strike a *volata*, with the loud applause of the spectators. When this does not occur, the two sides bat the ball backwards and forwards, from one to the other, sometimes fifteen or twenty times before the point is won; and as it falls here and there, now flying high in the air and caught at once on the gauntlet before touching the ground, now glancing back from the wall which generally forms one side of the lists, the players rush eagerly to hit it, calling loudly to each other, and often displaying great agility, skill, and strength. The interest now becomes very exciting; the bystanders shout when a good stroke is made, and groan and hiss at a miss, until finally the ball is struck over the lists, or lost within them. The points of the game are fifty,—the first two strokes counting fifteen each, and the others ten each. When one side makes the fifty before the other has made anything, it is called a *marcio*, and counts double. As each point is made, it is shouted by the caller, who stands in the middle and keeps the count, and proclaims the bets of the spectators.

This game is as national to the Italians as cricket to the English; it is not only, as it seems to me, much more interesting than the latter, but requires vastly more strength, agility, and dexterity, to play it well. The Italians give themselves to it with all the enthusiasm of their nature, and many a young fellow injures himself for life by the fierceness of his batting. After the excitement and stir of this game, which only the young and athletic can play well, cricket seems a dull affair.

The game of *Pallone* has always been a favourite in Rome; and near the summit of the Quattro Fontane, in the Barberini grounds, is a circus, which used to be specially devoted to public exhibitions during the summer afternoons. At these representations, the most renowned players were engaged by an *impresario*. The audience was generally large, and the entrance fee was one *paul*. Wonderful

feats were sometimes performed here; and on the wall are marked the heights of some remarkable *volate*. The players were clothed in a thin, tight dress, like mountebanks. One side wore a blue, and the other a red ribbon, on the arm. The contests, generally, were fiercely disputed,—the spectators betting heavily, and shouting, as good or bad strokes were made. Sometimes a line was extended across the amphitheatre, from wall to wall, over which it was necessary to strike the ball, a point being lost in case it passed below. But this is a variation from the game as ordinarily played, and can be ventured on only by the most skilful players. The games here, however, are now suspended; for the French, since their occupation, have not only seized the post-office, to convert it into a club-room, and the *piano nobile* of some of the richest palaces, to serve as barracks for their soldiers, but have also driven the Romans from their amphitheatre, where *Pallone* was played, to make it into *ateliers de génie*. Still, one may see the game played by ordinary players, towards the twilight of any summer day, in the Piazza di Termini, or near the Tempio della Pace, or the Colosseo. The boys from the studios and shops also play in the streets a sort of mongrel game called *Pillotta*, beating a small ball back and forth, with a round bat, shaped like a small *tamburello* and covered with parchment. But the real game, played by skilful players, may be seen almost every summer night outside the Porta a Pinti, in Florence; and I have also seen it admirably played under the fortress-wall at Siena, the players being dressed entirely in white, with loose ruffled jackets, breeches, long stockings, and shoes of undressed leather, and the spectators sitting round on the stone benches, or leaning over the lofty wall, cheering on the game, while they ate the cherries or *zucca*-seeds which were hawked about among them by itinerant pedlars. Here, towards twilight, one could lounge away an hour pleasantly under the shadow of the fortress, looking now at the game and now at the rolling country beyond, where olives and long battalions of vines marched knee-deep through the golden grain, until the purple splendours of sunset had ceased to transfigure the distant hills, and the crickets chirped louder under the deepening gray of the sky.

In the walls of the amphitheatre at Florence is a bust in coloured marble of one of the most famous players of his day, whose battered face seems still to preside over the game, getting now and then a smart blow from the *Pallone* itself, which, in its inflation, is no respecter of persons. The honourable inscription beneath the bust, celebrating the powers of this champion, who rejoiced in the surname of Earthquake, is as follows:—

"*Josephus Barnius, Petiolensis, vir in jactando repercutiendoque folle singularis, qui ob robur ingens maximamque artis peritiam, et collusores ubique devictos, Terræmotus formidabili cognomento dictus est.*"

Another favourite game of ball among the Romans is *Bocce* or *Boccette*. It is played between two sides, consisting of any number of persons, each of whom has two large wooden balls of about the size of an average American nine-pin ball. Besides these, there is a little ball called the *lecco*. This is rolled first by one of the winning party to any distance he pleases, and the object is to roll or pitch the *boccette* or large balls so as to place them beside the *lecco*. Every ball of one side nearer to the *lecco* than any ball of the other counts one point in the game—the number of points depending on the agreement of the parties. The game is played on the ground, and not upon any smooth or prepared plane; and as the *lecco* often runs into hollows, or poises itself on some uneven declivity, it is sometimes a matter of no small difficulty to play the other balls near to it. The great skill of the game consists, however, in displacing the balls of the adverse party so as to make the balls of the playing party count, and a clever player will often change the whole aspect of affairs by one well-directed throw. The balls are thrown alternately,—first by a player on one side, and then by a player on the other. As the game advances, the interest increases, and there is a constant variety. However good a throw is made, it may be ruined by the next. Sometimes the ball is pitched with great accuracy, so as to strike a close-counting ball far into the distance, while the new ball takes its place. Sometimes the *lecco* itself is suddenly transplanted into a new position, which entirely reverses all the previous counting. It is the last ball which decides the game, and of course it is eagerly watched. In the Piazza di Termini numerous parties may be seen every bright day in summer or spring playing this game under the locust-trees, surrounded by idlers, who stand by to approve or condemn, and to give their advice. The French soldiers, free from drill or guard, or from practising trumpet-calls on the old Agger of Servius Tullius near by, are sure to be rolling balls in this fascinating game. Having heated their blood sufficiently at it, they adjourn to a little *osteria* in the Piazza to refresh themselves with a glass of *asciutto* wine, after which they sit on a bench outside the door, or stretch themselves under the trees, and take a *siesta*, with their handkerchiefs over their eyes, while other parties take their turn at the *bocce*. Meanwhile, from the Agger beyond are heard the distressing trumpets struggling with false notes and wheezing and shrieking in

ludicrous discord, while now and then the solemn bell of Santa Maria Maggiore tolls from the neighbouring hill.

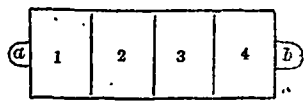
Another favourite game in Rome and Tuscany is *Ruzzola*, so called from the circular disk of wood with which it is played. Round this the player winds tightly a cord, which, by a sudden cast and backward jerk of the hand, he uncoils so as to send the disk whirling along the road. Outside the walls, and along all the principal avenues leading to the city, parties are constantly to be met playing at this game; and oftentimes before the players are visible the disk is seen bounding round some curve, to the great danger of one's legs. He whose disk whirls the farthest wins a point. It is an excellent walking game, and it requires some knack to play the disk evenly along the road. Often the swiftest disks, when not well directed, bound over the hedges, knock themselves down against the walls, or bury themselves in the tangled ditches; and when well played, if they chance to hit a stone in the road, they will leap wildly into the air, at the risk of serious injury to any unfortunate passer. In the country, instead of wooden disks, the *contadini* often use *cacio di capra*, a kind of hard goat's cheese, whose rind will resist the roughest play. What, then, must be the digestive powers of those who eat it, may be imagined. Like the peptic countryman, they probably do not know they have a stomach, not having ever felt it; and certainly they can say with Tony Lumpkin, "It never hurts me, and I sleep like a hound after it."

In common with the French, the Romans have a passion for the game of Dominos. Every *caffè* is supplied with a number of boxes, and, in the evening especially, it is played by young and old, with a seriousness which strikes us Saxons with surprise. We generally have a contempt for this game, and look upon it as childish. But I know not why. It is by no means easy to play well, and requires a careful memory and quick powers of combination and calculation. No *caffè* in Rome or Marseilles would be complete without its little black and white counters; and as it interests at once the most mecurial and fidgety of people and the laziest and languidest, it must have some hidden charm as yet unrevealed to the Anglo-Saxon.

Besides Dominos, Chess (*Scacchi*) is often played in public in the *caffès;* and there is one *caffè* named *Dei Scacchi*, because it is frequented by the best chess-players in Rome. Here matches are often made, and admirable games are played.

Among the Roman boys the game of *Campana* is also common. A parallelogram is drawn upon the ground and subdivided into four

squares, which are numbered. At the top and bottom are two small semicircles, or *bells*, thus :—



Each of the players, having deposited his stake in the semicircle (*b*) at the farthest end, takes his station at a short distance, and endeavours to pitch some object, either a disk or a bit of *terra-cotta*, or more generally a *baiocco*, into one of the compartments. If he lodge it in the nearest bell (*a*), he pays a new stake into the pool; if into the farthest bell (*b*), he takes the whole pool; if into either of the other compartments, he takes one, two, three, or four of the stakes, according to the number of the compartment. If he lodge on a line, he is *abbrucciato*, as it is termed, and his play goes for nothing. Among the boys the pool is frequently filled with buttons,—among the men, with *baiocchi;* but buttons or *baiocchi* are all the same to the players,—they are the representatives of luck or skill.

Still another and very common game in Rome, which is worthy of notice here simply because of its ancient pedigree, is a game played with walnuts. Four or five of these are piled pyramidally together, when the players, withdrawing to a short distance, pitch another walnut at them, and he who succeeds in striking and dispersing the heap wins. This is manifestly the game played by the little boys of ancient Rome, and alluded to by the author of the "Nux Elegia :"—

> "Quatuor in nucibus non amplius alea toto est
> Cum tibi suppositus additur una tribus."*

But the game of games in Rome is the Lottery. This is under the direction of the government, which, with a truly ecclesiastical regard for its subjects, has organised it into a means of raising revenue. The financial objection to this method of taxation is, that its hardest pressure is upon the poorest classes; but the moral and political objections are still stronger. The habit of gambling engendered by it ruins the temper, depraves the morals, and keeps up a constant state of excitement at variance with any settled and serious occupation. The temptations to laziness which it offers are too great for any people luxurious or idle by temperament; and the demon of Luck is set upon the altar which should be dedicated to Industry.

* In stakes of nuts the gambling boys agree,
Three placed below, a fourth to crown the three.

If one happy chance can bring a fortune, who will spend laborious days to gain a competence? The common classes in Rome are those who are most corrupted by the lottery; and when they can neither earn nor borrow *baiocchi* to play, they strive to obtain them by beggary, cheating, and sometimes by theft. The fallacious hope that their ticket will some day bring a prize leads them from step to step, until, having emptied their purses, they are tempted to raise the necessary funds by any unjustifiable means. When you pay them their wages or throw them a *buona-mano*, they instantly run to the lottery-office to play it. Loss after loss does not discourage them. It is always "The next time they are to win,—there was a slight mistake in their calculation before." Some good reason or other is always at hand. If by chance one of them do happen to win a large sum, it is ten to one that it will cost him his life,—that he will fall into a fit, or drop in an apoplexy, on hearing the news. There is a most melancholy instance of this in the very next house, —of a Jew made suddenly and unexpectedly rich, who instantly became insane in consequence, and is now the most wretched and melancholy spectacle that man can ever become,—starving in the midst of abundance, and moving like a beast about his house. But of all ill-luck that can happen to the lottery-gambler, the worst is to win a small prize. It is all over with him from that time forward; into the great pit of the lottery everything that he can lay his hands on is sure to go.

There has been some difference of opinion as to whether the lottery was of later Italian invention, or dated back to the Roman Empire, —some even contending that it was in existence in Egypt long before that period; and several ingenious discussions may be found on this subject in the journals and annals of the French *savans*. A strong claim has been put forward for the ancient Romans, on the ground that Nero, Titus, and Heliogabalus were in the habit of writing on bits of wood and shells the names of various articles which they intended to distribute, and then casting them to the crowd to be scrambled for.* On some of these shells and billets were inscribed the names of slaves, precious vases, costly dresses, articles of silver and gold, valuable beasts, &c., which became the property of the fortunate persons who secured the billets and shells. On others were written absurd and useless articles, which turned the laugh against the unfortunate finder. Some, for instance, had inscribed upon them ten pieces of gold, and some ten cabbages. Some were for one hundred bears, and some for one egg. Some for five camels, and some for ten flies. In one sense, these were lotteries, and the

* See Dessault, Traité de la Passion du Jeu.

Emperors deserve all due credit for their invention. But the lottery, according to its modern signification, is of Italian origin, and had its birth in Upper Italy as early as the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Here it was principally practised by the Venetians and Genoese, under the name of *Borsa di Ventura*,—the prizes consisting originally, not of money, but of merchandise of every kind,—precious stones, pictures, gold and silver work, and similar articles. The great difference between them and the ancient lotteries of Heliogabalus and Nero was, that tickets were bought and prizes drawn. The lottery soon came to be played, however, for money, and was considered so admirable an invention, that it was early imported into France, where Francis I., in 1539, granted letters-patent for the establishment of one. In the seventeenth century, this "*infezione*," as an old Italian writer calls it, was introduced into Holland and England, and at a still later date into Germany. Those who invented it still retain it; but those who adopted it have rejected it. After nearly three centuries' existence in France, it was abolished on the 31st of December, 1835. The last drawing was at Paris, on the 27th of the same month, when the number of players was so great that it became necessary to close the offices before the appointed time, and one Englishman is said to have gained a *quaterno* of the sum of one million two hundred thousand francs. When abolished in France, the government was drawing from it a net revenue of twenty millions of francs.

In Italy the lottery was proscribed by Innocent XII., Benedict XIII., and Clement XII. But it was soon revived. It was not without vehement opposers then as now, as may be seen by a little work published at Pisa in the early part of the last century, entitled, "L' Inganno non conosciuto, oppure non voluto conoscere, nell' Estrazione del Lotto." Muratòri, in 1696, calls it, in his "Annals of Italy," "*Inventione dell' amara malizia per succiare il sangue dei malaccorti giuocatori.*" In a late number of the "Civiltà Cattolica," published at Rome by the Jesuits (the motto of which is "*Beatus Populus cujus Dominus Deus est*"), there is, on the other hand, an elaborate and most Jesuitical article, in which the lottery is defended with amusing skill. What Christendom in general has agreed to consider immoral and pernicious in its effects on a people seems, on the contrary, to the writer of this article, to be highly moral and commendable.

The numbers which can be played are from one to ninety. Of these only five are now drawn. Originally the numbers drawn were eight (*otto*)—and it is said that the Italian name of this game, *lotto*, was derived from this circumstance. The player may stake upon one, two, three, four, or five numbers,—but no ticket can be taken

for more than five; and he may stake upon his ticket any sum, from one *baiocco* up to five *scudi*,—but the latter sum only in case he play upon several chances on the same ticket. If he play one number, he may either play it *al posto assegnato*, according to its place in the drawing, as first, second, third, &c.—or he may play it *senza posto*, without place, in which case he wins, if the number come anywhere among the five drawn. In the latter case, however, the prize is much less in proportion to the sum staked. Thus, for one *baiocco* staked *al posto assegnato*, a *scudo* may be won; but to gain a *scudo* on a number *senza posto*, seven *baiocchi* must be played. A sum staked upon two numbers is called an *ambo*,—on three, a *terno*, —on four, a *quaterno*,—and on five, a *cinquino*; and of course the prizes increase in rapid proportion to the numbers played,—the sum gained multiplying very largely on each additional number. For instance, if two *baiocchi* be staked on an *ambo*, the prize is one *scudo*; but if the same sum be staked on a *terno*, the prize is a hundred *scudi*. When an *ambo* is played for, the same two numbers may be played as single numbers, either *al posto* or *senza posto*, and in such case one of the numbers alone may win. So, also, a *terno* may be played so as to include an *ambo*, and a *quaterno* so as to include a *terno* and *ambo*, and a *cinquino* so as to include all. But whenever more than one chance is played for, the price is proportionally increased. For a simple *terno* the limit of price is thirty-five pauls. The ordinary rule is to play for every chance within the numbers taken; but the common people rarely attempt more than a *terno*. If four numbers are played with all their chances, they are reckoned as four *terni*, and paid for accordingly. If five numbers are taken, the price is for five *terni*.

Where two numbers are played, there is always an augment to the nominal prize of twenty per cent.; where three numbers are played, the augment is of eighty per cent. and from every prize is deducted ten per cent., to be devoted to the hospitals and the poor. The rule creating the augments was decreed by Innocent XIII. Such is the rage for the lottery in Rome, as well as in all the Italian States, and so great is the number of tickets bought within the year, that this tax on the prizes brings in a very considerable revenue for eleemosynary purposes.

The lottery is a branch of the department of finance, and is under the direction of a Monsignore. The tickets originally issue from one grand central office in the Palazzo Madama; but there is scarcely a street in Rome without some subsidiary and distributing office, which is easily recognized, not only by its great sign of "*Prenditoria di Lotti*" over the door, but by scores of boards set round the

windows and door-way, on which are displayed, in large figures, hundreds of combinations of numbers for sale. The large show of placards would to a stranger indicate a very considerable investment; yet, in point of fact, as the tickets rarely cost more than a few *baiocchi*, the amount risked is small. No ticket is available for a prize, unless it bear the stamp and signature of the central office, as well as of the distributing shop, if bought in the latter.

Every Saturday, at noon, the lottery is drawn in Rome, in the Piazza Madama. Half an hour before the appointed time, the Piazza begins to be thronged with ticket-holders, who eagerly watch a large balcony of the sombre old Palazzo Madama (built by the infamous Catherine de' Medici), where the drawing is to take place. This is covered by an awning and coloured draperies. In front, and fastened to the balustrade, is a glass barrel, standing on thin brass legs and turned by a handle. Five or six persons are in the balcony, making arrangements for the drawing. These are the officials,—one of them being the government officer, and the others persons taken at random, to supervise the proceedings. The chief official first takes from the table beside him a slip of paper on which a number is inscribed. He names it aloud, passes it to the next, who verifies it and passes it on, until it has been subjected to the examination of all. The last person then proclaims the number in a loud voice to the populace below, folds it up, and drops it into the glass barrel. This operation is repeated until every number from one to ninety is passed, verified by all, proclaimed, folded, and dropped into the barrel. The last number is rather sung than called, and with more ceremony than all the rest. The crowd shout back from below. The bell strikes noon. A blast of trumpets sounds from the balcony, and a boy dressed in white robes advances from within, ascends the steps, and stands high up before the people, facing the Piazza. The barrel is then whirled rapidly round and round, so as to mix in inextricable confusion all the tickets. This over, the boy lifts high his right hand, makes the sign of the cross on his breast, then, waving his open hand in the air, to show that nothing is concealed, plunges it into the barrel, and draws out a number. This he hands to the official, who names it, and passes it along the line of his companions. There is dead silence below, all listening eagerly. Then, in a loud voice, the number is sung out by the last official, "*Primo estratto, numero* 14," or whatever the number may be. Then sound the trumpets again, and there is a rustle and buzz among the crowd. All the five numbers are drawn with like ceremony, and then all is over. Within a surprisingly short space of time, these numbers are exhibited in the long frames which are to

be seen over the door of every *Prenditoria di Lotti* in Rome, and there they remain until the next drawing takes place. The boy who does the drawing belongs to a college of orphans, an admirable institution, at which children who have lost both parents and are left helpless are lodged, cared for, and educated, and the members of which are employed to perform this office in rotation, receiving therefor a few *scudi*.

It will be seen from the manner in which the drawing of the lottery is conducted, that no precaution is spared by the government to assure the public of the perfect good faith and fairness observed in it. This is, in fact, absolutely necessary in order to establish that confidence without which its very object would be frustrated. But the Italians are a very suspicious and jealous people; and I fear that there is less faith in the uprightness of the government than in their own watchfulness and the difficulty of deception. There can be little doubt that no deceit is practised by the government, so far as the drawing is concerned,—for it would be nearly impossible to employ it. Still there are not wanting stories of fortunate coincidences which are singular and interesting: one case, which I have every reason to believe authentic, was related to me by a most trustworthy person, as being within his own knowledge. A few years ago, the Monsignore who was at the head of the lottery had occasion to diminish his household, and accordingly dismissed an old servant who had been long in his palace. Often the old man returned and asked for relief, and as often was charitably received. But his visits at last became importunate, and the Monsignore remonstrated. The answer of the servant was, "I have given my best years to the service of your Eminence,—I am too old to labour,—what shall I do?" The case was a hard one. His Eminence paused and reflected;—at last he said, "Why not buy a ticket in the lottery?" "Ah!" was the answer, "I have not even money to supply my daily needs. What you now give me is all I have. If I risk it, I may lose it,—and that lost, what can I do?" Still the Monsignore said, "Buy a ticket in the lottery." "Since your Eminence commands me, I will," said the old man; "but what numbers?" "Play on number so and so for the first drawing," was the answer, "and God bless you!" The servant did as he was ordered, and, to his surprise and joy, the first number drawn was his. He was a rich man for life,—and his Eminence lost a troublesome dependent.

A capital story is told by the author of the article in the "Civiltà Cattolica," which is to the point here, and which, even were it not told on such respectable authority, bears its truth on the face of it.

As very frequently happens, a poor shopkeeper, being hard-driven by his creditors, went to his priest, an *uomo apostolico*, and prayed him earnestly to give him three numbers to play in the lottery.

"But how under heaven," says the innocent priest, "has it ever got into your head that I can know the five numbers which are to issue in the lottery?"

"*Eh! Padre mio!* what will it cost you?" was the answer. "Just look at me and my wretched family; if we do not pay our rent on Saturday, out we go into the street. There is nothing left but the lottery, and you can give us the three numbers that will set all right."

"Oh, there you are again! I am ready to do all I can to assist you, but this matter of the lottery is impossible; and I must say, that your folly, in supposing I can give you the three lucky numbers, does little credit to your brains."

"Oh, no! no! do not say so, *Padre mio!* Give me a *terno*. It will be like rain in May, or cheese on my maccaroni. On my word of honour, I'll keep it secret. *Via!* You, so good and charitable, cannot refuse me the three numbers. Pray content me this once."

"My son, I will give you a rule for always being content:—Avoid Sin, think often on Death, and behave so as to deserve Paradise,—and so"——

"*Basta! basta! Padre mio!* That's enough. Thanks! thanks! God will reward you."

And, making a profound reverence, off the *bottegaio* rushes to his house. There he takes down the "Libro dei Sogni," calls into consultation his wife and children, and, after a long and earnest discussion and study, the three numbers corresponding to the terms Sin, Death, and Paradise are settled upon, and away goes our friend to play them in the lottery. Will you believe it?—the three numbers are drawn,—and the joy of the poor *bottegaio* and his family may well be imagined. But what you will not imagine is the persecution of the poor *uomo apostolico* which followed. The secret was all over town the next day, and he was beset by scores of applicants for numbers. Vainly he protested, declaring that he knew nothing about it, and that the man's drawing the right numbers was all chance. Every word he said turned into numbers, and off ran his hearers to play them. He was like the girl in the fairy story, who dropped pearls every time she spoke. The worst of the *imbroglio* was, that in an hour the good priest had uttered words equivalent to all the ninety numbers in the lottery, and the players were all at loggerheads with each other. Nor did this persecution cease for weeks,—until those who had played the

numbers corresponding to his words found themselves, as the Italians say, with only flies in their hands.

The stupidity of many of the common people in regard to these numbers is wonderful. When the number drawn is next to the number they have, they console themselves with thinking that they were within one of it,—as if in such cases a miss were not as bad as a mile. But when the number drawn is a multiple of the one they play, it is a sympathetic number, and is next door to winning; and if the number come reversed,—as if, having played 12, it come out 21,—he laughs with delight. "Eh, don't you see, you stupid fellow," said the chemist of a village one day to a dunce of a peasant, of whose infallible *terno* not a single number had been drawn,—"Don't you see, in substance all your three numbers have been drawn? and it's shameful in you to be discontented. Here you have played 8—44—26, and instead of these have been drawn 7—11—62. Well! just observe! Your 8 is within only one point of being 7; your 44 is in substance 11, for 4 times 11 are 44 exactly; and your 26 is nothing more or less than precisely 62 reversed;—what would you ask more?" And by his own mode of reasoning, the poor peasant sees as clearly as possible that he has really won,—only the difficulty is that he cannot touch the prize without correcting the little variations. *Ma, pazienza!* he came so near this time, that he will be sure to win the next,—and away he goes to hunt out more sympathetic numbers, and to rejoice with his friends on coming so near winning.

Dreams of numbers are, of course, very frequent,—and are justly much prized. Yet one must know how to use them, and be brave and bold, or the opportunity is lost. I myself once dreamt of having gained a *terno* in the lottery, but was fool enough not to play it,—and in consequence lost a prize, the very numbers coming up in the next drawing. The next time I have such a dream, of course I shall play; but perhaps I shall be too late, and only lose. And this recalls to my mind a story, which may serve as a warning to the timid and an encouragement to the bold. An Englishman, who had lived on bad terms with a very quarrelsome and annoying wife (according to his own account, of course), had finally the luck (I mean the misfortune) to lose her. He had lived long enough in Italy, however, to say "*Pazienza*," and buried his sorrows and his wife in the same grave. But after the lapse of some time, his wife appeared to him in a dream, and confessed her sins towards him during her life, and prayed his forgiveness, and added, that in token of reconciliation he must accept three numbers to play in the lottery, which would certainly win a great prize. But the husband was

obstinate, and absolutely refused to follow the advice of a friend to whom he recounted the odd dream, and who urged him to play the numbers. "Bah!" he answered to this good counsel; "I know her too well;—she never meant well to me during her life, and I don't believe she's changed now that she's dead. She only means to play me a trick, and make me lose. But I'm too old a bird to be taken with her chaff." "Better play them," said his friend,—and they separated. In the course of a week they met again. "By-the-way," said the friend, "did you see that your three numbers came up in the lottery this morning?" "The Devil they did! What a consummate fool I was not to play them!" "You didn't play them?" "No!" "Well, I did, and won a good round sum with them, too." So the obstinate husband, mad at his ill-luck, cursed himself for a fool, and had his curses for his pains. That very night, however, his wife again appeared to him, and, though she reproached him a little for his want of faith in her, (no woman could be expected to forego such an opportunity, even though she were dead,) yet she forgave him, and added,—"Think no more about it now, for here are three more numbers, just as good." The husband, who had eaten the bitter food of experience, was determined at all events not to let his fortune slip again through his fingers, and played the highest possible *terno* in the lottery, and waited anxiously for the next drawing. He could scarcely eat his breakfast for nervousness that morning,—but at last mid-day sounded, and the drawing took place, but no one of his numbers came up. "Too late! taken in!" he cried. "Confound her! she knew me better than I knew myself. She gave me a prize the first time, because she knew I wouldn't play it; and, having thus whetted my passions, she then gave me a blank the second time because she knew I would play it. I might have known better."

From the moment one lottery is drawn, the mind of the people is intent on selecting numbers for the next. Nor is this an easy matter,—all sorts of superstitions existing as to figures and numbers. Some are lucky, some unlucky, in themselves,—some lucky only in certain combinations, and some sympathetic with others. The chances, therefore, must be carefully calculated, no number or combination being ever played without profound consideration, and under advice of skilful friends. Almost every event in life has a numerical signification; and such is the reverence paid to dreams, that a large book exists of several hundred pages, called "Libro dei Sogni," containing, besides various cabala and mystical figures and lists of numbers which are "sympathetic," with directions for their use, a dictionary of thousands of objects with the numbers supposed

to be represented by each, as well as rules for interpreting into numbers all dreams in which these objects appear,—and this book is the constant *vade-mecum* of a true lottery-player. As Boniface lived, ate, and slept on his ale, so do the Romans on their numbers. They are scrawled over the ruins, on the shop doors, on the sides of the houses, and are given in the almanacs. The very children "lisp in numbers, for the numbers come," and the fathers run immediately to play them. Accidents, executions, deaths, apoplexies, marriages, assassinations, births, anomalies of all kinds, become auguries and enigmas of numbers. A lottery-gambler will count the stabs on a dead body, the drops of blood from a decollated head, the passengers in an overturned coach, the wrinkles in the forehead of a new-born child, the gasps of a person struck by apoplexy, the day of the month and the hour and the minute of his death, the *scudi* lost by a friend, the forks stolen by a thief, anything and everything, to play them in the lottery. If a strange dream is dreamed,—as of one being in a desert on a camel, which turns into a rat, and runs down into the Maelström to hide,—the "Libro dei Sogni" is at once consulted, the numbers for desert, rat, camel, and Maelström are found and combined, and the hopeful player waits in eager expectation of a prize. Of course, dream after dream of particular numbers and combinations occurs,—for the mind bent to this subject plays freaks in the night, and repeats contortedly the thoughts of the day,—and these dreams are considered of special value. Sometimes, when a startling incident takes place with a special numerical signification, the run upon the numbers indicated becomes so great, that the government, which is always careful to guard against any losses on its own part, refuses to allow more than a certain amount to be played on them, cancels the rest, and returns the price of the tickets.

In the church of Sant Agostino at Rome, there is a celebrated Madonna, usually supposed to be the work of Sansovino. It is in fact an antique group, probably representing Agrippina and the young Nero, which Sansovino with a few touches transformed into a Madonna and child. But since it has been newly baptized and received into the church, it has acquired great celebrity for its miraculous powers,—and in consequence has received from the devout exceedingly rich presents of precious stones, valued at several thousands of dollars, which are hung upon its neck. A short time since, the most valuable of these diamonds were missing; they had been stolen during the night; and scandalous persons went so far as to attribute the theft to one of the priests. However this may be, the loss of these jewels made a great sensation in Rome, and was the chief subject of conversation for days, and as a

matter of course, all the people rushed to the "Libro dei Sogni," sought out the numbers for Madonna, diamonds, and thief, and at once played them in the lottery; and, as luck would have it, these very numbers were drawn, to the great delight of the people if not of the government, who thus lost a large sum of money.

In these matters the modern Romans are the true descendants of their ancient ancestors, who took auguries from dreams, being of opinion that they were the messengers of the gods,—for, says Homer, dreams descend to us from Jove. They made lustrations to obtain favourable dreams, with heated water taken from the river, and for the same purpose they sacrificed black sheep and laid themselves down to sleep upon the warm skin. Instead of the popular prejudice which now exists against telling one's dreams, they imagined, on the contrary, that the influence of ill-omened dreams could be counteracted by repeating them to the sun; and when Iphigenia dreamed that the palace in which she dwelt was to fall, she took this method to avert evil consequences. They also consulted old women who had acquired the reputation for divination to interpret their dreams, and were cleverer at their trade, let us hope, than the Jewesses of the Ghetto. The most celebrated in this art were the Telmissenses; and Lucian makes mention of one of this nation, a certain Aristander, who was the interpreter of dreams to Alexander the Great.

Many were the ancient authors who distinguished themselves in this science, and wrote treatises upon it. Tertullian, for instance, in his treatise "de Anima," mentions among others Antiphon, Strato, Philochorus, Serapion, Cratippus, Dionysius Rhodius, and Epicharmus, the last of whom seems to have had the highest reputation of all as an interpreter of dreams. Besides these, Artemidorus mentions Geminius, Pirius, Demetrius Phalerius, and Artimon Milesius, the first of whom wrote three books on this subject, the second five books, and the third twenty-eight books,—and to these we must add, Aristarchus, and Hermippus, who was a pupil of Philo, and wrote five books on the interpretation of dreams. Of all these works, however, not one has been preserved; still we possess the works of some celebrated writers on this subject, among whom may be mentioned Artemidorus, Astrampsicus, Sinesius, Nicephorus, and Michael Paleologus. That of Artemidorus is especially curious; it is in five books, and contains an elaborate account of the general rules of interpretation of dreams, and of the particular significance of all sorts of dreams, as for instance of dancing, fighting, hunting, fishing, and other active exercises; of planets, earthquakes, and physical phenomena; of the various gods; of the different parts of the

body, and of birds, beasts, reptiles, insects, and even of matters and things relating to the toilette, and ornaments and portions of the dress. In his fifth book he enumerates no less than ninety-five actual dreams, with the true interpretation to be given of them, as well as of the events that followed them; and in one chapter he speaks of numbers as connected with dreams, though he merely alludes to this subject, and does not enter into any details.

According to Artemidorus, the ancients divided dreams into two classes—somnia and insomnia—the former being affections of the mind and indicating future events, and the latter resulting from more material conditions of the body, and indicative of the past or present. Macrobius, however, in his work "In Somnium Scipionis," says there are five kinds of dreams, called by the Romans, somnium, visio, oraculum, and visum (or phantasma), the latter two being of no value in divination, as they resulted from anxiety or over-labour. The somnium was the ὄνειρος of the Greeks which descended from the gods; the vision was the appearance and return of a friend; the oraculum was the announcement of some future event by a parent, a priest, or a god; all of which forms of dream were possessed by Scipio. Macrobius also gives us a curious account of the symbolical meaning of numbers which should be recommended to all who play in the lottery.

Though the Romans do not admit these distinctions, and are far behind their ancestors in all that relates to the philosophy of dreams, they have an equal faith in their value as indicative of fortune and misfortune; and a Roman of the lower class, if he have a singular dream is sure at once to tell it to his friends, consult upon it, and finally play it in the lottery, they purchasing the same numbers as he; and why not, if, as Tertullian assures us, "Dreams we receive from God"—and there be "no man so foolish as never to have known any dreams come true."

The following extract from Astrampsicus reads so like an extract from one of the almanacs in popular use in Rome, that it is almost impossible to believe it is not modern: "Walking upon charcoal," he says, "presages an injury by your enemy; whoever dreams he holds a bee in his hand will see his hopes frustrated; moving slowly indicates calamitous voyages; if you are glad in your mind, it is a sign that you should dwell in a foreign country; the dream of stars is of good augury; if you walk over earthenware vases, look out to avoid the plots your enemies are devising against you (is not this thoroughly Italian?); the appearance of oxen threatens a misfortune; eating grapes indicates that a great fall of rain is near; thunder heard in dreams is the discourse of angels; eating figs

denotes vain talk; seeing milk is an indication of placid habits, and shows that you will escape your enemies; if you dream of yourself as being old, expect honours; if you are naked, fear to lose your possessions; a bad odour is a sign of some annoyance." Whatever we may say as to most of these interpretations, the last we shall all agree to.

In this connection, it seems to me that I cannot conscientiously omit to state to all my Roman friends who draw auguries and numbers for the lottery from dreams, that a possible reason why they are so often deceived in their divinations may be found in the fact that they are too much given to the eating of beans. Apollonius Dyscolus, whose testimony on this subject can scarcely be impeached, declares solemnly that beans hinder the mind from the reception of true dreams, and rather open the way to those which are lying and false. And Diogenes Laertius, in his "Life of Pythagoras," says that this philosopher strictly prohibited his disciples from the use of beans for various very singular reasons. Cicero also declares that they prevent "that tranquillity of mind which is necessary in investigating truth." And Aristotle, Pliny, and Dioscorides, agree that "whoever wishes to divine the future, should strictly abstain from beans." Plutarch goes further, and says that the "heads of polypi," as well as leeks, are also to be avoided. How then can a modern Roman expect to divine true numbers from their dreams, when beans, polypi, and garlic form so common an article of their food? Not only this, seasons and hours must be observed, which are not now considered. Plutarch insists that all dreams (insomnia) which occur in the months when the leaves fall are uncertain and mendacious, because the spirit is then disturbed and turbulent; in like manner as grapes, corn, and apples at that season are distended and effervescent; and besides, only those dreams which occur after midnight are to be relied upon.

Post mediam noctem quum somnia vera.

This I have thought it writ down in my duty to let my Italian friends know; but there are many more conditions which they are bound to observe, would they hope to derive fortunes out of dreams, which it is truly shameful in the Libro de' Sogni not to report.

But it is not only by means of dreams and books of dreams that the Italians seek the numbers which shall bring them a prize in the lottery. Sometimes, in passing through the streets, one may see a crowd collected about a man mounted upon a chair or stool. Fixed to a stand at his side or on the back of his chair is a glass bottle, in which are two or three hollow manikins of glass, so arranged as to

rise and sink by pressure of the confined air. The neck of the bottle is cased in a tin box which surmounts it and has a movable cover. This personage is a charlatan, with an apparatus for divining lucky numbers for the lottery. The "soft bastard Latin" runs off his tongue in an uninterrupted stream of talk, while he offers on a tray to the bystanders a number of little folded papers containing a *pianeta*, or augury, on which are printed a fortune and a *terno*. "Who will buy a *pianeta*," he cries, "with the numbers sure to bring him a prize? He shall have his fortune told him who buys. Who does not need counsel must surely be wise. Here's Master Tommetto, who never tells lies. And here is his brother still smaller in size. And Madama Medea Plutonia to advise. They'll write you a fortune and bring you a prize for a single *baiocco*. No creature so wise as not to need counsel. A fool I despise, who keeps his *baiocco* and loses his prize. Who knows what a fortune he'll get till he tries? Time's going, Signori,—who buys? who buys?" And so on by the yard. Meantime the crowd about him gape, stare, wonder, and finally put their hands to their pockets, out with their *baiocchi*, and buy their papers. Each then makes a mark on his paper to verify it, and returns it to the charlatan. After several are thus collected, he opens the cover of the tin box, deposits them therein with a certain ceremony, and commences an exhortatory discourse to the manikins in the bottle,—two of whom, Maestro Tommetto and his brother, are made to resemble little black imps, while Madama Medea Plutonia is dressed *alla Francese*. "*Fa una reverenza, Maestro Tommetto!*" "Make a bow, Master Tommetto!" he now begins. The puppet bows. "*Ancora!*" "Again!" Again he bows. "*Lesto, Signore, un piccolo giretto!*" "Quick, sir, a little turn!" And round whirls the puppet. "Now, up, up, to make a registry on the ticket! and do it conscientiously, Master Tommetto!" And up the imp goes, and disappears through the neck of the bottle. Then comes a burst of admiration at his cleverness from the charlatan. Turning now to the other imp, he goes through the same *rôle* with him. "And now, Madama Medea, make a reverence, and follow your husband!"

"Ed ora, Madama Medea, Cospetto!
Fa una reverenza col tuo bel petto!
E via! su! un piccolo giretto!
Lesto, presto, su, sotto il tetto
Al caro marito, al bello Moretto—
Al buono, amabile, tuo Tommetto."

And up she goes. A moment after, down they all come again at his call; he lifts the cover of the box; cries, "*Oh! quanto sei caro,*

mio buono Tommetto!" and triumphantly exhibits the papers, each with a little freshly-written inscription, and distributes them to the purchasers. Now and then he takes from his pocket a little bottle containing a mixture of the colour of wine, and a paper filled with some sort of powder, and, exclaiming, "*Ah! tu hai fame e sete, mi pare! Bisogna che ti dia da bere e mangiare,*" pours them into the tin cup.

It is astonishing to see how many of these little tickets a clever charlatan will sell in an hour, and principally on account of the lottery-numbers they contain. The fortunes are all the stereotype thing, and almost invariably warn you to be careful lest you should be "*tradito*," or promise that you shall not be "*tradito*;" for the idea of betrayal is the corner-stone of every Italian's mind.

In not only permitting, but promoting the lottery, Italy is certainly far behind England, France, and America. This system no longer exists with us, except in the disguised shape of gift-enterprises, art-unions, and that unpleasant institution of mendicant robbery called the raffle, and employed specially by those "who have seen better days." But a fair parallel to this rage of the Italians for the lottery is to be found in the love of betting, which is a national characteristic of the English. I do not refer to the bets upon horse-flesh at Ascot, Epsom, and Goodwood, by which fortunes change owners in an hour, and so many men are ruined, but rather to the general habit of betting upon any and every subject to settle a question, no matter how trivial, for which the Englishman is everywhere renowned on the Continent. Betting is with most other nations a form of speech, but with Englishmen it is a serious fact, and no one will be long in their company without finding an opinion backed up by a bet. It would not be very difficult to parallel those cases where the Italians disregard the solemnity of death, in their eagerness for omens of lottery-numbers, with equally reprehensible and apparently heartless cases of betting in England. Let any one who doubts this examine the betting-books at White's and Brookes's. In them he will find a most startling catalogue of bets,—some so bad as to justify the good parson in Walpole's story, who declared that they were such an impious set in this respect at White's, that, "if the last trump were to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment." Let one instance suffice. A man, happening to drop down at the door of White's, was lifted up and carried in. He was insensible, and the question was, whether he were dead or not. Bets were at once given and taken on both sides, and, it being proposed to bleed him, those who had taken odds that he was dead protested, on the ground that the use

of the lancet would affect the fairness of the bet. In the matter of play, things have now much changed since the time when Mr. Thynne left the club at White's in disgust, because he had won only twelve hundred guineas in two months. There is also a description of one of Fox's mornings, about the year 1783, which Horace Walpole has left us, and the truth of which Lord Holland admits, which it would be well for those to read who measure out hard justice to the Italians for their love of the lottery. Let us be fair. Italy is in these respects behind England by half a century; but it is as idle to argue hard-heartedness in an Italian who counts the drops of blood at a beheading as to suppose that the English have no feeling, because in the bet we have mentioned there was a protest against the use of the lancet, or to deny kindliness to a surgeon who lectures on structure and disease while he removes a cancer.

Vehement protests against the lottery and all gaming are as often uttered in Italy as elsewhere; and among them may be cited this passage from "L'Asino" by one of the most powerful of her modern writers, Guerrazzi:—

"Is not Tuscany the garden of Italy? So say the Tuscans; and the Florentines add, that Florence is the Athens of Tuscany. Truly, both seem beautiful. Let us search in Tuscany. At Barberino di Mugello, in the midst of an olive-grove is a cemetery where the vines, which have taken root in the outer walls and climbed over their summit, fall into the inclosed space, as if they wished to garland Death with vine-leaves, and make it smile; over the gate, strange guardians of the tombs, two fig-trees give their shadow and fruit to recompense the piety of the passers-by, giving a fig in exchange for a *De Profundis;* while the ivy, stretching its wanton arms over the black cross, endeavours to clothe the austere sign of the Redemption with the jocund leaves of Bacchus, and recalls to your mind the mad Phryne who vainly tempted Xenocrates. A beautiful cemetery, by my faith! a cemetery to arouse in the body an intense desire to die, if only for the pleasure of being buried there. Now observe. Look into my magic-lantern. What figures do you see? A priest with a pick; after him a peasant with a spade; and behind them a woman with a hatchet: the priest holds a corpse by the hair; the peasant, with one blow, strikes off its head; then, all things being carefully rearranged, priest, peasant, and woman, after thrusting the head into a sack, return as they came. Attention now, for I change the picture. What figures are these that now appear? A kitchen; a fire that has not its superior, even in the Inferno; and a caldron, where the hissing and boiling water sends up its bubbles. Look about and what do you see? Enter the priest, the peasant, and the house-

wife, and in a moment empty a sack into the caldron. Lo! a head rolls out, dives into the water, and floats to the surface, now showing its nape and now its face. The Lord help us! It is an abominable spectacle: this poor head, with its ashy open lips, seems to say, Give me again my Christian burial! That is enough. Only take note that in Tuscany, in the beautiful middle of the nineteenth century, a sepulchre was violated, and a sacrilege committed, to obtain from the boiled head of a corpse good numbers to play in the lottery! And by way of corollary, add this to your note, that in Rome, *Caput Mundi*, and in Tuscany, Garden of Italy, it is prohibited, under the severest penalties to play at *Faro*, *Zecchinetto*, *Banco-Fullito*, *Rossa e Nera*, and other similar games at cards, where each party may lose the whole or half the stakes, while the government encourage the play of the Lottery, by which, out of one hundred and twenty chances of winning, eighty are reserved for the bank, and forty or so allowed to the player. Finally, take note that in Rome, *Caput Mundi*, and in Tuscany, Garden of Italy, *Faro*, *Zecchinetto*, *Rossa e Nera* were prohibited, as acknowledged pests of social existence and open death to honest customs,—as a set-off for which deprivation, the game of the Lottery is still kept on foot."

The extraordinary story here alluded to by Guerrazzi, improbable as it seems, is founded upon fact, and was clearly proved, on judicial investigation, a few years since. It is well known in Tuscany, and forms the subject of a satirical narrative ("Il Sortilegio") by Giusti, a modern Tuscan poet, of true fire and genius, who has lashed the vices of his country in verses remarkable for point, idiom, and power. According to him, the method of divination resorted to in this case was as follows :—The sorcerer who invented it ordered his dupes to procure, either at dawn or twilight, ninety dry chick-peas, called *ceci*, and upon each of these to write one of the ninety numbers drawn in the lottery, with an ink made of pitch and lard, which would not be affected by water. They were then to sharpen a knife, taking care that he who did so should touch no one during the operation; and after a day of fasting, they were to dig up at night a body recently dead, and, having cut off the head and removed the brain, they were to count the beans thrice, and to shake them thrice, and then, on their knees, to put them one by one into the skull. This was then to be placed in a caldron of water and set on the fire to boil. As soon as the water boiled violently, the head would be rolled about so that some of the beans would be ejected, and the first three which were thus thrown to the surface would be a sure *terno* for the lottery. The wretched dupes added yet another feature of superstition to insure the success of this horrible device. They

selected the head of their curate, who had recently died,—on the ground that, as he had studied algebra, he was a great cabalist, and any numbers from his head would be sure to draw a prize.

Some one, I have no doubt, will here be anxious to know the numbers that bubbled up to the surface; but I am very sorry to say that I cannot gratify their laudable curiosity, for the interference of the police prevented the completion of the sorcery. So the curious must be content to consult some other cabalist,—

"sull' arti segrete
Di menar la Fortuna per il naso,
Pescando il certo nel gran mar del Caso."

Despite a wide-spread feeling among the higher classes against the lottery, it still continues to exist, for it has fastened itself into the habits and prejudices of many; and an institution which takes such hold of the passions of the people, and has lived so long, dies hard. Nor are there ever wanting specious excuses for the continuance of this, as of other reprobated systems,—of which the strongest is, that its abolition would not only deprive of their present means of subsistence numbers of persons employed in its administration, but would cut off certain charities dependent upon it, amounting to no less than forty thousand *scudi* annually. Among these may be mentioned the dowry of forty *scudi* which is given out of the profits received by the government at the drawing of every lottery to some five or six of the poor girls of Rome. The list of those who would profit by this charity is open to all, and contains thousands of names. The first number drawn in the lottery decides the fortunate persons; and, on the subsequent day, each receives a draft for forty *scudi* on the government, payable on the presentation of the certificate of marriage. On the accession of the present Pope, an attempt was made to abolish the lottery system; but these considerations, among others, had weight enough to prevent any changes. So deeply is this system rooted in the habits and thoughts of the people that it would be difficult if not dangerous to decree its immediate abolition—even the Italian government has not as yet ventured to interfere with it.

Though the play is generally small, large fortunes are sometimes gained. The family of the Marchese del Cinque, for instance, derive their title and fortune from the luck of an ancestor, who played and won the highest prize, a *Cinquino*. With the money thus acquired he purchased his marquisate, and took the title *del Cinque*, "of the Five," in reference to the lucky five numbers. The Villa Quaranta Cinque in Rome derives its name from a similar circumstance. A lucky Monsignore played the single

number of forty-five, *al posto*, and with his winnings built the villa, to which the Romans, always addicted to nicknames, gave the name of *Quaranta Cinque*. This love of nicknames, or *soprannomi*, as they are called, is, by-the-way, an odd peculiarity of the Italians, and it often occurs that persons are known only thereby. Examples of these, among the celebrated names of Italy, are so frequent as to form a rule in favour of the surname rather than of the real name, and in many cases the former has utterly obliterated the latter. Thus, Squint Eye (*Guercino*), Dirty Tom (*Mdsaccio*), The Little Dyer (*Tintoretto*), Great George (*Giorgione*), The Garland-Maker, (*Ghirlandaio*), Luke of the Madder (*Luca della Robbia*), The Little Spaniard (*Spagnoletto*), and The Tailor's Son (*Del Sarto*), would scarcely be known under their real names of Barbieri, Guido, Robusti, Barbarelli, Corradi, Ribera, and Vannucchi. The list might be very much enlarged; but let it suffice to add the following well-known names, all of which are nicknames derived from their places of birth: Perugino, Veronese, Aretino, Pisano, Giulio Romano, Correggio, Parmegiano.

The other day a curious instance of this occurred to me in taking the testimony of a Roman coachman. On being called upon to give the names of some of his companions, with whom he had been in daily and intimate intercourse for more than two years, he could give only their nicknames; their real names he did not know, and had never heard. A little, gay, odd genius, whom I took into my service during a *villeggiatura* at Siena, would not answer to his real name, Lorenzo, but remonstrated on being so called, and said he was only *Pipetta* (The Little Pipe), a nickname given to him when a child, from his precocity in smoking, and of which he was as tenacious as if it were a title of honour. "You prefer, then, to be called Pipetta?" I asked. "*Felicissimo! sì*," was his answer. Not a foreigner comes to Rome that his name does not "suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange." Our break-jaw Saxon names are discarded, and a new christening takes place. One friend I had who was called *Il Malinconico*,—another, *La Barbarossa*,—another, *Il bel Signore*,—another, who was near-sighted, *Quel Cieco*,—and still another, *Il lungo Secco*; but generally they are called after the number of the house or the name of the street in which they live,—*La Signorina bella bionda del Palazzo Galitzin*,—*Il Signore Quattordici Capo le Case*,—*Monsieur e Madama Quindici Terzo Piano, Corso.*

But to return from this digression.—At every country festival may be seen a peculiar form of the lottery called *Tombola*; and in the notices of these *festas*, which are always placarded over the walls

of Rome for weeks before they take place, the eye will always be attracted first by the imposing word *Tombola*, printed in the largest and blackest of letters. This is, in fact, the characteristic feature of the *festa*, and attracts large numbers of *contadini*. As in the ordinary lottery, only ninety numbers are played. Every ticket contains blank spaces for fifteen numbers, which are inserted by the purchaser, and registered duly at the office or booth where the ticket is bought. The price of tickets in any single *Tombola* is uniform; but in different *Tombolas* it varies, of course, according to the amount of the prizes. These are generally five, namely,—the *Ambo*, *Terno*, *Quaterno*, *Cinquino*, and *Tombola*, though sometimes a second *Tombola* or *Tomboletta* is added. The drawing takes place in precisely the same manner as in the ordinary lottery, but with more ceremony. A large staging, with a pavilion, is erected, where the officers who are to superintend the drawing stand. In the centre is a glass vase, in which the numbers are placed after having been separately verified and proclaimed, and a boy gaily dressed draws them. All the ninety numbers are drawn; and as each issues, it is called out, and exhibited on a large card. Near by stands a large framework, elevated so as to be visible to all, with ninety divisions corresponding to the ninety numbers, and on this, also, every number is shown as soon as it is drawn. The first person who has upon his ticket two drawn numbers gains an *Ambo*, which is the smallest prize. Whoever first has three numbers drawn on a line gains a *Terno*; and so on with the *Quaterno* and *Cinquino*. The *Tombola*, which is the great prize, is won by whoever first has his whole fifteen numbers drawn. As soon as any one finds two of the drawn numbers on one line of his ticket, he cries, "*Ambo*," at the top of his lungs. A flag is then raised on the pavilion, the band plays, and the game is suspended, while the claimant at once makes his way to the judges on the platform to present his ticket for examination. No sooner does the cry of "*Ambo*," "*Terno*," "*Quaterno*," take place, than there is a great rustle all around. Everybody looks out for the fortunate person, who is immediately to be seen running through the parting crowd, which opens before him, cheering him as he goes, if his appearance be poor and needy, and greeting him with sarcasms, if he be apparently well to do in the world. Sometimes there are two or three claimants for the same prize, in which case it is divided among them. The *Ambo* is soon taken, and there is little room for a mistake; but when it comes to the *Quaterno* or *Cinquino*, mistakes are very common, and the claimant is almost always saluted with chaff and jests. After his ticket has been examined, if he have won, a placard is exhibited with *Ambo*, *Terno*, *Quaterno* on it, as the case may be.

But if he have committed an error, down goes the flag, and, amidst a burst of laughter, jeering, whistling, screaming, and catcalls, the disappointed claimant sneaks back and hides himself in the excited crowd. At a really good *Tombola*, where the prizes are high, there is no end of fun and gaiety among the people. They stand with their tickets in their hands, congratulating each other ironically, as they fail to find the numbers on them, paying all sorts of absurd compliments to each other and the drawer, offering to sell out their chances at enormous prices when they are behindhand, and letting off all sorts of squibs and jests, not so excellent in themselves as provocative of laughter. If the wit be little, the fun is great,—and, in the excitement of expectation, a great deal of real Italian humour is often ventilated. Sometimes, at the country fairs, the fun is rather slow, particularly where the prizes are small; but, on exciting occasions, there is a constant small fire of jests, which is very amusing.

These *Tombole* are sometimes got up with great pomp. That, for instance, which sometimes takes place in the Villa Borghese is one of the most striking spectacles which can be seen in Rome. At one end of the great open-air amphitheatre is erected a large pavilion, flanked on either side with covered *logge* or *palchi*, festooned with yellow and white,—the Papal colours,—adorned with flags, and closed round with rich old arrases pictured over with Scripture stories. Beneath the central pavilion is a band. Midway down the amphitheatre, on either side, are two more *logge*, similarly draped, where two more bands are stationed,—and still another at the opposite end, for the same purpose. The *logge* which flank the pavilion are sold by ticket, and filled with the richer classes. Three great stagings show the numbers as they are drawn. The pit of the amphitheatre is densely packed with a motley crowd. Under the ilexes and noble stone-pines that show their dark-green foliage against the sky, the helmets and swords of cavalry glitter as they move to and fro. All around on the green slopes are the people,—soldiers, peasants, priests, mingled together,—and thousands of gay dresses, ribbons and parasols enliven the mass. The four bands play successively as the multitude gathers. They have already arrived in tens of thousands, but the game has not yet begun, and thousands are still flocking to see it. All the gay equipages are on the outskirts, and through the trees and up the avenues stream the crowds on foot. As we stand in the centre of the amphitheatre and look up, we get a faint idea of the old Roman gatherings when Rome emptied itself to join in the games at the Colosseum. Row upon row they stand, a mass of gay and swarming life. The sunlight

flashes over them, and blazes on the rich colours. The tall golden-trunked pines and dark ilexes overshadow them here and there; above them is the soft blue dome of the Italian sky. They are gathered round the *villetta*,—they throng the roof and balconies,—they crowd the stone steps,—they pack the green oval of the amphitheatre's pit. The ring of cymbals, the clarion of trumpets, and the clash of brazen music vibrate in the air. All the world is abroad to see, from the infant in arms to the oldest inhabitant. *Monsignori* in purple stockings and tricornered hats, peasants in gay reds and crimsons, cardinals in scarlet. Princes, shopkeepers, beggars, foreigners, all mingle together; while the screams of the vendors of cigars, pumpkin-seeds, cakes, and lemonade are everywhere heard over the suppressed sea-like roar of the crowd. As you walk along the outskirts of the mass, you may see Monte Gennaro's dark peak looking over the Campagna, and all the Sabine hills trembling in a purple haze,—or, strolling down through the green avenues, you may watch the silver columns of fountains as they crumble in foam and plash in their mossy basins,—or gather masses of the sweet Parma violet and other beautiful wild flowers.

The only other games among the modern Romans, which deserve particular notice from their peculiarity, are those of Cards. In an Italian pack there are only forty cards,—the eight, nine, and ten of the French and English cards having no existence. The suits also have different signs and names, and, instead of hearts, spades, clubs, and diamonds, they are called *coppe*, *spade*, *bastoni*, and *denari*,—all being of the same colour, and differing entirely in form from our cards. The *coppe* are cups or vases; the *spade* are swords; the *bastoni* are veritable clubs or bludgeons; and the *denari* are coins. The games are still more different from ours than the cards, and they are legion in number. There are *Briscola*, *Tresette*, *Calabresella*, *Banco-Fallito*, *Rossa e Nera*, *Scaraccoccia*, *Scopa*, *Spizzica*, *Faraone*, *Zecchinetto*, *Mercante in Fiera*, *La Bazzica*, *Ruba-Monte*, *Uomo-Nero*, *La Paura*, and I know not how many others,—but they are recorded and explained in no book, and are only to be picked up orally. Wherever you go, on a *festa*-day, you will find persons playing cards. At the common *osterias*, before the doors or on the soiled tables within, on the ruins of the Cæsars' palaces and in the Temple of Peace, on the stone tables in the *vigna*, on the walls along the public roads, on the uncarved blocks of marble in front of the sculptors' studios, in the antechambers or gateways of palaces,—everywhere cards are played. Every *contadino* has a pack in his pocket, with the flavour of the soil upon it. The playing is ordinarily for very low sums, often for nothing at all. But there are some games which are purely

games of luck, and dangerous. Some of these, as *Rossa e Nera*, *Banco-Fallito*, and *Zecchinetto*, though prohibited by the government, are none the less favourite games in Rome, particularly among those who play for money. *Zecchinetto* may be played by any number of persons, after the following manner:—The dealer, who plays against the whole table, deals to each player one card. The next card is then turned up as a trump. Each player then makes his bet on the card dealt to him, and places his money on it. The dealer then deals to the table the other cards in order, and any of the players may bet on them as they are thrown down. If a card of the number of that bet on issue before a card corresponding to the number of the trump, the dealer wins the stake on that card; but whenever a card corresponding to the trump issues, the player wins on every card on which he has bet. When the banker or dealer loses at once, the bank "*fa toppa*," and the deal passes, but not otherwise. Nothing can be more simple than this game, and it is just as dangerous as it is simple, and as exciting as it is dangerous. A late Roman *principessa* is said to have been passionately fond of it, and to have lost enormously by it. The story runs, that, while passing the evening at a friend's house, she lost ten thousand *scudi* at one sitting—upon which she staked her horses and carriage, which were at the door waiting to take her home, and lost them also. She then wrote a note to the prince, her husband, saying that she had lost her carriage and horses at *Zecchinetto*, and wished others to be sent for her. To this he answered, that she might return on foot,—which she was obliged to do.

This will serve at least as a specimen of the games of chance played by the Romans at cards. Of the more innocent games, *Briscola*, *Tresette*, and *Scaraccoccia* are the favourites among the common people. The first of these is, perhaps, the most popular of all. It is played by either two or four persons. The *Fante* (or knave) counts as two; the *Cavallo* (equal to our queen) as three; the *Rè* (king) as four; the three-spot as ten; and the ace as eleven. Three cards are dealt to each person, and after the deal the next card is turned as trump, or *Briscola*. Each plays, and, after one card all round is played, its place is supplied by a new deal of one card to each. Every card of the trump-suit takes any card of the other suits. Each player takes as many counting-cards as he can, and, at the end of the game, he who counts the most wins,—the account being made according to the value of the cards, as stated above.

Far better games than this are *Tresette* and *Calabresella*. These are the favourites of the Cardinals, Monsignore, and Prelates, when

they play among themselves in purely Roman society; and so persuaded am I that they will also be favourites of yours, that I deem it my duty to acquaint you with the rules of these two admirable games. The more you play them, and the more you enter into their *finesse*, the more you will enjoy them; for, though apparently simple, they require much skill and calculation. At all events, one gets tired of constantly playing whist, even though "with a clean hearth and the rigour of the game," demanded by all players of the order of Mrs. Battle; and certainly *Calabresella*, which is played by three, is better than whist with a dummy. Try these games, my good friend, and ever after you will thank me and believe in the taste of the Prelatura of Rome.

And first as to the general rules. The Italian cards, being only forty in number, you must throw out the eight, nine, and ten spots of the French pack. In playing, the highest card in value is the three-spots, then the two, then the ace, after which follow the king, queen, knave, seven, six, and so on. In making up the game the ace counts one point. The other enumerated cards, from the three to the knave inclusive, count one-third of a point, three being required to make a point. The last trick also counts one point, independent of the cards composing it. No card can take another unless it be a higher card of the same suit, there being no trumps. The first hand in every trick has the right, in playing his card, to strike it on the table, and thus to indicate to his partner that he wishes him to return the lead, or to drag it along the table to indicate the opposite.

Now as to the special rules of *Tresette*. This game is played between four persons, who select partners as in whist, and the cards are distributed, not one by one, but first by fours and then by threes, until all are dealt. After examining his cards each player is bound, before the game commences, to declare or claim in case he holds three cards of three spots, three of two spots, or three aces; or in case he holds what is called a "*Napolitana*," which is the three, two, and ace of one and the same suit. This he does by saying "*accuso*," I declare or claim. But he is not bound to tell *what* he claims until the first hand is played. Then he must say whether he claims three aces, three twos, three threes, or a "*Napolitana*." At any time during the game the others have a right to demand, in case he claim anything except the "*Napolitana*," what he claims; but he may refuse to answer until the last card of the trick, during which or in anticipation of which the demand is made, is played down. Whoever holds the "*Napolitana*," or three aces, three twos, or three threes, counts three points on each series. If he hold four threes, twos, or aces, he counts four points. The game now commences.

Each party endeavours to take as many counting-cards as it can, and when all are played each counts according to the general rules before given—three cards for the taking of the last trick, three cards for every ace, and one for each two, three, king, queen, and knave. The number thus made up is divided by three to give the number of points (a card being, as before said, one-third of a point), and to these are added the points made by the claim. The number of the points is regulated by agreement at twenty-one, at thirty-one, or at forty-one. No card takes a trick unless it is the highest of the suit which is led.

Calabresella is played by three persons. Twelve cards are dealt to each by fours, and the four remaining cards are placed on the table with their faces down. The first player, after examining his cards, if he feels himself strong enough to play against the other two, who are thus made partners, so declares. In such case he has the right to demand, first, any three-spot that he wishes, and the person who holds it must surrender it to him, receiving in return, before the playing commences, any card the other chooses to give. He then may turn up the four cards on the table, so as to be seen by all, and take them all into his hand, which he makes up at his pleasure, replacing any four cards on the table with their faces down. These the other players cannot examine, and they belong to the hand that takes the last trick. The party which makes the most points wins, and the counting is made according to the general rules before stated. If the three which he demands is among the four cards on the table, he cannot call for another three. But in case all the threes are dealt to him, and not otherwise, he may call for any card of two spots. In case the first person is not strong enough to play against the other two, he passes his right to the next, and if he cannot stand, he passes it on to the third. If none accept, the cards are dealt again. If the player who stands against the others forgets to put four cards on the table in place of those he takes up, he loses the game. If he wins, he takes the stakes of each of the others; and if he loses, he pays each the stakes. If he does not make a single point he pays double; if he takes the whole cards they pay him double.

CHAPTER VII.

MAY IN ROME.

MAY has come again,—"the delicate-footed May," her feet hidden in flowers as she wanders over the Campagna, and the cool breeze of the Campagna blowing back her loosened hair. She calls to us from the open fields to leave the wells of damp churches and shadowy streets, and to come abroad and meet her where the mountains look down from roseate heights of vanishing snow upon plains of waving grain. The hedges have put on their best draperies of leaves and flowers, and, girdled in at their waist by double osier bands, stagger luxuriantly along the road like a drunken Bacchanal procession, crowned with festive ivy, and holding aloft their snowy clusters of elder-blossoms like *thyrsi*. Among their green robes may be seen thousands of beautiful wild flowers,—the sweet-scented laurustinas, all sorts of running vetches and wild sweet-pea, the delicate vases of dewy morning-glories, clusters of eglantine or sweet-brier roses, fragrant acacia-blossoms covered with bees and buzzing flies, the gold of glowing gorses, and scores of purple and yellow flowers, of which I know not the names. On the gray walls straggle and cluster vines, grass, and the humble class of flowers which go by the ignoble name of weeds; and over them, held down by the green cord of the stalk, balance the rent balloons of hundreds of flaming scarlet poppies that seem to have fed on fire. The undulating swell of the Campagna is here ablaze with them for acres, and there deepening with growing grain, or snowed over by myriads of daisies. Music and song, too, are not wanting; hundreds of birds are in the hedges. The lark, "from his moist cabinet rising," rains down his trills of incessant song from invisible heights of blue sky; and whenever one passes the wayside groves, a nightingale is sure to bubble into song. The oranges, too, are in blossom, perfuming the air; locust-trees, are tasselled with odorous flowers; and over the

walls of the Campagna villa bursts a cascade of vines covered with foamy Banksia roses.

The Carnival of the kitchen-gardens is now commencing. Peas are already an old story, strawberries are abundant, and cherries are beginning to make their appearance, in these first days of May; old women sell them at every corner, tied together in tempting bunches, as in "the cherry-orchard" which Miss Edgeworth has made fairy-land in our childish memories. Asparagus also has long since come; and artichokes make their daily appearance on the table, sliced up and fried, or boiled whole, or coming up roasted and gleaming with butter, with more outside capes and coats than an ideal English coachman of the olden times. Here, too, is fennel, tasting like anisette, and good to mix in the salads. And great beans lie about in piles, the *contadini* twisting them out of their thick pods with their thumbs, to eat them raw. Nay, even the *signoria* of the noble families do the same, as they walk through the gardens, and think them such a luxury that they eat them raw for breakfast. But over and above all other vegetables are the lettuces, which are one of the great staples of food for the Roman people, and so crisp, fresh, delicate, and high-flavoured, that he who eats them once will hold Nebuchadnezzar no longer a subject for compassion, but rather of envy. Drowned in fresh olive-oil and strong with vinegar, they are a feast for the gods; and even in their natural state, without condiments, they are by no means to be despised. At the corners of the streets they lie piled in green heaps, and are sold at a *baiocco* for five heads. At noontide, the *contadini* and labourers feed upon them without even the condiment of salt, crunching their white teeth through the crisp, wet leaves, and alternating a bite at a great wedge of bread; and toward nightfall, one may see carts laden high up with closely-packed masses of them, coming in from the Campagna for the market. In a word, the *festa* of the vegetables, at which they do not eat, but are eaten, and the Carnival of the kitchen-garden have come.

But—a thousand, thousand pardons, O mighty Cavolo!—how have I dared omit thy august name? On my knees, O potentest of vegetables, I crave forgiveness! I will burn at thy shrine ten waxen candles, in penance, if thou wilt pardon the sin and shame of my forgetfulness! The smoke of thy altar-fires, the steam of thy incense, and the odours of thy sanctity rise from every hypæthral shrine in Rome. Out-doors and in-doors, wherever the foot wanders, on palatial stairs or in the hut of poverty, in the convent pottage and the "*Lepre*" soup, in the wooden platter of the beggar and the silver tureen of the prince, thou fillest our nostrils, thou satisfiest

our stomach. Far away, whenever I inhale thy odour, I shall think of "Roman Joys;" a whiff from thine altar in a foreign land will bear me back to the Eternal City, "the City of the Soul," the City of the Cabbage, the home of the Dioscuri, *Cavolo* and *Broccoli!* Yes, as Paris is recalled by the odour of chocolate, and London by the damp steam of malt, so shall Rome come back when my nostrils are filled with thy penetrative fragrance!

Saunter out at any of the city-gates, or lean over the wall at San Giovanni (and where will you find a more charming spot?), or look down from the windows of the Villa Negroni, and your eye will surely fall on one of the Roman kitchen-gardens, patterned out in even rows and squares of green. Nothing can be prettier or more tasteful in their arrangement than these variegated carpets of vegetables. A great cistern of running water crowns the height of the ground, which is used for the purposes of irrigation; and towards nightfall the vent is opened, and you may see the gardeners unbanking the channelled rows to let the inundation flow through hundreds of little lanes of intersection and canals between the beds, and then banking them up at the entrance when a sufficient quantity of water has entered. In this way they fertilize and refresh the soil, which else would parch under the continuous sun. And this, indeed, is all the fertilization they need,—so strong is the soil all over the Campagna. The accretions and decay of thousands of years have covered it with a loam whose richness and depth are astonishing. Dig where you will, for ten feet down, and you do not pass through its wonderfully fertile loam into gravel, and the slightest labour is repaid a hundred-fold.

As one looks from the Villa Negroni windows, he cannot fail to be impressed by the strange changes through which this wonderful city has passed. The very spot on which Nero, the insane emperor-artist, fiddled while Rome was burning has now become a vast kitchen-garden, belonging to Prince Massimo (himself a descendant, as he claims, of Fabius Cunctator), where men no longer, but only lettuces, asparagus, and artichokes, are ruthlessly cut down. The inundations are not for mock sea-fights among slaves, but for the peaceful purposes of irrigation. And though the fiddle of Nero is only traditional, the trumpets of the French, murdering many an unhappy strain near by, are a most melancholy fact. In the bottom of the valley, a noble old villa, covered with frescoes, has been turned into a manufactory of bricks, and the very Villa Negroni itself is now doomed to be the site of a railway station. Yet here the princely family of Negroni lived; and the very lady at whose house Lucrezia Borgia took her famous revenge may once have sauntered

under the walls, which still glow with ripening oranges, to feed the gold-fish in the fountain,—or walked with stately friends through the long alleys of clipped cypresses, and pic-nicked *alla Giorgione* on lawns which are now but kitchen-gardens, dedicated to San Cavolo. It pleases me, also, descending in memories to a later time, to look up at the summer-house built above the gateway, and recall the days when Shelley and Keats came there to visit their friend Severn, the artist (for that was his studio), and look over the same alleys and gardens, and speak words one would have been so glad to hear,—and, coming still later down, to recall the hearty words and brave heart of one of America's best sculptors and my dear friend, Thomas Crawford.

Should the ghosts of the past waken at nightfall to wander through these gardens, they would be startled by the wild shriek and snort of the iron steed with his fiery eyes and vaporous breath, that, dragging behind him the long and clattering train from Naples, comes plunging through ancient walls, and tombs, and modern vineyards, and cypress-alleys to stable himself at last within the walls of Diocletian's ancient baths.

But to return to the kitchen-gardens. Pretty as they are to the eye, they are not considered to be wholesome; and no Roman will live in a house near one of them, especially if it lie on the southern and western side, so that the Scirocco and the prevalent summer winds blow over it. The daily irrigation, in itself, would be sufficient to frighten all Italians away; for they have a deadly fear of all effluvia arising from decomposing vegetable substances, and suppose, with a good deal of truth, that, wherever there is water on the earth, there is decomposition. But this is not the only reason; for the same prejudice exists in regard to all kinds of gardens, whither irrigated or not,—and even to groves of trees and clusters of bushes, or vegetation of any kind, around a house. This is the real reason why, even in their country villas, their trees are almost always planted at a distance from the house, so as to expose it to the sun and to give it a free ventilation: trees they do not care for; damp is their determined foe, and therefore they will not purchase the luxury of shade from foliage at the risk of the damp it is supposed to engender. On the north, however, gardens are not thought to be so prejudicial as on the south and west, as the cold, dry winds come from the former direction. The malaria, as we call it, though the term is unknown to Romans, is never so dangerous as after a slight rain, just sufficient to wet the surface of the earth without deeply penetrating it; for decomposition is then stimulated, and the miasma arising from the Campagna is blown abroad. So long as the

earth is dry, there is no danger of fever, except at morning and nightfall, and then simply because of the heavy dews which the porous and baked earth then inhales and expires. After the autumn has given a thorough, drenching rain, Rome is healthy and free from fever.

Rome has with strangers the reputation of being unhealthy; but this opinion I cannot think well founded,—to the extent, at least, of the common belief. The diseases of children there are ordinarily very light, while in America and England they are terrible. Scarlet and typhus fevers, those fearful scourges in the North, are known at Rome only under most mitigated forms. Cholera has shown no virulence there; and for diseases of the throat and lungs the air alone is almost curative. The great curse of the place is the intermittent fever, in which any other illness is apt to end. But this, except in its peculiar phase of *Perniciosa*, though a very annoying, is by no means a dangerous disease, and has the additional advantage of a specific remedy. The Romans themselves of the better class seldom suffer from it, and I cannot but think that with a little prudence it may be easily avoided. Those who are most attacked by it are the labourers and *contadini* on the Campagna; and how can it be otherwise with them? They sleep often on the bare ground, or on a little straw under a hut just large enough to admit them on all-fours. Their labour is exhausting, and performed in the sun, and while in a violent perspiration they are often exposed to sudden draughts and checks. Their food is poor, their habits careless, and it would require an iron constitution to resist what they endure. But, despite the life they lead and their various exposures, they are for the most part a very strong and sturdy class. This intermittent fever is undoubtedly a far from pleasant thing; but Americans who are terrified at it in Rome give it no thought in Philadelphia, where it is more prevalent,—and while they call Rome unhealthy, live with undisturbed confidence in cities where scarlet and typhus fevers annually rage.

It is a singular fact, that the French soldiers, who in 1848 made the siege of Rome, suffered no inconvenience or injury to their health from sleeping on the Campagna, and that, despite the prophecies to the contrary, very few cases of fever appeared, though the siege lasted during the summer months. The reason of this is doubtless to be found in the fact that they were better clothed, better fed, and in every way more careful of themselves, than the *contadini*. Foreigners, too, who visit Rome, are very seldom attacked by intermittent fever; and it may truly be said, that, when they are, it is, for the most part, their own fault. There is generally the grossest

inconsistency between their theories and their practice. Believing as they do that the least exposure will induce fever, they expose themselves with singular recklessness to the very causes of fever. After hurrying through the streets and getting into a violent perspiration, they plunge at once into some damp pit-like church or chill gallery, where the temperature is at least ten degrees lower than the outer air. The bald-headed, rosy John Bull, steaming with heat, doffs at once the hat which he wore in the street, and, of course, is astounded if the result prove just what it would be anywhere else, —and if he take cold and get a fever, charges it to the climate, and not to his own stupidity and recklessuess. Beside this, foreigners will always insist on carrying their home habits with them wherever they go; and it is exceedingly difficult to persuade any one that he does not understand the climate better than the Italians themselves, whom he puts down as a poor set of timid ignoramuses. However, the longer one lives in Rome, the more he learns to value the Italian rules of health. There is probably no people so careful in these matters as the Italians, and especially the Romans. They understand their own climate, and they have a decided dislike of death. In France and England suicides are very common; in Italy they are almost unknown. The American recklessness of life completely astounds the Italian. He enjoys life, studies every method to preserve it, and considers any one who risks it unnecessarily as simply a fool.

What, then, are their rules of life? In the first place, in all their habits they are very regular. They eat at stated times, and cannot be persuaded to partake of anything in the intervals. If it be not their hour for eating, they will refuse the choicest viands, and sit at your table fasting, despite every temptation you can offer. They are also very abstemious in their diet, and gluttony is the rarest of vices. I do not believe there is another nation in Europe that eats so sparingly. In the morning they take a cup of coffee, generally without milk, sopping in it some light *brioche*. Later in the day they take a slight lunch of soup and macaroni, with a glass of wine. This lasts them until dinner, which begins with a watery soup; after which the *lesso* or boiled meat comes on and is eaten with one vegetable, which is less a dish than a garnish to the meat; then comes a dish of some vegetable eaten with bread; then, perhaps, a chop, or another dish of meat, garnished with a vegetable; some light *dolce* or fruit, and a cup of black coffee,—the latter for digestion's sake, — finish the repast. The quantity is very small, however, compared to what is eaten in England, France, America, or, though last, not least, Germany. Late in the evening they have a supper.

When dinner is taken in the middle of the day, lunch is omitted. This is the rule of the better classes. The workmen and middle classes, after their cup of coffee and bit of bread or *brioche* in the morning, take nothing until night, except another cup of coffee and bread,—and their dinner finishes their meals after their work is done. From my own observation, I should say that an Italian does not certainly eat more than half as much as a German, or two-thirds as much as an American. The climate will not allow of gormandizing, and much less food is required to sustain the vital powers than in America, where the atmosphere is so stimulating to the brain and the digestion, or in England, where the depressing effects of the climate must be counteracted by stimulants. Go to any *table d'hôte* in the season, and you will at once know all the English who are new comers by their bottle of ale or claret or sherry or brandy; for the Englishman assimilates with difficulty, and unwillingly puts off his home-habits. The fresh American will always be recognized by the morning dinner, which he calls a breakfast.

If you wish to keep your health in Italy, follow the example of the Italians. Eat a third less than you are accustomed to at home. Do not drink habitually of brandy, porter, ale, or even Marsala, but confine yourselves to the lighter wines of the country or of France. Do not walk much in the sun; "only Englishmen and dogs" do that, as the proverb goes; and especially take heed not to expose yourself, when warm, to any sudden changes of temperature. If you have heated yourself with walking in the sun, be careful not to go at once, and especially towards nightfall, into the lower and shaded streets, which have begun to gather the damps, and are kept cool by the high thick walls of the houses. Remember that the difference of temperature is very great between the narrow, shaded streets and the high, sunny Pincio. If you have the misfortune to be of the male sex, and especially if you suffer under the sorrow of the first great Cæsar in being bald, buy yourself a little skullcap (it is as good as his laurels for the purpose), and put it on your head whenever you enter the churches and cold galleries. Almost every fever here is the result of suddenly checked transpiration of the skin; and if you will take the precaution to cool yourself before entering churches and galleries, and not to expose yourself while warm to sudden changes of temperature, you may live twenty years in Rome without a fever. Do not stand in draughts of cold air, and shut your windows when you go to bed. There is nothing an Italian fears like a current of air, and with reason. He will never sit between two doors or two windows. If he has walked to see you and is in the least warm, pray him to keep his hat on until

he is cool, if you would be courteous to him. You will find that he will always use the same *gentilezza* to you. The reason why you should shut your windows at night is very simple. The night-air is invariably damp and cold, contrasting greatly with the warmth of the day, and it is then that the miasma from the Campagna drifts into the city. And oh, my American friends! repress your national love for hot rooms and great fires, and do not make an oven of your *salon*. Bake yourselves, kiln-dry yourselves, if you choose, in your furnaced houses at home, but, if you value your health, "reform that altogether" in Italy. Increase your clothing and suppress your fires, and you will find yourselves better in head and in pocket. With your great fires you will always be cold and always have colds; for the houses are not tight, and you only create great draughts thereby. You will not persuade an Italian to sit near them;—he will, on the contrary, ask your permission to take the farthest corner away from the fire. Seven winters in Rome have convinced me of the correctness of their rule. Of course, you do not believe me or them; but it would be better for you if you did,—and for me, too, when I come to visit you.

But I must beg pardon for all this advice; and as my business is not to write a medical thesis here, let me return to pleasanter things.

Scarcely does the sun drop behind St. Peter's on the first day of May, before bonfires begin to blaze from all the country towns on the mountain-sides, showing like great beacons. This is a custom founded in great antiquity, and common to the North and South. The first of May is the Festival of the Holy Apostles in Italy; but in Germany, and still farther north, in Sweden and Norway, it is *Walpurgisnacht*, when goblins, witches, hags, and devils hold high holiday, mounting on their brooms for the Brocken. And it was on this night that Mephistopheles carried Faust on his wondrous ride, and showed him the spectre of Margaret with the red line round her throat.

In the Neapolitan towns great fires are built on this festival, around which the people dance, jumping through the flames, and flinging themselves about in every wild and fantastic attitude. Similar bonfires may also be seen blazing everywhere over the hills and on the Campagna on the eve of the day of San Giovanni, which occurs on the 24th of June; and if you would have a medicine to cure all wounds and cuts, go out before daylight and pluck the little flower called *pilatro* (St. John's wort), and make an infusion of it before the sun is up; but at all events be sure on the eve of this day to place a plate of salt at the door, for it is the witches' festival,

and no one of the tribe can pass the salt to injure you without first counting every grain, a task which will occupy the whole night, and thus save you from evil. Besides this, place a pitchfork, or any fork, by the door, as an additional safeguard, in case she calls in allies to help her count.

These are relics of the old pagan custom alluded to by Ovid,* and particularly described by Varro, when the peasants made huge bonfires of straw, hay, and other inflammable materials, called "*Palilia*," and men, women, and children danced round them and leaped through them in order to obtain expiation and free themselves from evil influences—the mothers holding out over the flames those children who were too young to take an active part in this rite. The canonist Balsamon, in his comment on the sixty-fifth canon of the Council "in Trullo," also reports, on the authority of the Patriarch of Constantinople, among other superstitious usages, that of leaping through the fires that even then it was the custom to make on the eve of St. John. But this rite goes much farther back into antiquity, and may be referred to the most ancient oracle of Saturn, by which it was ordered that children should be passed through flames, and which was afterwards barbarously interpreted to mean that they should be burned alive, as a sacrifice to Saturn.

The month of May is the culmination of the spring and the season of seasons at Rome. No wonder that foreigners who have come when winter sets in and take wing before April shows her sky, sometimes growl at the weather, and ask if this is the beautiful Italian clime. They have simply selected the rainy season for their visit; and one cannot expect to have sun the whole year through, without intermission. Where will they find more sun in the same season? where will they find milder and softer air? Even in the middle of winter, days, and sometimes weeks, descend as it were from heaven to fill the soul with delight; and a lovely day in Rome is lovelier than under any other sky on earth. But just when foreigners go away in crowds, the weather is settling into the perfection of spring, and then it is that Rome is most charming. The rains are over, the sun is a daily blessing, all Nature is bursting into leaf and flower, and one may spend days on the Campagna without fear of colds and fever. Stay in Rome during May, if you wish to feel its beauty.

The best rule for a traveller who desires to enjoy the charms of every clime would be to go to the North in the winter and to the South in the spring and summer. Cold is the speciality of the

* "Moxque per ardentes stipulæ crepitantis acervos;
Trajicias celeri strenua membra pede."—*Fasti*, lib. 4.

North, and all its sports and gaieties take thence their tone. The houses are built to shut out the demon of Frost, and to protect one from his assaults of ice and snow. Let him howl about your windows and scrawl his wonderful landscapes on your panes, and pile his fantastic wreaths outside, while you draw round the blazing hearth and enjoy the artificial heat and warm in the social converse that he provokes. Your punch is all the better for his threats; by contrast you enjoy the more. Or brave him outside in a flying sledge, careering with jangling bells over wide wastes of snow, while the stars, as you go, fly through the naked trees that are glittering with ice-jewels, and your blood tingles with excitement, and your breath is blown like a white incense to the skies. That is the real North. How tame he will look to you when you go back in August and find a few hard apples, a few tough plums, and some sour little things which are apologies for grapes! He looks sneaky enough then, with his make-believe summer, and all his furs off.

No, then is the time for the South. All is simmering outside, and the locust saws and shrills till he seems to heat the air. You stay in the house at noon, and know what a virtue there is in thick walls which keep out the fierce heats, in gaping windows and doors that will not shut because you need the ventilation. You will not now complain of the stone and brick floors that you cursed all winter long, and on which you now sprinkle water to keep the air cool in your rooms. The blunders and stupidities of winter are all over. The breezy *loggia* is no longer a joke. You are glad enough to sit there and drink your wine and look over the landscape. Mariuccia brings in a great basket of purple and white grapes, which the wasp envies you as you eat, and comes to share. And here are luscious figs bursting their sugary skins, and apricots rusted in the sun, and velvety peaches that break into juice in your mouth, and great black-seeded water-melons. Nature empties her cornucopia of fruits, flowers, and vegetables over your table. Luxuriously you enjoy them and fan yourself and take your *siesta*, with full appreciation of your *dolce far niente*. When the sun begins to slope westward, if you are in the country, you wander through the green lanes festooned with vines and pluck grapes as you go; or, if you are in the city, you saunter the evening long through the streets, where all the world are strolling, and take your *granita* of ice or sherbet, and talk over the things of the day and the time, and pass as you go home groups of singers and serenaders with guitars, flutes, and violins,—serenade, perhaps, sometimes, yourself; and all the time the great planets and stars throb in the near heavens, and the soft air full of the fragrance of orange-blossoms blows against your cheek. And

you can really say, This is Italy! For it is not what you do, so much as what you feel, that makes Italy.

But pray remember that in the South every arrangement is made for the nine hot months, and not for the three cold and rainy ones you choose to spend there, and perhaps your views may be somewhat modified in respect of this "miserable people," who, you say, "have no idea of comfort,"—meaning, of course, English comfort. Perhaps, I say; for it is in the nature of travellers to come to sudden conclusions upon slight premises, to maintain with obstinacy preconceived notions, and to quarrel with all national traits except their own. And being English, unless you have a friend in India who has made you aware that cane-bottom chairs are India-English, you will be pretty sure to believe that there is no comfort without carpets and coal; or being an American, you will be apt to undervalue a gallery of pictures with only a three-ply carpet on the floor, and to "calculate," that, if they could see your house in Washington Square, they would feel rather ashamed. However, there is a great deal of human nature in mankind, wherever you go,—except in Paris, perhaps, where Nature is rather inhuman and artificial. And when I instance the Englishman and American as making false judgments, let me not be misunderstood as supposing them the only nations in that category. No, no! did not my Parisian acquaintance the other day assure me very gravely, after lamenting the absurdity of the Italians not speaking French instead of their own language,—"*Mais enfin, monsieur, qu'est ce que c'est que cet Italien? ce n'est que de mauvais Français.*" Nor is it only once that I have had the fortune to hear these peculiar philological views put forward gravely by one of the "*grande nation.*" On arriving at the railway station at Civita Vecchia the other day, I heard a little strutting French abbé make nearly the same proposition,—adding in a contemptuous tone of voice, as an illustration of the truth of his remarks—"*Regardez, par exemple, on ne sait pas même écrire le mot bagages. Dans leur patois il est 'bagaglie.' Quels ignorants!*"

But we are now in May, and life is altogether changed from what it was in the winter. All the windows are wide open, and there is at least one head and shoulders leaning out at every house. The poorer families are all out on their door-steps, working and chatting together, while their children run about them in the streets, sprawling, playing, and fighting. Many a beautiful theme for the artist is now to be found in these careless and characteristic groups; and curly-headed St. Johns may be seen in every street, half-naked, with great black eyes and rounded arms and legs. It is this which makes Rome so admirable a residence for an artist. All things are

easy and careless in the out-of-doors life of the common people,—all poses unsought, all groupings accidental, all action unaffected and unconscious. One meets Nature at every turn,—not braced up in prim forms, not conscious in manners, not made up into the fashionable or the proper, but impulsive, free, and simple. With the whole street looking on, they are as unconscious and natural as if they were where no eye could see them,—ay, and more natural, too, than it is possible for some people to be, even in the privacy of their solitary rooms. They sing at the top of their lungs as they sit on their door-steps at their work, and often shout from house to house across the street a long conversation, and sometimes even read letters from upper windows to their friends below in the street. The men and women who cry their fruits, vegetables, and wares up and down the city, laden with baskets or panniers, and often accompanied by a donkey, stop to chat with group after group, or get into animated debates about prices, or exercise their wits and lungs at once in repartee in a very amusing way. Everybody is in dishabille in the morning, but towards twilight the girls put on their better dresses, and comb their glossy raven hair, heaping it up in great solid braids, and, hanging two long golden ear-rings in their ears and necklaces round their full necks, come forth conquering and to conquer, and saunter bare-headed up and down the streets, or lounge about the doorways or piazzas in groups, ready to give back to any jeerer as good as he sends. You see them marching along sometimes in a broad platoon of five or six, all their brows as straight as if they had been ruled, and their great dark eyes flashing out under them, ready in a moment for a laugh or a frown. What stalwart creatures they are! What shoulders, bosoms, and backs they have! What a chance for the lungs under those stout bodices! and what finished and elegant heads! They are certainly cast in a large mould, with nothing mean or meagre about them, either in feature or figure.

Early in the morning you will see streaming through the streets or gathered together in picturesque groups, some standing, some couching on the pavement, herds of long-haired goats, brown, white and black, which have been driven, or rather which have followed their shepherd, into the city to be milked. The majestical, long-bearded, patriarchal he-goats shake their bells and parade solemnly round, while the silken females clatter their little hoofs as they run from the hand of the milker when he has filled his can. The goat-herd is kept pretty busy, too, milking at everybody's door; and before the fashionable world is up at nine, the milk is drained and the goats are off again to the Campagna.

You may know that it is May by the orange and lemon stands,

which are erected in almost every piazza. These are little booths covered with canvas, and fantastically adorned with lemons and oranges intermixed, which, piled into pyramids and disposed about everywhere, have a very gay effect. They are generally placed near a fountain, the water of which is conducted through a *canna* into the centre of the booth, and there, finding its own level again, makes a little spilling fountain from which the *bibite* are diluted. Here for a *baiocco* one buys lemonade or orangeade and all sorts of curious little drinks or *bibite*, with a feeble taste of anisette or some other herb to take off the mawkishness of the water,—or for a half-*baiocco* one may have the lemonade without sugar, and in this way it is usually drunk. On all *festa*-days, little portable tables are carried round the streets, hung to the neck of the *limonaro*, and set down at convenient spots, or whenever a customer presents himself, and the cries of "*Acqua fresca,—limonaro, limonaro,—chi vuol bere?*" are heard on all sides; and I can assure you, that, after standing on tiptoe for an hour in the heat and straining your neck and head to get sight of some Church procession, you are glad enough to go to the extravagance of even a lemonade *with* sugar; and smacking your lips, you bless the mission of the *limonaro*, which must have been early founded by the Good Samaritan. Listen to his own description of himself in one of the popular *canzonetti* sung about the streets by wandering musicians to the accompaniment of a violin and guitar:—

"Ma per altro son uomo ingegnoso,
Non possiedo, ma sono padrone;
Vendo l' acqua con spirto e limone
Finche dura d' estate il calor.

"Ho un capello di paglia,—ma bello!
Un zinale di sopra fino;
Chi mi osserva nel mio tavolino,
Gli vien sete, se sete non ha.

"Spaccio spirti, sciroppi, acquavite,
Fo 'ranciate di nuova invenzione;
Voi vedete quante persone
Chiedon acqua,—e rispondo,—Son quà!"*

May is the month sacred to the Madonna, as it was to the Bona Dea among the ancient Romans, and the Madonna in Rome is supreme. She rules the hearts of all Catholics and draws them

* Yet for all that I'm a man of resources,
Master, at least, if no wealth I inherit;
Water I sell, mixed with lemon and spirit,
Long as the heat of the summer endures.

to the bosom of the Church, as the consoler and intercessor of all. To her the fisherman prays as he loosens his boat from shore, for she is "*Stella Maris*," the star of the sea; and in the storm he calls upon her to save him:—

"In mare irato, in subita procella,
Invoco te! oh benigna stella!"

She stands first in all the thoughts of love and home. Her image is the household Penates; and when the day is done and night comes on, the toll of the Ave Maria recalls the mother at whose breast we were nursed, and on whose bosom we have slept. Nor only during the duties and occupations of life is this reverence paid to the Madonna. She stands by the bedside of the dying man, and to her he recommends his soul with the last whisper that hovers over his pallid lips.

Nothing can be more impressive than the bell of the Ave Maria as you hear it in the country around Rome. The brilliant splendours of sunset have passed away—the sky is soft and pale with delicate dovelike tints, and stars are faintly peering out of its still deeps. Solemn shadows are gathered in the brown valley, where slow gray mists are rising; the mountains are cut sharply and darkly against the clear sky, and houses and belfries are printed on it in black silhouettes. Far away, the voices of peasants may be heard, returning to their homes, and wandering lights show here and there in distant meadows. As you walk musingly along, breathing the earthy smell that rises from the Campagna, and touched by the serious and pensive calm that then gathers over all Nature, your ear is struck by the musical clang of bells ringing for Ave Maria—each of which amid the silence—

"Paia il giorno pianger che si muore,"

and every one pauses and crosses himself and says a little prayer to the Madonna.

During this month of May, special honours are paid to the Virgin. The monasteries of nuns are busy with processions and celebrations

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I've a straw hat, too, that's not to be sneered at!
Find me an apron as fine, if you're able?
Just let a man look at me and my table,
Thirsty he'll be, if he was not before.

Here I sell spirits, and syrups, and brandy,
Make orangeades of a novel invention;
You will see crowds, if you'll just pay attention,
Asking for water,—and I cry,—I'm here.

in honour of "the Mother of God," which are pleasantly carried on within their precincts, and seen only by female friends. Sometimes you will meet a procession of ladies outside the gates, following a cross, on foot, while their carriages come after in a long file. These are societies which are making the pilgrimage of the seven basilicas outside the walls. They set out early in the morning, stopping in each basilica for a half-hour to say their prayers, and return to Rome at Ave Maria.

On every *festa*-day during this month you will see at the corners of the streets a little improvised shrine of the rudest kind, or it may be only a little festooned print of the Madonna hung against the walls of some house, or against the back of a chair, and tended by two or three little girls, who hold out a plate to you as you pass, and beg for charity, sometimes in the most pertinacious way. These are the children of poor persons, who thus levy on the public a little sum to be expended in oil for the lamps before the Madonna shrines in the street or in the house. No street—and almost no house or shop—is without a shrine erected to her, where a little light is kept constantly burning, and over each is an inscription, generally in dog Latin, setting forth some of her titles and commanding reverence or adoration from the passer. Here are placed fresh flowers; and here may be seen at all hours of the day some poor person kneeling and saying her rosary. If an accident happens in the street, it is to her that safety is owed, and straightway thanks must be returned to her. Very commonly the person whose life has been in danger hangs an offering on her shrine in memory of the event. It is sometimes a rude picture representing the event itself, and sometimes it is a silver hand, leg, arm, or heart, to indicate that she has enabled a broken limb to mend, or as a sign of gratitude. If one is stricken by disease it is her aid that is invoked, and her favour is bought by promises of candles to be burned at her shrine, and if the person be rich, by costly offerings of diamond necklaces, crowns and brooches, which, in the event of recovery, are hung about her images and pictures. Nor is this done only by the ignorant and uneducated. On the road to Bello Sguardo may be seen a shrine erected to the Madonna by the late Grand Duke of Tuscany, in grateful recognition of her divine aid in saving on this spot the life of himself and two of his children who were nearly killed here by a carriage. Even during health a continuance of her favour and protection is invoked by the same means—just as the ancient Romans implored the assistance of their gods, or commemorated their gratitude for past favours by votive offerings hung up in the temples. Some of the oldest effigies of the Virgin are rich in these presents; and gems which are a fortune in themselves (unless

the originals have been changed for paste imitations) may be seen glittering on their dark necks and bosoms. Indeed, a malicious story runs, that a magnificent necklace of diamonds worn by one of the Roman princesses once adorned the neck of a Madonna, and was sold by the Church to its present owner. However this may be, the universal reverence paid by persons of all ranks to the Madonna is a striking feature of every Roman Catholic country, and in Rome, the head of Catholicism, it attains its height.

The Madonna is the special patron of the *filatrici* (the spinners); and it is a pretty superstition among the peasantry in Italy that the dewy gossamers found on the grass in the morning are threads and fragments blown from her distaff. The swallows, too, are under her special favour, and to kill them brings ill-luck. In nearly all the cities of Tuscany, owing to this belief, swarms of swifts may be seen hurtling to and fro with a constant sharp whistle, and haunting with perfect impunity the tall *campanili*. In the great piazza at Siena and round the Campo tower they are so thick sometimes that it seems as if it was snowing swallows; and in the eaves and under the grotesque spouts of the Duomo they make their nests and whirl through the arches with a pleasant familiarity. The doves of San Marco at Venice are also saved by a similar superstition. They haunt that superb piazza and the glittering pinnacles of the cathedral, floating to and fro in the soft blue air and alighting upon the manes of the bronze horses, with entire fearlessness; and thus are not only safe from the destructive hand of man, but are fed at the public expense. All this is the more remarkable in Italy, where the people kill and eat every little bird that they can lay their hands upon.

It is also a legend that the Madonna said to the serpent, "Will you be good to man?" and the serpent answered, "I will not." "Then crawl and trail on the ground for ever and be accursed," said she. And so it is. Then turning to the lizard she said, "Will you be good to man?" and the lizard answered, "I will." "Then shall you have legs to run, and shall be loved and cherished." And so it is.

The great procession of the year takes place this month on Corpus Domini, and is well worth seeing, as being the finest and most characteristic of all the Church festivals. It was instituted in honour of the famous miracle at Bolsena, when the wafer dripped blood, and is, therefore, in commemoration of one of the cardinal doctrines of the Roman Church, Transubstantiation, and one of its most dogmatical miracles. The Papal procession takes place in the morning, in the piazza of Saint Peter's; and if you would be sure of

it, you must be on the spot as soon as eight o'clock at the latest. The whole circle of the piazza itself is covered with an awning, festooned gaily with garlands of box, under which the procession passes; and the ground is covered with yellow sand, over which box and bay are strewn. The celebration commences with morning mass in the basilica, and that over, the procession issues from one door, and, making the whole circuit of the piazza, returns into the church. First come the *Seminaristi*, or scholars and attendants of the various hospitals and charity-schools, such as San Michele and Santo Spirito,—all in white. Then follow the brown-cowled, long-bearded Franciscans, the white Carmelites, and the black Benedictines, bearing lighted candles and chanting hoarsely as they go. You may see pass before you now all the members of these different conventual orders that there are in Rome, and have an admirable opportunity to study their physiognomies in mass. If you are a convert to Romanism, you will perhaps find in their bald heads, shaven crowns and bearded faces a noble expression of reverence and humility; but, suffering as I do under the misfortune of being a heretic, I could but remark on their heads an enormous development of the two organs of reverence and firmness, and a singular deficiency in the upper forehead, while there was an almost universal enlargement of the lower jaw and of the base of the brain. Being, unfortunately, a friend of Phrenology, as well as a heretic, I drew no very auspicious augury from these developments; and looking into their faces, the physiognomical traits were narrow-mindedness, bigotry, or cunning. The Benedictine heads showed more intellect and will; the Franciscans more dulness and good-nature.

But while I am criticizing them, they are passing by, and a picturesque set of fellows they are. Much as I dislike the conventual creed, I should be sorry to see the costume disappear. Directly on the heels of their poverty come the three splendid triple crowns of the Pope, glittering with gorgeous jewels, borne in triumph on silken embroidered cushions, and preceded by the court jeweller. After them follow the chapters, canons, and choirs of the seven basilicas, chanting in lofty altos, solid basses, and clear ringing tenors from their old Church books, each basilica bearing a typical tent of coloured stripes and a wooden campanile with a bell which is constantly rung. Next come the canons of the churches and the *monsignori*, in splendid dresses and rich capes of beautiful lace falling below their waists; the bishops clad in cloth of silver with mitres on their heads; the cardinals brilliant in gold embroidery and gleaming in the sun; and at last the Pope himself, borne on a platform splendid with silver and gold, with a rich canopy over his

head. Beneath this he kneels, or rather, seems to kneel; for, though his costly draperies and train are skilfully arranged so as to present this semblance, being drawn behind him over two blocks which are so placed as to represent his heels, yet in fact he is seated on a sunken bench or chair, as any careful eye can plainly see. However, kneeling or sitting, just as you will, there he is, before an altar, holding up the *ostia*, which is the *corpus Domini*, "the body of God," and surrounded by officers of the Swiss guards in glittering armour, chamberlains in their beautiful black and Spanish dresses with ruffs and swords, attendants in scarlet and purple costumes, and the *guardie nobili* in their red dress uniforms. Nothing could be more striking than this group. It is the very type of the Church,—pompous, rich, splendid, imposing. After them follow the dragoons mounted,—first a company on black horses, then another on bays, and then a third on grays; foot-soldiers with flashing bayonets bring up the rear, and close the procession. As the last soldiers enter the church, there is a stir among the gilt equipages of the cardinals which line one side of the piazza,—the horses toss their scarlet plumes, the liveried servants sway as the carriages lumber on, and you may spend a half-hour hunting out your own humble vehicle, if you have one, or throng homeward on foot with the crowd through the Borgo and over the bridge of Sant' Angelo.

This grand procession strikes the key-note of all the others; and in the afternoon each parish brings out its banners, arrays itself in its choicest dresses, and with pomp and music bears the *ostia* through the streets, the crowd kneeling before it, and the priests chanting. During the next *ottava*, or eight days, all the processions take place in honour of this festival; and the week having passed, everything ends with the Papal procession in Saint Peter's piazza, when, without music, and with uncovered heads, the Pope, cardinals, *monsignori*, canons, and the rest of the priests and officials, make the round of the piazza, bearing great Church banners.

One of the most striking of their celebrations took place this year at the church of San Rocco in the Ripetta, when the church was made splendid with lighted candles and gold bands, and a preacher held forth to a crowded audience in the afternoon. At Ave Maria there was a great procession, with banners, music, and torches, and all the evening the people sauntered to and fro in crowds before the church, where a platform was erected and draped with old tapestries, from which a band played constantly. Do not believe, my dear Presbyterian friend, that these spectacles fail deeply to affect the common mind. So long as human nature remains the same, this

splendour and pomp of processions, these lighted torches and ornamented churches, this triumphant music and glad holiday of religion will attract more than your plain conventicles, your ugly meeting-houses, and your compromise with the bass-viol. For my own part, I do not believe that music and painting and all the other arts really belong to the Devil, or that God gave him joy and beauty to deceive with, and kept only the ugly, sour, and sad for Himself. We are always better when we are happy; and we are about as sure of being good when we are happy, as of being happy when we are good. Cheerfulness and happiness are, in my humble opinion, duties and habits to be cultivated; but, if you don't think so, I certainly would not deny you the privilege of being wretched; don't let us quarrel about it.

Rather let us turn to the Artists' Festival, which takes place in this month, and is one of the great attractions of the season. Formerly, this festival took place at Cerbara, an ancient Etruscan town on the Campagna, of which only certain subterranean caves remain. But during the revolutionary days which followed the disasters of 1848, it was suspended for two or three years by the interdict of the Papal government, and when it was again instituted, the place of meeting was changed to Fidenæ, the site of another Etruscan town, with similar subterranean excavations, which were made the head-quarters of the festival. But the new railway to Bologna having been laid out directly over this ground, the artists have been again driven away, and this year the *festa* was held, for the first time, in the grove of Egeria, one of the most beautiful spots on the whole Campagna,—and here it is to be hoped it will have an abiding rest.

This festival was instituted by the German artists, and, though the artists of all nations now join in it, the Germans still remain its special patrons and directors. Early in the morning, the artists rendezvous at an appointed *osteria* outside the walls, dressed in every sort of grotesque and ludicrous costume which can be imagined. All the old dresses which can be rummaged out of the studios or theatres, or pieced together from masking wardrobes, are now in requisition. Indians and Chinese, ancient warriors and mediæval heroes, militia-men and Punches, generals in top-boots and pigtails, doctors in gigantic wigs and small-clothes, Falstaffs and justices "with fair round belly with good capon lined," magnificent foolscaps, wooden swords with terrible inscriptions, gigantic chapeaus with plumes made of vegetables—in a word, every imaginable absurdity is to be seen. Arrived at the place of rendezvous, they all breakfast, and then the line of march is arranged. A great wooden cart, adorned with quaint devices, and garlanded with laurel and bay,

bears the president and committee. This is drawn by great white oxen, who are decorated with wreaths and flowers and gay trappings, and from it floats the noble banner of Cerbara or Fidenæ. After this follows a strange and motley train,—some mounted on donkeys, some on horses, and some afoot,—and the line of march is taken up for the grove of Egeria. What mad jests and wild fun now take place it is impossible to describe; suffice it to say, that all are right glad of a little rest when they reach their destination.

Now begin to stream out from the city hundreds of carriages,—for all the world will be abroad to-day to see,—and soon the green slopes are swarming with gay crowds. Some bring with them a hamper of provisions and wine, and, spreading them on the grass, lunch and dine when and where they will; but those who would dine with the artists must have the order of the *mezzo baiocco* hanging to their buttonhole, which is distributed previously in Rome to all the artists who purchase tickets. Some few there are who also bear upon their breasts the nobler medal of *troppo merito*, gained on previous days, and these are looked upon with due reverence.

But before dinner or lunch there is a high ceremony to take place,—the great feature of the day. It is the mock-heroic play. This year (1858) it was the meeting of Numa with the nymph Egeria at the grotto; and thither went the festive procession; and the priest, befilleted and draped in white, burned upon the altar as a sacrifice a great toy sheep, whose wool "smelt to heaven;" and then from the niches suddenly appeared Numa, a gallant German in spectacles, with Egeria, a Spanish artist with white dress and fillet, who made vows over the smoking sheep, and were escorted back to the sacred grove with festal music by a joyous, turbulent crowd.

Last year, however, at Fidenæ, it was better. We had a travesty of the taking of Troy, which was eminently ludicrous, and which deserves a better description than I can give. Troy was a space inclosed within paper barriers, about breast-high, painted "to present a wall," and within these were the Trojans, clad in red, and all wearing gigantic paper helmets. There was old Priam, in spectacles, with his crown and robes,—Laocoön, in white, with a white wool beard and wig,—Ulysses, in a long, yellow beard and mantle,—and Æneas, with a bald head, in a blue, long-tailed coat, and tall dickey, looking like the traditional Englishman in the circus who comes to hire the horse. The Grecians were encamped at a short distance. All had round, basket-work shields,—some with their names painted on them in great letters, and some with an odd device, such as a cat or pig. There were Ulysses, Agamemnon,

Ajax, Nestor, Patroclus, Diomedes, Achilles, "all honourable men." The drama commenced with the issuing of Paris and Helen from the walls of Troy,—he in a tall, black French hat, girdled with a gilt crown, and she in a white dress, with a great wig dropping round her face a profusion of carrotty curls. Queer figures enough they were, as they stepped along together, caricaturing love in a pantomime, he making terrible demonstrations of his ardent passion, and she finally falling on his neck in rapture. This over, they seated themselves near by two large pasteboard rocks, he sitting on his shield and taking out his flute to play to her, while she brought forth her knitting and ogled him as he played. While they were thus engaged, came creeping up with the stage stride of a double step, and dragging one foot behind him, Menelaus, whom Thersites had, meantime, been taunting, by pointing at him two great ox-horns. He walked all round the lovers, pantomiming rage and jealousy in the accredited ballet style, and suddenly approaching, crushed poor Paris's great black hat down over his eyes. Both, very much frightened, then took to their heels and rushed into the city, while Menelaus, after shaking Paris's shield, in defiance, at the walls, retired to the Grecian camp. Then came the preparations for battle. The Trojans leaned over their paper battlements, with their fingers to their noses, twiddling them in scorn, while the Greeks shook their fists back at them. The battle now commenced on the "ringing plains of Troy," and was eminently absurd. Paris, in hat and pantaloons, (*à la mode de Paris,*) soon showed the white feather, and incontinently fled. Everybody hit nowhere, fiercely striking the ground or the shields, and always carefully avoiding, as on the stage, to hit in the right place. At last, however, Patroclus was killed, whereupon the battle was suspended, and a grand *tableau* of surprise and horror took place, from which at last they recovered, and the Greeks prepared to carry him off on their shoulders. Terrible to behold was the grief of Achilles. Homer himself would have wept to see him. He flung himself on the body, and shrieked, and tore his hair, and violently shook the corpse, which, under such demonstrations, now and then kicked up. Finally, he rises, and challenges Hector to single combat, and out comes the valiant Trojan, and a duel ensues with wooden axes. Such blows and counter blows were never seen, only they never hit, but often whirled the warrior who dealt them completely round; they tumbled over their own blows, panted with feigned rage, lost their robes and great pasteboard helmets, and were even more absurd than any Richmond and Richard on the country boards at a fifth-rate theatre. But Hector is at last slain and borne away, and a ludicrous lay

figure is laid out to represent him, with bunged-up eyes and a general flabbiness of body and want of features, charming to behold. On their necks the Trojans bear him to their walls, and with a sudden jerk pitch him over them head first, and he tumbles, in a heap, into the city.

Ulysses then harangues the Greeks. He has brought out a *quarteruola* cask of wine, which, with most expressive pantomime, he shows to be the wooden horse that must be carried into Troy. His proposition is joyfully accepted, and accompanied by all, he rolls the cask up to the walls, and, flourishing a tin cup in one hand, invites the Trojans to partake. At first there is confusion in the city, and fingers are twiddled over the walls, but after a time all go out and drink, and become ludicrously drunk, and stagger about, embracing each other in the most maudlin style. Even Helen herself comes out, gets tipsy with the rest, and dances about like the most disreputable of Mænades. A great scena, however, takes place as they are about to drink. Laocoön, got up in white wool, appears, and violently endeavours to dissuade them, but in vain. In the midst of his harangue, long strings of blown-up sausage skins are dragged in for the serpents, and suddenly cast about his neck. His sons and he then form a group, the sausage-snakes are twined about them,—only the old story is reversed, and he bites the serpents, instead of the serpents biting him,—and all die in agony, travestying the ancient group.

All, being now drunk, go in, and Ulysses with them. A quantity of straw is kindled, the smoke rises, the Greeks approach and dash in the paper walls with clubs, and all is confusion. Then Æneas, in his blue, long-tailed circus-coat, broad white hat, and tall shirt-collar, carries off old Anchises on his shoulders, with a cigar in his mouth, and bears him to a painted section of a vessel, which is rocked to and fro by hand, as if violently agitated by the waves. Æneas and Anchises enter the boat, or rather stand behind it so as to conceal their legs, and off it sets, rocked to and fro constantly,—Æolus and Tramontana following behind, with bellows to blow up a wind, and Fair Weather, with his name written on his back, accompanying them. The violent motion, however, soon makes Æneas sick, and as he leans over the side in a helpless and melancholy manner, and almost gives up the ghost, as well as more material things, the crowd burst into laughter. However, at last they reach two painted rocks, and found Latium, and a general rejoicing takes place. The donkey who was to have ended all by dragging the body of Hector round the walls came too late, and this part of the programme did not take place.

So much of the entertainment over, preparations are made for dinner. In the grove of Egeria the plates are spread in circles, while all the company sing part-songs and dance. At last all is ready, the signal is given, and the feast takes place after the most rustic manner. Great barrels of wine covered with green branches stand at one side, from which flagons are filled and passed round, and the good appetites soon make direful gaps in the beef and mighty plates of lettuce. After this, and a little sauntering about for digestion's sake, come the afternoon sports. And there are donkey-races, and tilting at a ring, and foot-races, and running in sacks. Nothing can be more picturesque than the scene, with its motley masqueraders, its crowds of spectators seated along the slopes, its little tents here and there, its races in the valley, and, above all, the glorious mountains looking down from the distance. Not till the golden light slopes over the Campagna, gilding the skeletons of aqueducts, and drawing a delicate veil of beauty over the mountains, can we tear ourselves away, and rattle back in our carriage to Rome.

The wealthy Roman families, who have villas in the immediate vicinity of Rome, now leave the city to spend a month in them and breathe the fresh air of spring. Many and many a tradesman who is well to do in the world has a little vineyard outside the gates, where he raises vegetables, grapes, and other fruits; and every *festa*-day you will be sure to find him and his family out in his little *villetta*, wandering about the grounds or sitting beneath his arbours, smoking and chatting with his children around him. His friends who have no villas of their own here visit him, and often there is a considerable company thus collected, who, if one may judge from their cheerful countenances and much laughter, enjoy themselves mightily. Knock at any of these villa-gates, and, if you happen to have the acquaintance of the owner, or are evidently a stranger of respectability, you will be recived with much hospitality, invited to partake of the fruit and wine, and overwhelmed with thanks for your *gentilezza* when you take your leave; for the Italians are a most good-natured and social people, and nothing pleases them better than a stranger who breaks the common round of topics by accounts of his own land. Everything new is to them wonderful, just as it is to a child. They are credulous of everything you tell them about America, which is to them in some measure what it was to the English in the days of Raleigh, Drake, and Hawkins, and say "*Per Bacco!*" to every new statement. And they are so magnificently ignorant that you have *carte blanche* for your stories. Never did I know any one staggered by anything I chose to say, but once, and then I stated a simple

fact. I was walking with my respectable old *padrone* Nisi, about his little garden one day, when an ambition to know something about America inflamed his breast.

"Are there any mountains?" he asked.

I told him "Yes," and, with a chuckle of delight, he cried,—

"*Per Bacco!* And have you any cities?"

"Yes, a few little ones." He was evidently pleased that they were small, and, swelling with natural pride, said,—

"Large as Rome, of course, they could not be;" then, after a moment, he added, interrogatively, "And rivers too,—have you any rivers?"

"A few," I answered.

"But not as large as our Tiber," he replied,—feeling assured that, if the cities were smaller than Rome, as a necessary consequence, the rivers that flowed by them must be in the same category.

The bait now offered was too tempting, and I was foolish enough to say,—

"We have some rivers three thousand miles long."

I had scarcely said these words when I regretted them. He stood and stared at me, as if petrified, for a moment. Then the blood rushed into his face, and, turning on his heel, he took off his hat, said suddenly, "*Buona sera*," and carried my fact and his opinions together up into his private room. I am afraid that Ser Pietro decided, on consideration, that I had been taking unwarrantable liberties with him, and exceeding all proper bounds, in my attempt to impose on his good-nature. From that time forward he asked me no more questions about America.

And here, by-the-way, I am reminded of an incident which, though not exactly pertinent, may find here a parenthetical place, merely as illustrating some points of Italian character. One fact and two names relating to America they know universally,—Columbus and his discovery of America, and Washington.

"*Sì Signore*," said a respectable person some time since, as he was driving me to see a carriage which he wished to sell me, and therefore desired to be particularly polite to me and my nation,—"a great man your Vashintoni! but I was sorry to hear, the other day, that his father had died in London."

"His father dead, and in London?" I stammered, completely confounded at this extraordinary news, and fearing lest I had been too stupid in misunderstanding him.

"Yes," he said, "it is too true that his father Vellintoni is dead. I read it in the *Diario di Roma*."

The Italians have also a sort of personal pride in America, on the

ground that it was discovered by an Italian, without whom, *chi sa* if we should ever have been discovered, and also, if they happen to know the fact, because Botta wrote a history of it. In going from Leghorn to Genoa, I once met a good-humoured *Frate*, who, having discovered that I was an American, fraternised with me, kindly offered me snuff, and at once began, as usual, a discourse on Columbus. So he informed me that Columbus was an Italian, and that he had discovered America, and was a remarkable man; to all of which I readily assented, as being true, if not new. But now a severe abstract question began to tax my friend's powers. He said, "But how could he ever have imagined that the continent of America was there? That's the question. It is extraordinary indeed!" And so he sat cogitating, and saying, at intervals, "*Curioso! Straordinario!*" At last "a light broke in upon his brain." His face lightened, and, looking at me, he said, "Oh! he must have read that it was there in some old book, and so went to see if it were true or not." Vainly I endeavoured to show him that this view would deprive Columbus of his greatest distinction. He answered invariably, "*Sì! Sì! ma, via.* But without having read it, how could he ever have known it?"—thus putting the earth upon the tortoise and leaving the tortoise to account for his own support.

Imagine that I have told you these stories sitting under the vine and fig-tree of some little villa, while Angiolina has gone to call the *padrone*, who will only be too glad to see you. But, *ecco!* at last our *padrone* comes. No, it is not the *padrone*, it is the *vignaruolo*, who takes care of his grapes and garden, and who recognises us as friends of the *padrone*, and tells us that we are ourselves *padroni* of the whole place, and offers us all sorts of fruits.

One old custom, which existed in Rome some fifteen years ago, has now passed away with other good old things. It was the celebration of the *Fravolata* or Strawberry-Feast, when men in gala-dress at the height of the strawberry-season went in procession through the streets, carrying on their heads enormous wooden platters heaped with this delicious fruit, accompanied by girls in costume, who, beating their *tamburelli*, danced along at their sides and sang the praises of the strawberry. After threading the streets of the city, they passed singing out of the gates, and at different places on the Campagna spent the day in festive sports and had an out-door dinner and dance.*

Through time out of mind May is not the month to marry in, yet it is undoubtedly the approved month to make love in. Marry in June was the ancient rule, for June was consecrated to Juno, who

* "Mense malas Majo nubere vulgus ait,"—says Ovid.

presided over marriages, but love in May, when the earth is breaking forth into blossom, leaf, and flower, and honours are paid to the Bona Dea. This beautiful month was formerly celebrated by many festivals and games, not all of them of a very decorous character, when *Fescennine* verses were recited or sung in alternation by the peasants, and reminiscences of some of them may still be recognised in various parts of Italy; one of them, for instance, may be seen in the "Infiorata," or Flower-festival, which is celebrated every May in the picturesque town of Genzano that lies over the old crater now filled by the still waters of Lake Nemi. It takes place on the eighth day of the Corpus Domini, and is supposed to receive its name from the popular custom of spreading flowers upon the pavements of the streets so as to represent heraldic devices, figures, arabesques, and all sorts of ornamental designs; but in fact it seems only a relic of the ancient *Floralia*, or *Ludi Florales*, formerly celebrated in honour of Flora during five days, beginning on the 28th of April and ending on the 2nd of May. The ancient goddess has scarcely changed her name, and under her Catholic baptism of *Madonna dei Fiori* she still presides over these rites; but the licentiousness which formerly characterized this festival has passed away, and only the fun, the flowers, and the gaiety remain. On this occasion the people are all dressed in their effective costumes,—the girls in bodices and silken skirts, with all their corals and jewels on, and the men with white stockings on their legs, their velvet jackets dropping over one shoulder, and flowers and rosettes in their conical hats. The town is then very gay, the bells clang, the incense steams from the censer in the church, where the organ peals and mass is said, and a brilliant procession marches over the strewn flower-mosaic, with music and crucifixes and Church-banners. Hundreds of strangers, too, are there to look on; and on the Cesarini Piazza and under the shadow of the long avenues of ilexes that lead to the tower are hundreds of handsome girls, with their snowy *tovaglie* peaked over their heads. The rub and thrum of tambourines and the clicking of castanets are heard, too, as twilight comes on, and the *salterello* is danced by many a group. This is the national Roman dance, and is named from the little jumping step which characterises it. Any number of couples dance it, though the dance is perfect with two. Some of the movements are very graceful and piquant, and particularly that where one of the dancers kneels and whirls her arms on high, clicking her castanets, while the other circles her round and round, striking his hands together, and approaching nearer and nearer, till he is ready to give her a kiss, which she refuses. Of course it is the old story of every national dance,—love and repulse, love and re-

pulse, until the maiden yields. As one couple panting and rosy retires, another fresh one takes its place, while the bystanders play on the accordion the whirling, circling, never-ending tune of the Tarantella, which would "put a spirit of youth in everything."

If you are tired of the festival, roam up a few paces out of the crowd, and you stand upon the brink of Lake Nemi. Over opposite, and crowning the height where the little town of Nemi perches, frowns the old feudal castle of the Colonna, with its tall, round tower, where many a princely family has dwelt and many an unprincely act has been done. There, in turn, have dwelt the Colonna, Borgia, Piccolomini, Cenci, Frangipani, and Braschi, and there the descendants of the last-named family still pass a few weeks in the summer. On the Genzano side stands the castellated villa of the Cesarini Sforza, looking peacefully across the lake at the rival tower, which in the old baronial days it used to challenge,—and in its garden pond you may see stately white swans "rowing their way with oary feet" along. Below you, silent and silvery, lies the lake itself,—and rising around it, like a green bowl, tower its richly-wooded banks, covered with gigantic oaks, ilexes, and chestnuts. This was the ancient grove dedicated to Diana, which extended to L'Ariccia; and here are still to be seen the vestiges of an ancient villa built by Julius Cæsar. Here, too, if you trust some of the antiquaries, once stood the temple of Diana Nemorensis,* where human sacrifices were offered, and whose chief-priest, called *Rex Nemorensis*, obtained his office by slaying his predecessor, and reigned over these groves by force of his personal arm. Times have, indeed, changed since the priesthood was thus won and baptized by blood; and as you stand there, and look, on the one side, at the site of this ancient temple, which some of the gigantic chestnut-trees may almost have seen in their youth, and, on the other side, at the campanile of the Catholic church at Genzano, with its flower-strewn pavements, you may have as sharp a contrast between the past and the present as can easily be found.

Other relics of the ancient *Floralia* exist also in various places, and particularly among the mountains of Pistoia, where the people celebrate the return of spring on the first of May, and sing a peculiar song in honour of the month of flowers, called a *Maggio*. On the last evening of April the festivities commence. Bands of young men then gather together, and with singing and music make a procession through the villages and towns. Some carry a leaf-stripped tree, adorned with flowers and lemons, called the *Maio*, and others carry

* The better opinion of late seems to be that it was on the slopes of the Val d'Ariccia. But "who shall decide, when doctors disagree?"

baskets filled with nosegays. These, as they march along, they distribute to the matrons and maids, who, in return, present wine, eggs, and a kind of *jumble* cake, called *Berlingozzo*, cut in rings and decorated with red tassels. Money is also given, all of which is dedicated to masses and prayers for the souls in purgatory. The *Maggi* they sing have existed so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and are as follows :—

"Siam venuti a salutare
Questa casa di valore,
Che s' è fatta sempre onore;
E però vogliam cantare—
Salutiam prima il padrone,
Poi di casa la sua sposa—
Noi sappiam ch' egli è in Maremma;
Dio lo sa, e ve lo mantenga!"

And also this other :—

"Or è di maggio, e fiorito è il limone;
Noi salutiamo di casa il padrone.
Or è di maggio, e gli è fiorito i rami;
Salutiam le ragazze co' suoi dami.
Or è di maggio, che fiorito è i fiori;
Salutiam le ragazze co' suoi amori."*

Sometimes in these processions of the *Maggio* the peasants, accompanied by oxen gaily decorated with branches of olive, silken ribbons, sheafs of grain, and silver bells, went through the fields, singing and reciting verses to invoke good luck and full harvests; and in some places a band of women, preceded by one of their company richly dressed, and called *La Maggia*, made the tour of the town or village, and accepted the gifts which on all sides were

* These may roughly be Englished thus :—

"We come our salute to bring
To this brave house and good,
Whose honour unshaken has stood,
And therefore we come to sing:
And first we salute the master,
And then his excellent wife;
We know he's in the Maremma;
God grant them a good long life!"

"May is come, and the lemon's in bloom;
Health to the master here in his home!
May is come, and the branches swell;
Health to the girls, and their lovers as well!
May is come, and the flowers are in blossom;
Health to the girls, with love in their bosom!"

then presented in honour of the occasion; or men and women gaily dressed, and accompanied by music, visited the palaces of the nobility, carrying banners with their arms embroidered or painted on them.

Just as in the time of Athenæus ancient Greek lovers garlanded the doors of Grecian maids, so peasant lovers in Italy used, on the first of May, to go early in the morning to the houses of their *spose*, and plant before the door a branch of laburnum or olive, or flowering shrub, and sing their *Maggi;* and the maidens and girls with their lovers used to assemble in some grove, and dance and sing together on this festival. One of these *Maggi*, written by Angelo Poliziano, may be found in a collection of songs by him and Lorenzo dei Medici, which is very pretty and graceful. In the frontispiece of the edition of 1568 there is an engraving representing twelve damsels in a ring, holding each other's hands and singing, while beside them stands *La Maggia* with the *Majo* in her hand; and near her, another woman, who is asking for the customary vail. The *Maggio* is as follows:—

Ben venga Maggio
E 'l gonfalon selvaggio;
Ben venga Primavera
Che ognun par che innamori;
E voi Donzelle a schiera
Con vostri amadori,
Che di rose e di fiori
Ve fate belle il Maggio.

Venite alla frescura
Delli verdi arboscelli;
Ogni bella è sicura
Fra tanti damigelli;
Che le fiere e gli uccelli
Ardon d' amore il Maggio.

Chi è giovane, chi è bella,
Deh! non sia punto acerba,
Che non si rinnovella
L' età, come fa l' erba;
Nessuna stia superba
All' amadore il Maggio.

Ciascuna balli e canti
Di questa schiera nostra;
Ecco e' dodici amanti
Che per voi vanno in giostra;
Qual dura allor si mostra
Farà sfiorire il Maggio.

Per prender le donzelle
Si son gli amanti armati;
Arrendetive, o belle,
A vostri innamorati!
Rendete i cuor furati,
Non fate guerra il Maggio.

Chi l' altrui core invola,
Ad altri doni il core!
Ma chi è quel che vola?
E' l' angiolel d' amore
Che viene a far onore
Con voi, donzelle, il Maggio.

Amor ne vien ridendo,
Con rose e gigli in testa;
E vien a voi caendo,
Fategli, o belle, festa;
Qual sarà la più presta
A dargli il fior di Maggio?

Ben venga il peregrino!
Amor che ne commandi?
Che al suo amante il crino
Ogni bella ingrillandi,
Che le zittelle e i grandi
S' innamoran di Maggio.*

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* Welcome, May, and welcome, Spring,
With your gonfalons of green,
Waking love in everything
Where your festive shapes are seen.
Maidens, here your hammocks bring,
And with flowers and roses gay,
Come, adorn yourselves for May.

Come into the cool green shade,
To the leafy grove repair;
No one need be here afraid,
'Mid so many maidens fair.
Beasts on earth, and birds in air,
All are filled with love by May.

Who is young, and who is fair,
Let her not be harsh and sour;
Youth, once vanished from us, ne'er
Blooms again as blooms a flower:
And let no one at this hour
Nourish a hard heart in May.

Come,—let all our little band
Join in festive song and dance;
Here a dozen lovers stand,
Who for you would break a lance.
And let none with sneers or taunts
Spoil for us our merry May.

Here, all around you, lovers stand,
Ready each his maid to take;
Come, surrender heart and hand,
Yield to them for Love's sweet sake.
Since your hearts they've stolen, make
No defensive war in May.

Who has filched another's heart,
Let her give to him her own;
So to steal, who has the art,
But the angel Love alone?
Love, oh damsels, be it known,
Comes with you to honour May.

Love, who smiling comes and wears
Roses, lilies, on his brow,
Here in search of you repairs;
Unto him all honour show.
Who'll be first to give him now,
Gentle maids, the flower of May?

Welcome, Love! oh, pilgrim dear,
Say what sweet command is thine?—
Let each maiden round the hair
Of her love a garland twine;
Young and old, oh, maidens mine,
Love each other all in May.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAFFÈS AND THEATRES.

ITALIANS are a *caffè*-frequenting and a theatre-going people. No city is so small that it has not its theatre, and no town so insignificant as to be without its *caffè*. As the lion has its jackal, the shark its pilot-fish, the crab its pinna, so the theatre is sure to have its one *caffè* at least stuck to it, and living upon it. The *caffè* is the social exchange of the country towns. There every evening may be seen groups of the middle classes gathered about little marble-topped tables, interchanging small talk in loud voices, playing dominoes, smoking, sipping coffee or *bibite*, and spelling out the little miserable sheets which are the apologies of the government for newspapers, and which contain nothing you wish to know and much you wish not to know. The waiters are always crying out "*Vengo, vengo subito*," and thrusting with a clash metal trays, covered with cups and glasses, on to marble tables. The visitors are as constantly crying out for the "*botteja*" (for so the waiter is euphuistically called), and rapping on the tinkling glasses to attract his attention. In Rome, the number of *caffès* is legion; no street is without them; and each of these has its special class of regular customers. There is the Caffè dei Scacchi, where chess-players go and discuss this game theoretically and practically; the Caffè of the *Liberali*, who show their liberal views principally by going there and speaking *sotto voce*; the Caffè of the *Codini*, where queues and tricornered black hats gather, and speak in louder and more assured tones; the Caffè Nazzari, where strangers meet and pay a third more than is paid elsewhere, simply because they are strangers; and the Caffè Greco, where artists meet and discuss subjects of art, pictures and statues, read the French newspapers and Galignani, and fill the air of the crowded little rooms with tobacco-smoke. There you may see every night representatives of art from all parts of the world, in

all kinds of hats, from the conical black felt, with its velvet-ribbon, to the stiff French stove-pipe; and in every variety of coat, from the Polish and German nondescript, all befrogged and tagged, to the shabby American dress-coat, with crumpled tails; and with every cut of hair and beard, from that of Peter the Hermit, unkempt and uncut, to the moustache and pointed beard of Anthony Vandyck. Peeping in there, one is sometimes tempted to consider philosophically what innate connection there is between genius for art, and long uncombed hair, and untidy beards. This question I have never answered satisfactorily to myself, and I recommend the subject to some German friend, who will go to the root of the matter.

The *caffè* and theatre are to the mass of Italians of the present day what the *logge* were to their ancestors in the great days of Tuscany. In the public *logge* the people met and discussed their affairs as on a social or political exchange. But times have changed, and the *caffè* has usurped the place of those magnificent old *logge*, which still form so striking a feature of many of the Italian cities. The people who thronged under the noble arches of Orgagna's "Loggia dei Lanzi," at Florence, now meet at Doney's, and have surrendered the place to the Perseus of Cellini, the Rape of the Sabines by Giovanni di Bologna, and other aged companions in marble and bronze, So, too, at Siena, opposite to the "Casino Nobile," whose *loggia*, rich with carving and statues, forms one of the most imposing features of that curious mediæval city, stands the Caffè Greco of to-day, and disputes precedence with it successfully.

In like manner, the *loge* at the theatre has taken the place of the private *loggia* which was once attached to every noble's palace, and beneath whose shade the *Signorii* received their friends in summer and transacted their business. Some of these *logge* were celebrated for their social amusements and for the sharpness of their epigrams, scandal, and satire. At some, gambling was carried on to such excess that the government at last was forced to interfere and prohibit the practice. Others again, as the "Loggia degli Agolanti," achieved a reputation for match-making, so that it was said of it, "*Si potea star sicuro di non far casaccia lì*"—one may be sure of not making a bad match there. Such was the number of happy marriages there arranged that the site of the house received at last the name of the "*Canto del Parentado*"—the marriage corner. At the "Loggia dei Rucellai," on the contrary, the leading spirits of the age met to discuss questions of politics and philosophy. There, too, were hatched dangerous plots against the state. The master mind of all who frequented the gardens and Loggia dei Rucellai was Niccolò Macchiavelli, who in the shadow of his own private convic-

tions, unknown then as now, discussed in the *côterie* there assembled the principles which have given so sinister a character to his name. Here also might be seen Jacopo Pitti the senator, and author of the "Istoria Fiorentina," together with his fellow-historian and senator Filippo de' Nerli, to whom Macchiavelli dedicated his lines on Opportunity, and to whose family Dante alludes in these lines:—

> "E vidi quel de' Nerli e quel del Vecchio
> Esser contenti alla pella scoverta,
> E le sue donne al fuso ed al pennecchio."

This garden still exists under the name of the Orti Orcellari, though the voices of the past are heard there no more. And should any wandering ghost by chance revisit his old haunts, he would surely be scared away by the shrill whistle of the locomotive as it rattles through them on its way from Florence to Pistoia.

But if those famous assemblies no longer meet at the *logge* to talk scandal, make visits, arrange matches, and discuss politics, modern society in Rome meets for similar purposes in the *loge* of the theatre. And here the various classes are distinguished and separated by different theatres, as well as different tiers in the same theatre. To the Italians, not only "all the world's a stage," but every stage is a world. For high and low, rich and poor, prince and peasant, there is a theatre; and no one need deprive himself of this amusement so long as he has two *baiocchi* in his pocket. First, comes the Apollo, or Tor di Nona Theatre, which is exclusively devoted to the opera, and the masked balls of Carnivals; then follow the Valle and Aliberti, where prose and music alternate, and the drama is played by an excellent company; the Argentina, which is a degree lower, and dedicated to comedy, farce, and a second-rate opera; the Capranica, where melodrama raves, and jugglery throws its highest balls; and the little Metastasio, where tragedy and comedy are performed, sometimes by a French, and sometimes by an Italian company. Besides these, are theatres of a lower grade for the people: the Vallino, where one can hear quite tolerable acting, in a small, but clean house, for five *baiocchi*, and where actors make their *début* in Rome, and train for the higher boards; the Emiliano in the Piazza Navona, where puppets perform; and last, and lowest of all, the Fico, which is frequented solely by the lowest classes.

The prices of a seat vary very much, and depend not only on the theatre but on the season. The amusement is, however, cheap;—even at the largest and most fashionable, a numbered seat in the pit only costs three *pauls* (thirty cents), and a box, holding four or five persons comfortably, may be ordinarily obtained for two or

three *scudi* the night, or for from fifty to sixty *scudi* the season. The boxes in all the theatres are completely separated from each other by partitions from floor to ceiling, and must be taken entire, no single seats being sold in them, as in the French and American theatres, where the tiers are open.

The Apollo, or, as it is commonly called, the Tor di Nona, is the most fashionable theatre in Rome, and here alone, of all the Roman theatres, full dress is required. The second tier of boxes, called the *ordine nobile*, is occupied exclusively by the nobility, ambassadors, and ministers, who have the right of choice, according to their rank, and precedency of title and appointment. The distribution of boxes among them is, it may well be imagined, anything but easy, and the *impresario* is often put to his wits' end to satisfy the demands of all. As the practice is not to vary the opera every evening, but to give only a fixed number of operas during the season, and to repeat the same for many consecutive nights, a box every night is not generally desired by any one, and it is the custom to take only a half or quarter box. By this is intended, however, not a portion of a box every night, but a whole box for one or two nights out of every four. By this arrangement, quarter boxes may be taken at several theatres for the same price that a whole box would cost at one, and the amusement is in this way varied. The first and third nights are generally taken by the nobility, and for these there is a great struggle among those who are not originally entitled to them, great diplomacy being used to obtain them, and heart-burnings often following want of success.

Not only the *ordine nobile* is *abonné* for the season, but also the principal boxes in the other tiers, and many of the seats in the pit. When the company is good, and the operas promised are favourites, the best boxes and seats are all taken before the season commences. The *abonnés* of the pit are young men about town—artists, shopkeepers, and generally any single person, from the *guardia nobile* to the barber. No lady sits in the pit or *parquet*, and if one be seen there she is at once recognized as a stranger, not aware of the etiquette of a Roman theatre. She will, however, be always treated with courtesy, and will never imagine from the bearing of the people towards her that she is out of place. Women of the lower classes in Rome are constantly seen there. The great mass, however, are men, who in the intervals between the acts are levelling with white-gloved hands the opera-glasses they have hired at the door at all the boxes from floor to ceiling. During the performance they have a vile custom of humming audibly the airs which are sung on the stage, keeping about a note ahead of the singer, as if they were

prompting. But this does not seem to annoy their neighbours, unless the latter happen to be strangers or accidental visitors. The seats here are narrow, hard, uncushioned, and by no means comfortable, but the Italians neither complain of this, nor of the terrible smoke of oil-lamps, which have not yet given way to gas in some of the theatres. There is this odd peculiarity among Italians, that though they are not sensitive to bad odours, such as the smoke of an oil-lamp, the hot, thick human odour of a crowd, or the reek of garlic, yet they have a general dislike to what we call "perfumes," which they rarely use, and are fastidious even about the scent of flowers, which they consider to be neither agreeable nor wholesome in a close room. If you have foolishly (for the Italians are right in this) placed a bouquet of flowers in your sleeping-room, it is nine chances to one that your chamber-maid will throw it at once out of the window, without even consulting you.

It is not ordinarily difficult to procure a box for a night at any of the theatres, unless there be some very unusual attraction, for whenever the owners of boxes have other engagements for the evening, as it happens to a certain number nightly, they send the key of their box to the office to be sold on their account; and, on even a night of special interest, the houses are so large that it is rare to find all the boxes on the second and third tiers occupied.

The boxes are ill-furnished, with common straw-bottomed chairs without arms, sometimes a mirror, and generally a velvet cushion in front on which to rest the elbow or arm or to place the opera-glass; no carpets are on the brick floors, which, in the winter season, numb one's feet with cold. One of the servants of the theatre, however, always comes to the box to offer footstools, for the use of which he asks a few *baiocchi*. But comfort is not an Italian word, nor an Italian thing; and if you are dissatisfied and begin to grumble at the desolate and cold boxes, and contrast it with the cushioned and carpeted ones at home, please to pause and count the cost of that comfort, and remember, that here you pay three sixpences and there a guinea to hear the same singers. I was never so struck by this as once on coming from Italy into France. I had just been hearing the "Trovatore" sung by the *troupe*, in which were Beaucardé, Penco, and Goggi, for whom it was written; and when the season came on in Paris nearly the same company were advertised to sing the same opera there. I was inclined to hear them again, but after having heard them six months before for three pauls, I experienced a decided sense of unwillingness to pay ten francs for identically the same singing, merely because my seat was an arm-chair well-padded and covered with velvet. So, too, after for years

purchasing the privilege of listening to Ristori and Salvini for two pauls and a half, or a shilling English, I rebelled in London against paying half a guinea for the same thing; the chair in this case being scarcely more comfortable, and the house much more close and stuffy.

Once in Florence, being at a loss how to amuse myself for the evening, I determined to go to one of the little theatres where I had heard that there was a good tenor singer and by no means a bad company. I found, certainly, no luxury there; the scenery was bad, the orchestra meagre; but I heard Beaucardé sing in the "Sonnambula," and paid a half-paul for the entertainment. A cup of coffee and roll at Doney's and a cigar after that finished my evening, which I had particularly enjoyed, and on counting up the cost, I found I had only expended a paul for both opera and supper. I think I never had so much for so little money.

With the French, English, and Americans, the opera is an exotic, for which one must pay dearly. In Italy it is common as oil and wine, and nearly as cheap. The discomfort naturally goes with the cheapness, but is amply compensated for by it. The scale of everything connected with its expenses is low; the actors and singers have small salaries, the orchestra get a few pauls apiece, and nobody makes a fortune out of it; but the people have a cheap amusement, and this is an enormous gain.

All the world goes to the theatre; it is an amusement which never tires the Italians, and despite the heats of summer and the cold of winter the boxes and pit are always well filled. Nothing short of a revolution would empty them. Once, however, during the year 1848, being at Naples, I agreed with a friend to pass the evening at the San Carlino, celebrated for its humorous and admirable acting. On our arrival at the door we found a crowd gathered in the piazza talking excitedly together, and evidently in agitated expectation of something. On inquiry, we found there had been an outbreak among the *lazzaroni* during the afternoon; and though it was at once suppressed, there was some fear lest another disturbance might arise, and the troops again fire on the people as they had done only a week before. The orchestra, actors, and all the supernumeraries were collected in the piazza and around the door; and we said to each other, "There will be no representation to-night, of course." Our doubts were, however, speedily dispelled by the ticket-seller, who answered our inquiries as to whether there was to be a performance by a "*Sicuro, sicuro; favorisca. Che posto vuole?*" (Certainly, certainly; be kind enough to come in. What seats?) So we purchased our tickets and went in. The theatre was

quite dark, only one or two tallow-candles burning on the stage and in the orchestra seats. Not a human being was to be seen. We looked at our watches; the time for the commencement of the play had passed; and, after waiting five minutes, we determined that there would be no performance, and sallied forth to retake our money and surrender our tickets at the door. The ticket-holder, however, strenuously insisted that the performance was to take place. "*Non dubitino, Signori. Si farà, si farà. Favoriscano.*" (Do not doubt. There will certainly be a performance. Please to walk in.) Then with a loud shriek he sent his voice into the piazza to summon the director and the actors, who, with unwilling steps, came up to the door, shrugged their shoulders, and said, "*Eh!*" But the director bowed in the politest manner to us, assuring us that there would be a performance, and *favorisca'd* us back into our seats. It was as black as ever. In a few minutes, however, the curtain dropped; one lamp after another was lighted; the orchestra straggled in, urged forward by some one in authority who bustled about and ordered right and left. In about ten minutes matters were completely arranged; the orchestra took their seats and began to play. We looked round the theatre and found that we constituted the entire audience. At first we felt rather awkwardly, but expected every moment to see the seats fill. No one, however, came in. At last up went the curtain, and the play began to us as regularly as if the theatre were thronged. Vainly we protested; the actors enjoyed the joke, played their best, and made low bows in recognition of the plaudits which the whole audience, consisting of Nero and myself, freely bestowed upon them. Never did I see better acting. Nor did the joke wear out. The curtain fell after the first act, and we were still alone. We made a renewed protest, which had no effect; save that a couple of boys, probably engaged behind the scenes, were sent into the pit; and thus the whole play was performed. When the curtain finally dropped there were only about fifteen persons in the house, and they, as far as we could judge, belonged to the theatre, and came in to enjoy the joke. I doubt whether a complete performance ever was given before or after at any theatre to an audience consisting of two persons for the sum of one piastre; nor do I believe that even at the San Carlino, renowned as it is, more humorous and spirited acting was ever seen.

At the first night of the season at the opera it is a point of etiquette for all the proprietors of the boxes to be present; and a brilliant spectacle it is, the house being uniformly crowded, and every one in an elegant toilette. On this occasion the *impresario* sends ices and refreshments round to all the boxes.

Instead of receiving at home, the Romans generally receive in their *loge* at the opera. Each family takes a box, and as only two or three of the chairs are occupied, there is ample accommodation for visitors. No entrance fee is required except for the pit, and no expense is therefore incurred in making a visit from the outside. A large collection of friends and acquaintances is always to be found in the theatre, and these lounge about from one box to another to pay visits and to laugh and chat together, not only between the acts, but during the performance. Every *palco* is in itself a private *conversazione*, the members of which are constantly changing. Each new visitor takes a place beside the lady, and yields it in turn to the next comer. Often there are five or six visitors all animatedly talking together, and amusing themselves in a most informal way—the music all the while being quite disregarded, and serving merely as accompaniment. The same attention to the opera itself cannot of course be expected from those who have heard it night after night as would be given were it fresh and new. The inferior portions are therefore seldom listened to; but when the *prima donna*, *tenore*, or *basso*, advance to sing a favourite air, *scena*, or concerted piece, all is hushed to attention. The husband is rarely to be seen in his box when other visitors are there—taking then the opportunity to slip out and make his round of visits.

The body of the house is illuminated solely by a chandelier, the chief light being concentrated on the stage. The interior of the box is consequently so dark that one may shrink back into it, so as to be entirely concealed from view, and take coffee or ices (furnished from the *caffè* close by), or press his mistress's hand, and whisper love into her ear, "untalked of and unseen." Connected with the private box of Prince Torlonia is an interior one, handsomely furnished, where friends may lounge and chat at their ease and take refreshments. All the other boxes are single.

Much as the Italians like the opera, they like the ballet still more. This is often interpolated between the acts of the opera, so that they who do not wish to stay to a late hour may enjoy it. The moment the curtain draws up and the ballet commences all is attention; talking ceases, *lorgnettes* are levelled everywhere at the stage, and the delight with which the *mimi* and the dancers are watched is almost childish. The Italian ballet-dancers are generally heavy and handsome; and, though they want lightness of movement and elegance of limb, they make up for it by the beauty of their faces and busts. This heaviness of make is, however, peculiar to the Romans. In the north they are slenderer and lighter. As Italy gives the world the greatest singers, so it supplies it with the most fascinating

dancers. Ferraris, Carlotta Grisi, Rosati, Cerito, and Fuoco, are all Italian.

They are even more remarkable as pantomimic actors, or *mimi* as they are called here. The language of signs and gestures comes to them like Dogberry's reading and writing—by nature. What the northern nations put into words the Italians express by gestures. Their shrugs contain a history; their action is a current commentary and explanation of their speech. Oftentimes they carry on conversations purely in pantomime, and it is as necessary for a stranger to learn some of their signs as to study his dictionary and grammar. The *lazzaroni* at Naples cheat you before your face in the simplest way by this language of signs, and, passing each other in their *calessino*, they have made an agreement to meet, informed each other where they are going, what their fare pays, given a general report of their family, and executed a commission, by a few rapid gestures. No Italian ever states a number without using his fingers, or refuses a beggar without an unmistakable movement of the hand. This natural facility in pantomime is strikingly shown at the institution in Rome for the education of the deaf and dumb. Comparatively little is done by the tedious process of spelling; but a whole vocabulary of gestures, simple, intelligible, and defined, serves these mutes as a short-hand language. The rapidity with which they talk, and the ready intelligence they show in their conversation, is surprising. Their communications are often more rapid than speech, and it is seldom that they are driven to the necessity of spelling. The head of this establishment, who is a priest, has devoted himself with much zeal and skill to the education of these poor unfortunates, and they seemed greatly to have profited by his instruction. But what struck me more than anything else, was the simple and ingenious system of pantomimic conversation adopted, and, I believe, invented by him.

The mimetic performances on the Italian stage are remarkable. The *mimi* seem generally to prefer tragedy or melodrama, and certainly they "tear a passion to rags" as none but Italians could. Nothing to them is impossible. Grief, love, madness, jealousy, and anger, convulse them by turns. Their hands seem wildly to grasp after expression; their bodies are convulsed with emotion; their fingers send off electric flashes of indignation; their faces undergo violent contortions of passion; every nerve and muscle becomes language; they talk all over, from head to foot:—

> "Clausis faucibus, eloquenti gestu,
> Nutu, crure, genu, manu, rotatu."

In this love of pantomimic acting, the modern Italians are the blood descendants of their Roman ancestors. The ancient pantomimists were both dancers and mimics. Generally, though not always, they performed to music, expressing by gestures alone their meaning; and from their universal and perfect representation of everything they received their name of *Pantomimi*.*

Their art, though of very ancient origin, attained its perfection in the age of Augustus, and this emperor, out of regard to "*Mœcenas atavis edite regibus*," who was a great admirer of a celebrated pantomimist named Bathyllus, often honoured his performances by his imperial presence, and thus gave great vogue to this entertainment. It is indeed contended by some writers that these pantomimic dances were invented by Pylades and Bathyllus in the reign of Augustus, there being no anterior record of them discoverable. But this is at least doubtful.† Sometimes a single actor performed all the characters, as it would seem from the account given by Lucian of a skilful pantomimist in the time of Nero, who, to persuade a Cynical philosopher averse to these performances, showed such skill in his representation as to elicit from the Cynic the declaration, that "he seemed to see the thing itself, and not an imitation of it, and that the man spoke with his body and hands."

The people were mad for this entertainment and often fell in love with the actors, and after the performance was over fell upon their necks, and not only kissed them, but also their *thyrsi* and dresses. Galen relates a story of a female patient whose sole disease was a violent passion for the pantomimist Pylades, conceived only through seeing him act. The public favour for these actors was participated in by the court to such an extent, that when the Emperor Constantius drove out of the city all the philosophers on account of the dearness of the "*annonæ*," he allowed three thousand dancers and as many pantomimists to remain—at which Ammianus Marcellinus cannot restrain his indignation. The prices paid them were enormous, and Seneca was greatly scandalized by the fact that twenty thousand crowns of gold were given to one of these female dancers on her marriage. Some of them were known to leave fortunes of three hundred thousand crowns after living in the greatest luxury all their lives. The profession seems to have been as lucrative then as now; and some of the old stories show the same madness for the ancient dancers that in our days we have seen and felt, perhaps, for Fanny Ellsler and Cerito.

* Sidon. Apollin. in Narbon. Suetonius in Calig., c. 54, et in Neron, ch. xvi. 54. Aristot. Poet. sub. init.

† See Tacitus, Ann. i. 54.

The art of the ancient pantomimists was not confined to the theatre, but at dinners and festive entertainments the meats were carved by actors, who, flourishing their knives, performed this service with dancing and gesticulation to the sound of music. To them Juvenal alludes in these lines:—

> "Structorem interea ne qua indignatio desit,
> Saltantem spectes et chironomonta volante
> Cultello."

Such men as Cicero raised in Rome the dignity of actors, and gave repute to the genius of Æsopus and Roscius. The latter actor obtained such a hold of the Roman people, and became such a favourite, that he received a thousand *denarii* every day that he performed; while Æsopus left his son a fortune of two hundred thousand *sesterces* acquired solely by his profession.

An example of the pantomimic plays is furnished by Apuleius (l. 10, Miles. p. 233), in which he gives a full description of a performance where the whole story of the Judgment of Paris was told by dance and gesture. Not only stories of this character were danced, but also tragic histories and incidents; and Appianus Alexandrinus mentions a pantomime play founded on the slaughter of Crassus and the destruction of his army by the Parthians.

Even the emperors did not always occupy the seats of spectators, but joined in the acting. And Suetonius relates that Nero, when labouring under a severe disease, made a vow, in case of his recovery, to dance the story of Turnus in the Æneid.

Ferrarius, who has written a learned dissertation on this subject,* asserts that in his time (1719) vestiges of these pantomimes still existed in Italy almost in their ancient form; and that certain dances performed in Lombardy by the *Muttaccini* were merely the old pantomimic dances of the *Luperci*. These dancers were clothed in a tight-fitting dress completely showing their figures, and wore the mask of an old man with a prominent chin and no beard. They ran through the streets dancing, holding their hands to their foreheads, and beating the persons they met with "*ecourgées*," like the ancient *Luperci*. They were very agile, running before carriages when at full speed, climbing up walls of houses, and entering through windows. They counterfeited various trades, such as those of barber and shoemaker, and performed mock combats, in which, after a certain time, one would fall and pretend to be dead, on which his comrade would lift him up and carry him off dancing.

* De Mimis et Pantomimis Dissertatio, 1714. See also Nicolaus Calliachus, De Ludis Scenicis.

Apropos of this, Ferrarius tells a story of two young men who fell in love with the same girl. One of them finally won her hand; and on the day of his wedding, while surrounded by his friends, he was visited by a company of persons in masks pretending to be *Mattaccini*, who at once began to dance. One of these approached the bridegroom and whispered in his ear, when he at once arose and without suspicion mixed in the masquerade. After dancing with them, he engaged in a feigned combat with one of the party, and finally, pretending to be killed, dropped down as if dead, according to the usual custom of this dance. The others immediately lifted him up and carried him off on their shoulders into a neighbouring chamber, dancing to a sad air as if they were attending a funeral. The jest was admirable, and all the company were much diverted. But after the dancers had all disappeared the bridegroom did not return, and his guests, finally becoming alarmed, sought for him in the chamber where he had been carried by the *Mattaccini*, and there they found him on the floor—dead—strangled by his rival, who had been one of the dancers.

For these pantomimic performances the Italians show their ancient madness. An inferior opera they will bear with tolerable patience, but they know not how to put up with the disappointment of a bad ballet and pantomime. In both, however, they are severe but just critics, and express their disapprobation at false singing or inferior execution in the openest way; sometimes by loud laughter, and sometimes by remorseless hissing. Many a time have I seen them stop a bad performance by strong expressions of displeasure, such as crying out to the *impresario*, jeering the unfortunate actor, and at times refusing to allow him to proceed in his part. This is more intelligible when it is considered that the audience are for the most part *abonnés* for the season, and cannot revenge themselves on the offending person by withdrawing from all future representations—for by so doing they would merely throw away at once their money and their amusement. When therefore, an actor or singer does not please them, they let the *impresario* know the fact very unmistakeably, and he always has the good sense to remove the offence. When it is the play or the opera itself to which they object, they await the falling of the curtain in the *entr'acte*, or at the close of the piece, and then assail it with a storm of hisses and groans.

With equal enthusiasm they express their satisfaction at an admirable performance or with a favourite actor or singer. Repetitions, however, are not generally allowed in the opera, and "*Bis, bis*," meets with no other result than renewed courtesies and bows. When the curtain falls, if they are particularly pleased, loud cries

of "*Fuori, fuori*" (out, out) are heard, which the main actors or singers acknowledge by making their appearance again with bows and courtesies. This is sometimes repeated when they are greatly pleased as many as six or eight times. It is so constant a practice that, to save the necessity on such occasion of raising the whole drop scene, a large opening is cut in the centre, with flying curtains on either side, through which the actors enter to answer the congratulations and bravos of the audience.

Nothing can be either published or performed in Rome without first submitting to the censorship, and obtaining the permission of the "*Custodes morum et rotulorum.*" Nor is this a mere form; on the contrary, it is a severe ordeal, out of which many a play comes so mangled as scarcely to be recognisable. The pen of the censor is sometimes so ruthlessly struck through whole acts and scenes that the fragments do not sufficiently hang together to make the action intelligible, and sometimes permission is absolutely refused to act the play at all. In these latter days the wicked people are so ready to catch at any words expressing liberal sentiments, and so apt to give a political significance to innocent phrases, that it behoves the censor to put on his best spectacles. Yet such is the perversity of the audience, that his utmost care often proves unavailing, and sometimes plays are ordered to be withdrawn from the boards after they have been played by permission.

The same process goes on with the *libretti* of the operas; and although Rome has not yet adopted the custom first introduced by that delicate-minded guardian of public morals, King Ferdinand of Naples, surnamed Bomba, of obliging the ballet-dancers to wear long blue drawers and pantalets, yet some of its requirements recall the fable of the ostrich, which, by merely hiding its head, fondly imagines it can render its whole body invisible. In this way, they have attempted to conceal the offence of certain well-known operas, with every air and word of which the Romans are familiar, simply by changing the title and the names of the characters, while the story remains intact. Thus, certain scandalous and shameful stories attaching to the name of Alexander VI. and to the family of the Borgia, the title of Donizetti's famous opera of "Lucrezia Borgia," which every *gamin* of Rome can sing, has been altered to that of "Elena da Fosco," and under this name alone is it permitted to be played. In like manner, "I Puritani" is whitewashed into "Elvira Walton;" and in the famous *duo* of *Suoni la tromba*, the words *gridando libertà* become *gridando lealtà*. This amiable government also, unwilling to foster a belief in devils, rebaptizes "Roberto il Diavolo" into "Roberto in Picardia," and conceals the name of

"William Tell" under that of "Rodolfo di Sterlink." "Les Huguenots," in the same way, becomes in Rome "Gli Anglicani," and "Norma" sinks into "La Foresta d' Irminsul." Yet, notwithstanding this, the principal airs and concerted pieces are publicly sold with their original names at all the shops.

Of the theatres for the drama the best is the Valle, where there is generally an admirable company. The Italians are good actors, and entirely without that self-consciousness and inflated affectation which are the bane of the English stage. Everything with us is exaggerated and pompous. We cannot even say "How do you do?" without mouthing. There is no vice against which Hamlet warns the players that is not rampant in our theatres. The Italians, on the contrary, are simple and natural. Their life which is public, out of doors, and gregarious, gives them confidence, and by nature they are free from self-consciousness. The same absence of artificiality that marks their manners in life is visible on their stage. One should, however, understand the Italian character, and know their habits and peculiarities, in order fitly to relish their acting. It is as different from the French acting as their character is different from that of the French. While at the Théâtre Français, in Paris, one sees the most perfect representation of artificial life, society, manners, and dress,—on the Italian stage there is more passion, tenderness, pathos, and natural simplicity. In high comedy, where the scene is in the artificial sphere of fashionable life, the French are decidedly superior to all other people; but where the interest of the piece is wholly apart from toilette, etiquette, and mode (three very French words and things), the Italians are more natural and affecting. They generally seem quite unconscious of their audience, and one, at times, might easily imagine himself to be looking into a room, of which, without the knowledge of the occupant, one wall is broken down. There is none of that constant advancing to the footlights, and playing to the pit, which is so unpleasant a characteristic of the English stage. The tone of the dialogue is conversational, the actors talk to each other and not to the house, and in their movements and manners they are as easy and *nonchalant* as if they were in the privacy of their own home. In tragedy their best actors are very powerful; but ordinarily speaking their playing is best in affecting drama of common life, where scope is given to passion and tenderness. In character-parts, comedy and farce too, they are admirable; and out of Italy the real *buffo* does not exist. Their impersonations, without overstepping the truth of natural oddity, exhibit a humour of character and a genial susceptibility to the absurd which could scarcely be

excelled. Their farce is not dry, witty, and sarcastic, like the French, but rich, and humorous, and droll. The *primo comico*, who is always rushing from one scrape to another, is so full of chatter and blunder, ingenuity, and good nature, that it is impossible not to laugh with him and wish him well; while the heavy father or irascible old uncle, in the midst of the most grotesque and absurdly natural imitation, without altering in the least his character, will often move you by sudden touches of pathos when you are least prepared. The old man is particularly well represented on the Italian stage. In moments of excitement and emotion, despite his red bandanna handkerchief, his spasmodic taking of snuff, and his blowing of his nose, all of which are given with a truth which, at first, to a stranger, trenches not slightly on the bounds of the ludicrous,—look out—by an unexpected and exquisitely natural turn he will bring the tears at once into your eyes. I know nothing so like this suddenness and unexpectedness of pathos in Italian acting as certain passages in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which catch you quite unprepared, and, expecting to laugh, you find yourself crying.

The system of starring, so destructive to the interests of the drama, is unknown in Italy. The actors are enrolled into dramatic companies by the various *impresarii*, and, instead of being changed every season, are engaged for years at annual salaries, with an agreement to travel abroad at their will on certain established conditions. The different actors in a *troupe* thus become habituated to each other's playing, and an effect is produced which could result from no other system. As each one has his own special class of characters, his *rôle* in every play naturally determines itself, and jealousies and heart-burnings are thereby to a great extent avoided. In this way Ristori and Salvini were engaged, and for years made the circuit of the principal cities in Italy with the company to which they belonged. Season after season the same company returned to the Teatro Valle at Rome; and here Ristori made herself a warm favourite among the Romans long before she left Italy to win a European fame. Many and many a time in '48 and '49 have I seen her act on the boards of this theatre. Her *rôle* then was principally in comedy, in which she was more admirable than in tragedy, and in such parts as the Locandiera of Goldoni she had no equal. At this period, too, I remember with special delight her acting in the character of Elmire, in Molière's "Tartuffe." Indeed the company to which she was attached performed this play with a perfection I never again expect to see; and, after which, the traditional acting of it, at the Théâtre Français, good as it was, was a disappointment. Tartuffe is essentially an Italian part. He cannot be understood in Paris

as in Rome, where he daily walks the street; and the Tartuffe of the Roman interregnum of '48 was the most terrible satire on the priestcraft, and the most perfectly true to nature in all its details, that could be seen. How the audience and the actors relished it! what enthusiasm there was in those days! Since the return of the Pope from Gaeta, Tartuffe is banished from the stage, if not from Rome.

Ristori was at this time in the very flower of her youth, and a more beautiful person one could not easily see, even in Italy. It was not until she had become a little *passée* for La Locandiera that she took to tragedy and made her visit to France. Since then her whole style has changed, and she does not please the Romans so much as in her earlier days. She is now more stately, elaborate, and calculated in her art; then she was more simple, natural, and impulsive. She has been within the circle of Rachel and has felt her influence, though she is in nowise her imitator. Comedy she rarely plays; but in tragedy she is a great actress—greater than she could have been in those earlier days. One is always tempted to compare her with Rachel; but they are very different in their powers. Rachel was a *Lamia*—a serpent woman, and her greatness was in the representation of wicked and devilish passions. Love and tenderness were beyond her faculties; but rage, revenge, and all demoniac emotions she expressed with unequalled power. In scenes of great excitement that pale slender figure writhed like a serpent; and the thin arm and hand seemed to crawl along her rich draperies, and almost hiss, so subtle and wonderfully expressive was its movement. What a face and figure she had, capable of expressing all the venom of the characters she loved to play! Ristori, on the contrary, excels in the representation of the more womanly and gentle qualities. Her acting is more of the heart—love, sorrow, noble indignation, passionate desire, heroic fortitude, she expresses admirably. In the terrible parts of Myrra and Medea an infinite grief and longing possess her. The horror of the deed is obscured by the pathos of the acting and the exigencies of the circumstances. Rachel seemed to joy in the doing of horrible acts; Ristori to be driven to them by violent impulses beyond her power to control. Her Medea is as affecting as it is terrible; her Judith, so heroic and inspired that you forget her deed in the self-sacrifice and love of country which prompted it. Bravely as she carries herself, there is always apparent an undercurrent of womanly repulsion which she is forced to overcome by great resolution.

At the Valle, also, Salvini has played for consecutive years as a member of the Dondini corps, both before and since his triumphs in

France and England have won for him a European name. Here too, years ago, Modena might be seen, before his liberalism and love of country exiled him from Italy after the sad reverses of '48, and deprived the stage of the greatest of Italian actors. I had never the good fortune to see him but once, but then he performed one of his great parts, that of Louis XI. His representation of this wicked, suspicious, sensual, and decrepit old king was terrible for its power and truth to nature. Though a young man, his "make up" was so artistic that, even by the aid of a strong opera-glass, it was impossible to believe that he was painted. There were the seamy parchment forehead, the deeply-channelled cheeks, the dropping jaw, rheumy eyes, and silvery blotched complexion of eighty; his back was curved, one shoulder higher than the other, and the whole frame marked with infirmity; his walk was stiff and cramped, his gesture spasmodic, his hands trembling and clutching constantly at his dress; his voice was weak and harsh, and in violent paroxysms of passion, when most actors, forgetting their feigned weakness, raise their voice, his tones became extinguished and convulsive, bursting only now and then into a wiry scream. Never for a moment did he forget the character he was acting; or rather, so completely had he fused himself into it, that he himself seemed no longer to exist. So ghastly a picture of blasted, passionate, and sensual old age, where empty desires had outlived their physical satisfaction, and the violence of internal passions, paralyzing the impotent body, ended in convulsion, I never saw before or after.

Salvini, who is of the same school of acting as Modena, has almost an equal genius. His Saul is a wonderful performance, worthy to stand beside the Louis XI. of Modena. The mixture of rage and insanity in this tormented spirit—his trances when the facts of the world around him disappear before the terrible visions conjured up by his brain—the subsequent intervals of painful weakness and senile sorrow—are expressed as only an actor of great imagination could express them. So, too, his Othello, in another way, is quite as remarkable. The tragedy moves on with an even and constantly accelerating pace from beginning to end. The quiet dignity of the first scenes, where he shows the gentle manliness of his love, and pleads his cause—the turbulent changes of passion when, stung by the poisonous insinuations of Iago, he tortures himself by doubts, and writhes at last in the toils of jealousy and madness—the plaintive sorrow and pathos of his suffering—the fierce savageness of his attack on Iago, when, in a moment of revulsion, he seizes him by the throat, and, flinging him to the ground, towers over him in a tempest of frightful rage—his cruel, bitter taunting of Desdemona,

when, wrought upon by Iago, he believes her guilty—and the last fearful scene before the murder, where he bids her confess her sins and pray, are given with a gradation and power, compared with which all English representations seem cold and artificial. Nothing is European in his embodiment of Othello; it is the inflammatory passion of the East bursting forth like fire, and consuming a noble and tortured nature—it is the Moor himself, as Shakespeare drew him.

In the last interview with Desdemona, Salvini is wonderful. Like a tiger weaving across his cage, he ranges to and fro along the furthest limits of the stage, now stealing away from her with long strides and avoiding her approaches, and now turning fiercely round upon her and rolling his black eyes, by turns agitated by irresolution, touched by tenderness, or goading himself into rage, until at last, like a storm, he seizes her and bears her away to her death. In all this Salvini never forgets that the Moor, though maddened by jealousy, acts on a false notion of justice and not of revenge:—

> "Oh I were damned beneath all depth in hell
> But that I did proceed upon *just* grounds
> To this extremity."

After the deed has been accomplished, what can exceed the horror of his ghastly face as he looks out between the curtains he gathers about him when he hears Emilia's knock—or the anguish and remorse of that wild, terrible cry as he leans over her dead body, after he knows her innocence—or the savage rage of that sudden scream with which he leaps upon Iago? But this is the last outburst of passion. Henceforward to the end nothing can be more imposing than Salvini's representation of the broken-hearted Moor. He resumes his original bearing. He is calm in his resolution and dignified in his despair. Nothing remains but death, and he will die as becomes his great nature. His last speech is grand, simple, and calm. After these words:—

> "I took by the throat the circumcised dog
> And smote him—"

he pauses, raises himself to his full height, and looks proudly round; then hissing out "Thus," he suddenly draws his curved knife across his throat, and falls backward dead.

The Italians at the theatre are like children. The scene represented on the stage is real to them. They sympathize with the hero and heroine, detest the villain, and identify the actor with the character he plays. They applaud the noble sentiments and murmur

at the bad. When Othello calls Iago "honest" there is a groan over the whole house, and whenever Iago makes his entrance a movement of detestation is perceptible among the audience. Scarcely will they sit quietly in their seats when he kneels with Othello to vow his "wit, hands, heart to wronged Othello's service," but openly cry out against him. I have even heard them in a minor theatre hiss an actor who represented a melodramatic Barbarossa who maltreated the Italians, giving vent to their indignation by such loud vociferation that the poor actor was forced to apologize by deprecatory gestures, and recall to their minds the fact that he was acting a part. So openly is the sympathy of the audience expressed that it is sometimes difficult to induce an actor to take the villain's *rôle*.

On one occasion I was present at the Cocomero Theatre in Florence, when a French play was performed, founded on the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin. Strong disapprobation was exhibited during the first acts; but when finally the assassin issues from behind the curtain after committing the fatal act, with a bloody dagger in his hand and his clothes stained with blood, the whole audience rose as a single man, and, with a loud groan of disgust, drove the actor from the stage and refused to allow the performance to continue.

It is not three months ago that a new play was brought out at the Correa. The story was one of seduction, drawn from a French plot, but the people would not bear it. "*È infame. È pur troppo questo. È indegno,*" was heard on all sides. Men who might perhaps have secretly followed the course of the seducer in real life were indignant at its representation on the stage. They would not permit art to be dragged down into the filthy kennels of sensual vice. Nor is this solely the case with the stage. Their poetry, their romance, their literature is opposed at all points to that of the French. It may be dull, but it is always decent, always moral. Whatever life may be, art is a sanctuary, and not, as in many French novels of the present day, a neutral ground of assignation and seduction.

When summer comes on and the days grow long there are theatrical representations in the open air at the Mausoleum of Augustus, or, as it is more popularly called, the Correa, beginning at five and ending at half-past eight o'clock. The theatre itself is built into the circular walls of the ancient mausoleum of Augustus that fire, siege, and the efforts of barbarians have failed to demolish; and its popular name is founded on the fact that the entrance is through the *cortile* of the Palazzo Correa, on the ground floor of which the tickets of admission are sold. You pass through the

gloomy archway of this palace, which stands at the lower part of the Via dei Pontefici, near the Tiber, picking your way over a dirty pavement, which nevertheless, if you examine, you will find to be composed of beautiful fragments of serpentine grimed with filth and age, which once were trodden by the imperial feet of the Cæsars; thence issuing into a shabby, irregular *cortile*, you see before you the outer shell of the old mausoleum, with its reticulated brick-work and drapery of vines; and passing on through a doorway over which is inscribed the words "*Mausoleo d' Augusto*," you ascend two flights of stairs to a landing on a level with the arena, where you give up your ticket. Here your eyes are arrested by a number of marble slabs let into the wall, on which are celebrated, not the visits of emperors and kings, as you expected, but the famous feats of circus riders and actors who have delighted the modern Romans in the arena, and of the wonderful intelligence of the far-famed "*Elefantessa, Miss Babb.*" One of these is worth copying for magniloquence:—

"*Cessa la loquace tromba della fama ove non giunga il nome di Giovanni Guillaume, superbo frenatore dei destrieri, cui straordinariamente plaudiva la Città del Tebro nei autunni* 1851 *e* 1852."

From this landing we enter at once the circular arena, enclosed within lofty walls and open above to the sky. Five tiers of brick steps, receding all around to an arcade of sixty-one arches, over which is an open terrace guarded by an iron railing, constitute the permanent seats—and one-half the arcade is divided into private boxes which are sold to the gentry. On one side is erected a covered stage, with curtain, drop-scene and *coulisses*, and in front of this a portion of the open space of the arena is temporarily railed off and filled with numbered chairs, where the great mass of the audience sit. The price of a seat within this enclosure is fifteen *baiocchi*, but outside the railing and on the brick steps the price is only one *paul.* The boxes in the arcades cost a few *baiocchi* more; but as they are distant from the stage they are but little occupied, except when the arena is used for circus performances, in which case the stage and the railed-off enclosures are removed, and they become the chief places. The outer walls are so high that by five o'clock the arena is quite in shadow, and there one may pass an hour or two most agreeably in the summer afternoon, smoking a cigar and listening often to admirable acting. The air is cool and fresh; there is no vile smell of streaming lamps; the smoke from the cigars ascends into the open sky and disturbs no one; great white clouds drift now and then over you; swallows hurtle above, darting to and fro incessantly in curving flight, and the place is in all respects most enjoyable. If

you do not choose to listen you may stroll outside the railings in the arena, or ascend into the open arcade and chat with your friends. Are you thirsty, you find a subterranean *caffè* beneath the brick steps, with tables spread out before it, where you may order to be brought to you beer, wine, *bibite* of oranges, lemons, syrups of strawberries, cherries, violet, all sorts of *rosolj*, and, if your taste is more craving of excitement, *aqua-vitæ* and *rhum*. Cigar vendors are also wandering about; and between the acts you hear on all sides the cry of "*Sigari, sigari scelti.*" The scenery is very poor, and without the illusion of lamplight everything looks tawdry; but, when the acting is good, the imagination supplies the material deficiencies. It is only when the acting is bad that the scenery becomes ludicrous. Given Shakespeare, a blanket will suffice; but Charles Kean requires all the splendour and pomp of scenic effect as a background. A barrel is a throne for a king; but Christopher Sly is not a lord even in "the fairest chamber hung round with wanton pictures."

Now and then a very odd effect takes place. In a scene of passionate emotion, when the lover is on his knees; when the father is lifting his hands to curse his child; when the mother is just about to clasp her new-found daughter; when two rivals are crossing swords —clang, clang, clang, suddenly peal the bells of the neighbourhood, and the actors, whose voices are drowned in the din, are forced to stop and walk about the stage, and wait until the noise ceases. The audience growls and laughs, the actors smile and drop into their real characters, everybody shrugs his shoulders, and not a few say, "*accidente.*" But the grievance is soon over, and the scene goes on.

Sometimes a cloud draws darkening over the sky, and a sudden clap of thunder with a few large preliminary drops brings all the audience to their feet, and a general scramble takes place for the covered *loggie*. The play still continues, however; and queer enough is sometimes the aspect of the place. A few venturous spirits determined to hear as well as to see, and knowing that the pit is the only really good spot, still bravely keep their places under the green, purple, and brown domes of their umbrellas—others braver than they, who have not had the foresight to bring umbrellas—seize a chair, and turning it upside down, and holding it by one leg, improvise an umbrella. The last spectacle of this kind at which I was present, showed pluck beyond this—at the first drops the greater part of the audience fled to the *loggie*, and there jeered the few who resolutely remained under their umbrellas. But the rain came heavier and heavier, and threatened to outlast the play, and one by one all left the pit, except a sturdy Englishman of middle age in gold spectacles, and an Italian woman. They had made up their

mind never to give it up—and there they stayed alone, and side by side, despite the shouts and laughter of the audience. The woman after the fashion of her sex, was in crinoline, which was freely exposed as she turned up her skirts to keep them dry. Her feet were planted on the upper rungs of a chair, in front of her, with her knees on a level with her bosom, an inverted chair was spread over her dress, on either side of her, and in her lap was a third, through the rungs of which she had thrust her arms so as to support still a fourth chair above her head, and crouched beneath this, she listened with the greatest calm to the play. At her side, and unwilling to be outdone, sat the Englishman, with his trousers rolled up, and similarly arranged in all respects save that he had a great green umbrella instead of a chair on his head. The pit swam with water, the thunder pealed, the rain poured in torrents; but there, with the utmost *sang froid* they sat, neither turning aside to encourage each other, but both looking stedfastly before them at the stage—at last the cloud broke up, the shower passed over, and the audience began to pour back. The Englishman never moved, until an Italian got before him, and upon the falling of a few supplementary drops seized a chair and held it over his head, so as to impede the Englishman's view of the stage. This human patience could endure no longer. He dropped his great umbrella and gave the Italian obstacle a punch with the great brass ferule in the middle of the back, making signs that he was in his way—whereupon the obstacle shrugged his shoulders and laughed, and moved aside.

Often, before the play is over, the shadows of twilight deepen in the arena, and the stars begin to twinkle overhead. Then lamps are lighted on the stage and around the theatre, and the contrast of the yellow lights below and the silvery star-points above, in the deep abyss of the sky, is very striking.

As one looks around, in the intervals of the acting, the old reminiscences of the place will sometimes very forcibly strike the mind; and the imagination, running down the line of history with an electric thrill, will revive the ghosts of the old days, and people the place with the shapes of the Cæsars, whose bodies were here laid in solemn burial eighteen hundred years ago. Why should not their spirits walk here after the shadows have begun to fall, and the mists from the river to steal over their tomb? The place is creepy after twilight,—but let us linger a few moments and give a glimpse into the past, or, if you wish to have a sensation, let us walk into one of these damp subterranean passages, and raise a spirit or two.

Strabo tells us that this mausoleum, which was built by Augustus to be the last resting-place for the ashes of his family, originally

consisted of a huge tumulus of earth, raised on a lofty basement of white marble, and covered to the summit with evergreen plantations in the manner of a hanging garden. On the summit was a bronze statue of Augustus himself, and beneath the tumulus was a large central hall, round which ran a range of fourteen sepulchral chambers, opening into this common vestibule. At the entrance were two Egyptian obelisks, fifty feet in height, and all around was an extensive grove, divided into walks and terraces. In the centre of the plain, opposite to the mausoleum, was the *bustum*, or funeral pile, where the bodies were burnt. This was also built of white marble, surrounded by balustrades, and planted inside with poplars. Its site has been recently ascertained to be close by the church of St. Carlo in Corso. The young Marcellus, whose fate was bewailed by Virgil in lines that all the world knows, was its first occupant, and after him a long Cæsarian procession laid their ashes in this marble chamber. Here was placed Octavia, the mother of Marcellus, the neglected wife of Anthony, whom Cleopatra caught in her "strong toil of grace." Here lay Agrippa, the builder of the Pantheon and the husband of the profligate Julia; Caius and Lucius, the emperor's nephews; Livia, his well-beloved wife; and beside them, Augustus himself. Here, too, the poisoned ashes of the noble Germanicus were borne from Syria by Agrippina, while crowds of mourning Romans followed her, invoking the gods to spare to them his children. Here the young first Drusus, the pride of the Claudian family, and at his side the second Drusus, the son of Tiberius, were laid. Here the dust of Agrippina, after years of exile and persecution, was at last permitted to repose beside that of her husband Germanicus. Here Nero, and his mother Agrippina, and his victim Britannicus; here Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and all the other Cæsars down to Nerva, found their burial-place; and then the marble door was closed, for the sepulchral cells were full.

A long blank space now occurs in the history of the mausoleum. Centuries went by, while the ashes of the Cæsars reposed undisturbed in their marble sepulchres. Then came a thunder over their heads; when Alaric, in the fifth century, overwhelmed Rome with his hordes of Visigoths, broke down the gate of the mausoleum, plundered the tombs of the Cæsars, and scattered their ashes to the winds. Wild weeds and ivy then covered with green the ruins of their ravage. Centuries again went by without a change, save that of time, and lizards and serpents slid in and out unmolested. At last the Colonna took possession of it, and rebuilt it into a fortress. But, enraged with their treachery after the repulse of the Romans at Tusculum, the populace destroyed all that was destructible of this

great mausoleum. It was too strong for them, however. The mortar and cement of centuries had hardened to stone. Its massive walls resisted their attacks; and Montfaucon tells us in his pilgrimage to Rome, in the thirteenth century that he saw over one of the arches of the mausoleum the funeral inscription of Nerva: "*Hæc sunt ossa et cinis Nervæ Imperatoris.*"* Again the Colonna occupied them, rebuilt them into a fortress, and there withstood the assaults of Gregory IX.

Then came a day when a new burial took place here. It was of Rome's last tribune. Murdered at the foot of the Capitol, his dead body was dragged thence by the Jews, under the orders of Jugurtha and Sciaretta Colonna, and on the ruins of the mausoleum were seen the first funeral pyre since that of Nerva. Every Jew in Rome was there, feeding with dry thistles the fire that consumed Rienzi's body, and the ashes were blown about by the wind. "*Così quel corpo fù arso, fù ridotto in polvere e non ne rimase cica.*"†

But Cæsars and Tribune are alike vanished, and not a memorial of them remains. The sarcophagus which contained the ashes of Agrippina, daughter of Marcus Agrippa and wife of Germanicus, is one of the few relics which now remain of the pomp of this splendid mausoleum; and the very stone on which the inscription was graven to her memory was afterwards used as the measure for three hundred-weight of corn. It may still be seen in the court of the Conservators' Palace, on the Capitoline Hill, with the arms of the modern senate sculptured on its side, and beneath an inscription setting forth its "base modern uses."

This resting place of Cæsars, this fortress of mediæval princes, was afterwards hollowed out into a vineyard, and Santi Bartoli, in his work on Gli Antichi Sepolchri, gives us a picture of it in this state. It was then made into a circus for bull-fights, which were only abolished a few years ago; and now it is devoted to the alternate uses of a circus and a day theatre. Where the grand imperial processions of death once paused, the parti-coloured clown tumbles in the dust, and, flinging out both his arms, cries, "*Eccomi quà.*" In the chambers where once were ranged the urns of Augustus and Germanicus, stand rows of bottles containing beer, liquors, and *bibite;* and the only funeral pyres we burn there now are the cigars we smoke, as we look at the play of Julius Cæsar. *Tempora mutantur.*

* Liber de Mirab. Rom. Ap. Montfaucon. Diarium Italicum, p. 692.

† "Biography of Rienzi," by Tommaso Fortifiocca.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COLOSSEUM.

OF all the ruins in Rome, none is at once so beautiful, so imposing, and so characteristic as the Colosseum. Here throbbed the Roman heart in its fullest pulses. Over its benches swarmed the mighty population of the centre city of the world. In its arena, gazed at by a hundred thousand eager eyes, the gladiator fell, while the vast *velarium* trembled as the air was shaken by savage shouts of "*Habet*," and myriads of cruel hands, with upturned thumbs, sealed his unhappy fate. The sand of the arena drank the blood of African elephants, lions, and tigers,—of *Mirmillones Laqueatores, Retiarii,* and *Andabatæ*,—and of Christian martyrs and virgins. Here emperor, senators, knights, and soldiers, the lowest populace and the proudest citizens, gazed together on the bloody games—shouted together as the favourite won, groaned together fiercely as the favourite fell, and startled the eagles sailing over the blue vault above with their wild cries of triumph. Here might be heard the trumpeting of the enraged elephant, the savage roar of the tiger, the peevish shriek of the grave-rifling hyena, while the human beasts above, looking on the slaughter of the lower beasts beneath, uttered a wilder and more awful yell. Rome—brutal, powerful, bloodthirsty, imperial Rome—built in its days of pride this mighty amphitheatre, and, outlasting all its works, it still stands, the best type of its grandeur and brutality. What St. Peter's is to the Rome of to-day is the Colosseum to the Rome of the Cæsars. The Baths of Caracalla, grand as they are, must yield precedence to it. The Cæsars' palaces are almost level with the earth. Over the pavement where once swept the imperial robes now slips the gleaming lizard, and in the indiscriminate ruins of these splendid halls the *contadino* plants his potatoes and sells for a *paul* the oxidised coin which once may have paid the entrance fee to the great

amphitheatre. The golden house of Nero is gone. The very Forum where Cicero delivered his immortal orations is almost obliterated, and antiquarians quarrel over the few columns that remain. But the Colosseum still stands: despite the assault of time and the work of barbarians, it still stands, noble and beautiful in its decay—yes, more beautiful than ever.

But what a change has come over it since the bloody scenes of the Cæsars were enacted! A supreme peace now reigns there. Thousands of beautiful flowers bloom in its ruined arches, tall plants and shrubs wave across the open spaces, and Nature has healed over the wounds of time with delicate grasses and weeds. Where, through the *podium* doors, wild beasts once rushed into the arena to tear the Christian martyrs, now stand the altars and stations that are dedicated to Christ. In the summer afternoon the air above is thronged with twittering swallows; and sometimes, like a reminiscence of imperial times, far up in the blue height, an eagle, planing over it on wide-spread motionless wings, sails silently along.

Here, as you lie towards twilight, dreaming of the past, upon some broken block of travertine, you will see a procession wending its way between the arches, preceded by a cross-bearer and two acolytes. It is composed of a Franciscan friar in his brown serge and cowl, accompanied by the religious confraternity of the "Lovers of Jesus and Maria," and followed by a group of women in black, and veiled. They chant together a hymn as they slowly approach the cross planted in the centre of the arena. There they kneel and cry, "*Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus te,*" with the response, "*Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.*" Then the monk ascends the platform before one of the altars, plants his crucifix beside him, and preaches a sermon. This finished, the procession makes the round of the stations and again passes out of the arena. As he advances to the first station he chants:—

"L' orme sanguigne
Del mio Signore,
Tutto dolore
Seguiterò."

And the people respond:—

"Vi prego, o Gesu buono,
Per la vostra passione
Darmi il perdono!"

It is strange to hear this chant and sermon in a place once dedicated to blood—strange to hear the doctrine of love and forgiveness on

the spot where the gladiator fell and the martyr suffered for his faith!

As you dream over this change, the splendour of sunset blazes against the lofty walls, and transfigures its blocks of travertine to brown and massive gold; the quivering stalks and weeds seem on fire; the flowers drink in a glory of colour, and show like gems against the rough crust of their setting; rose clouds hang in the open vault above, under which swift birds flash incessantly, and through the shadowed arches you see long molten bars of crimson drawn against a gorgeous sky beyond. Slowly the great shadow of the western wall creeps along the arena; the cross in the centre blazes no longer in the sun; it reaches the eastern benches, climbs rapidly up the wall, and the glory of sunset is gone. Twilight now swiftly draws its veil across the sky, the molten clouds grow cool and grey, the orange refines into citron and pales away to tenderest opaline light, and stars begin to peer through the dim veil of twilight. Shadows deepen in the open arena, block up the arches and galleries, confuse the lines of the benches, and shroud its decay. You rise and walk musingly into the centre of the arena, and, looking round its dim, vast circumference, you suddenly behold the benches as of old thronged with their myriads of human forms—the ghosts of those who once sat there. That terrible circle of eyes is shining at you with a ghastly expression of cruel excitement. You hear the strange, exciting hum of confused voices, and the roar of wild beasts in the caverns below. You are yourself the gladiator, who must die to make a Roman holiday, or the martyr who waits at the stake for the savage beasts that are to rend you. A shudder comes over you, for the place has magnetized you with its old life—you look hurriedly round to seek flight, when suddenly you hear a soprano voice saying, "François, where did the Vestal virgins sit?" and you wake from your dream.

Later still the moon shines through the arches and softens and hallows the ruins of the old amphitheatre; an owl plaintively hoots from the upper cornice, and from the grove near by you hear the nightingale's heart throbbing into song; voices are talking under the galleries, and far up a torch wanders and glimmers along the wall, where some enterprising English party is exploring the ruins. The sentinel paces to and fro in the shadowy entrance, and parties of strangers come in to see the "Colosseum by moonlight." They march backward and forward, and their "guide, philosopher, and friend," the courier, in broken English answers their questions. They are very much interested to know how long, and how broad, and how high the amphitheatre is, and how many persons it would hold,

and where the beasts were kept, and, above all, where the Vestal Virgins sat; and every Englishman quotes the passage from "Manfred," in which Lord Byron describes the Colosseum, and listens with special attention for the owls and the watch-dog, and is rather inclined to think he has been cheated unless he does happen to hear them; and every truly sentimental young lady agrees with the poet, when he says that the moonlight makes

"The place
Become religion, and the heart run o'er
With silent worship of the great of old,"

who played such pretty pranks here some eighteen hundred years ago.

Such is the Colosseum at the present day. Let us go back into the past, and endeavour to reconstruct it.

We are in the beginning of the reign of the great Julius, and the stormy populace of Rome has no amphitheatre for its gladiatorial games and combats with wild beasts. When they take place, they are exhibited in the Forum, and there the people throng and crowd the temporary seats by which a small arena is enclosed. But this is soon felt to be insufficient and inconvenient, and Julius for the first time now erects in the Campus Martius a great wooden structure, to which is given the name of *amphitheatrum*. Before this we have only had theatres, which were invariably semicircular in form, the seats of the spectators fronting the stage, which occupied the line of the diameter. We have now, for the first time, an amphitheatre in the form of an ellipse, in which the arena is entirely enclosed with tiers of seats, and this is the shape which henceforward all amphitheatres are destined to take.

This wooden amphitheatre, however, in the reign of Augustus gives way to an amphitheatre of stone, which at the instance of the emperor is built in the Campus Martius by Statilius Taurus. But it was too small to satisfy the wishes of the people, and Augustus seems to have entertained at one time a prospect of building one still larger on the very spot now occupied by the Colosseum; but among his various schemes of embellishing the city, this was abandoned. Tiberius seems to have done nothing in this respect. Caligula, however, began to build a large stone amphitheatre, but he died before it had made much progress, and it was not continued by his successor. Still later, Nero built a temporary amphitheatre of wood in the Campus Martius, where were represented those remarkable games at which he was not only a spectator but an actor. Here at times he might be seen lounging on the suggestus in imperial robes of delicate purple, that flowed loosely and

luxuriously about him, his head crowned with a garland of flowers, and looking so like a woman in his dress, that you might easily be deceived as to his sex, were it not for that cruel face with its hawk nose and small fierce eyes, that looks out under the flowers. Here, at other times, half naked and armed like a gladiator, he fights in the arena, and woe be to him who dares to draw the imperial blood! If we could look in at one of the games given in this amphitheatre, we should see not only the emperor playing the gladiator's part on the arena, but at his side, and fighting against each other, at times no less than four hundred senators and six hundred Roman knights. Here, too, this mad artist played his violin, made recitations for the poets, and acted, mixing with the populace, and winning their golden opinions. Scorned and hated by the upper classes, he was certainly loved by many in the lower ranks, and for many a year upon his tomb was daily found the offering of fresh flowers.

Meanwhile, Nero has built his golden house on the Palatine Hill, with its gorgeous halls, theatres, and corridors, thronged with marble statues; and at its base is an artificial lake, fed by pure waters brought from the mountains, in which at times he celebrates his naumachiæ. This occupies the very spot on which the Colosseum is afterwards to be built, but it is only a lake during the reigns of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius. When Nero set the torch to Rome, among the many buildings which were consumed was the old amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus, and Rome had only that of the Campus Martius, in which the brutal and gluttonous Vitellius could carry on those gladiatorial games which were necessary for the popularity of the emperor and the peace of the people.

But when Titus and Vespasian return after the conquest of Jerusalem enriched with spoils, a great change takes place. The populace cries out for "*Panem et Circenses*," and there is no amphitheatre in which they can fitly be given. Then it is that the Lake of Nero is drained, and out of the Jewish captives who have been brought to Rome to grace the imperial triumph, twelve thousand of those unhappy slaves whose descendants still burrow in the Ghetto, might be seen, in the year 72 A.D., under the smack of the whip, laying the first stones of the Amphitheatrum Flavium, which now goes by the name of the Colosseum. For long years these poor wretches toiled at their work; but when they had reached the third tier of seats Vespasian died. Titus then continued the construction, and dedicated the amphitheatre, in the year 80 A.D., but it was not completely finished until the reign of Domitian. At the dedication by Titus there was a magnificent spectacle. The games lasted for one hundred days. Fifty wild beasts were killed every day, and no less

than 5000 were slaughtered in the arena. According to the tradition of the Church, the design of the amphitheatre was made by Gaudentius, a Christian architect, who afterwards suffered martyrdom within its walls.

The building is at last finished, and a magnificent structure it must have been. Looking at it from the outside, we behold a grand elevation of four stories, built of enormous blocks of travertine, that glow like rough gold in the sunlight. The lower story is Doric, the second Ionic, the third Corinthian, and the fourth Composite; the lower three being composed of arches with engaged columns, and the upper being a solid wall pierced with square openings, and faced by pilasters. High up against the blue sky is drawn the curved cornice of its summit, with huge projecting brackets, on which the poles supporting the *velarium*, or awning, are fixed. The two middle rows of arches are thronged with marble statues, and over the principal entrance is a great triumphal car drawn by horses. Just before it is the "*meta sudans*," over whose simple cone, fixed upon a square base, the water oozes through a thousand perforated holes, and streams into the basin below.* Above, on the Palatine, are the splendid porticoes and pillars of the golden house, with its green hanging gardens, and beyond on the Via Sacra is the grand triumphal arch of Titus, and afterwards of Trajan.

It is a holiday, and games are to be given in the amphitheatre. The world of Rome is flocking to it from all quarters. Senators and knights with their body-guards of slaves and gladiators, soldiers glittering with silver and gold, youths with their pedagogues, women, artisans, and priests, companies of gladiators, marshalled by *Lanistæ*, cohorts with flashing bucklers and swords, and masses of freedmen, slaves, and the common populace of the city, are pouring down the Via Sacra, and filling the air with a confused noise and uproar, in which shouts of laughter and cheering are mingled with the screams of women and the clash of swords. At times the clear piercing shriek of a trumpet or the brazen clash of music rises above this simmering caldron of noise, and here and there, looking up the human river that pours down the slope of the Via Sacra, you see grey sheafs of bristling spears lifted high above the crowd, or here and there a golden eagle that gleams and wavers in the sun, where some Roman legion sharply marches through the loitering mass of people. We push along with the crowd, and soon we arrive at the amphitheatre, where we pause and struggle vainly to read the *libellum* or programme, which the "*editor*" or exhibitor has affixed to the walls, to inform the public of the names of the gladiators, and

* It is thus represented in two medals struck by Titus and Domitian.

the different games and combats of the day. The majestic porticoes which surround the whole building are filled with swarms of people, some lingering and lounging there till the time shall come for the games to begin, or looking at the exquisite designs in stucco with which they are adorned,* and some crowding up the "*vomitoriæ*," which at regular distances lead up to the seats. Here we procure our tickets for a numbered seat, and soon push up the steps and come into the interior circle of the mighty amphitheatre, glad enough at last to be jostled no longer and to get our seat. Already the lofty ranges of benches are beginning to be filled, and at a rough guess there must be even now some 50,000 persons there. But many a range is still empty, and we know that 87,000 persons can be seated, while there is standing room for 22,000 more. The huge *velarium* is bellying, sagging, and swaying above our heads, veined with cords and throwing a transparent shadow over the whole building; but how it is supported, who can tell? but we may congratulate ourselves that we are on the shady side, where the sun does not beat; for the mad emperor, when the games have not been fierce and bloody enough to please him, has many a time ordered a portion of the *velarium* to be removed, so as to let the burning sun in upon those who were unlucky enough to be opposite to it, and then prohibited any one from leaving his place under penalty of instant death.

Looking down we see surrounding the arena a wall about 15 feet in height, faced with rich marbles, and intended to guard the audience against the wild beasts. This is sometimes called the *podium*, though the term is more appropriately applied to the terrace on the top of the wall, which extends in front of the benches, and is railed round by a trelliswork of metal. There is the seat of honour, and there are three or four ranges of chairs set apart for persons who are entitled to the honours of the *curule* chair. Those who are taking their seats in them now are, or have been, some of them, prætors, and some consuls, curules, ædiles, or censors. There, too, is the Flamen Dialis; opposite to the prætors, that group of white-robed women, also in the *podium*, is the Vestal Virgins, and there, on the raised tribune, is the seat of the *editor* who exhibits the games.

Above the *podium* are three tiers, called the *mœniana*, which are separated from each other by long platforms running round the

* These still remained in the fifteenth century, and were copied and engraved by Giovanni da Udine, in the time of Leo X. This painter, who was the first to revive the use of stucco, after the manner of the ancient Romans, in decoration and arabesque, was employed by Raffaelle to make the stucco of the Logge, in the Vatican, the designs of which were taken, in a great measure, from those which were found in the Baths of Titus and in the Colosseum.

whole building and called *præcinctiones*. The first of these, consisting of fourteen rows of stone and marble seats, is for the senators and equestrian orders, and they have the luxury of a cushion to sit upon. The second tier is for the *populus*, and the third, where there are only wooden benches, is occupied by the "*pullati*," or common people of the lower classes. Above these is a colonnade or long gallery, set apart for women, who are admitted when there is to be no naked fighting among the gladiators. But as yet the seats are empty, for the women are not admitted before the fifth hour. On the middle seats where the plebeians sit there is not a single person in black, for this was prohibited by Octavius Cæsar, and it was he also who ordered that the ambassadors should not stand as they used to do, in the orchestra or *podium*, and that the young nobles should always be accompanied by their pedagogues.

While we are looking round we can hear the roar of the wild beasts, which are kept in great caves under the pavement of the arena; and sometimes we see their wild glaring faces through the arched doors with which the walls of the *podium* were pierced; and they are now protected by portcullises, which later will be drawn up by cords to let the beasts into the arena, and these, which may be seen raging and roaring behind them now, will have to fight for their lives to-day.

The arena is strewn with yellow sand and sawdust, so that the gladiators may have a firm footing; but underneath this is a solid pavement of stones closely cemented so as to hold water; and when the *naumachiæ* or naval battles are given, there are pipes to flood it, so as to form an artificial lake on which galleys may float. There, too, near the northern entrance you will see a flight of broad stairs, through which great machines are sometimes introduced into the arena.

There is now a sudden stir among the people, and the amphitheatre resounds with the cry of "*Ave, Imperator*," as the emperor in his purple robes, surrounded by his lictors and imperial guard, enters and takes his seat on the elevated chair called the *suggestus* or *cubiculum*, opposite to the main entrance. Then sound the trumpets, and the gladiators who are to fight to-day enter the arena in a long procession, and make the tour of the whole amphitheatre. They are then matched in pairs, and their swords are examined by the *editor*, and even by the emperor, to see if they are sharp and in good condition. After this comes a *prælusio* or sham battle with modern swords and spears. There is the *Retiarius* clothed in a short tunic, his head, breast, and legs uncovered, and a net upon his arm with which he will strive to entangle his adversary ere he de-

spatches him with that sharp trident at his side. Near him is his usual adversary the *Myrmillo*, armed with his oblong curving shield and long dagger, and wearing on his head the helmet with the sign of the fish (μορμυρος), from which he derives his name. There, too, is the *Laqueator* with his noose, the *Andabata* with his close helmet, through which there are no eye-holes, and who will fight blindfold; and all the other gladiators, with the *Lanistæ* who accompany them to see that all is fair, and to excite their spirit in the combat. They are now matched and ready. The *prælusio* is over; the trumpet again sounds, and the first on the list advance to salute the emperor before engaging in their desperate contest.

The famous picture of Gerome the French artist gives one a vivid notion of what the spectacle in the Colosseum was at this moment. The fat, brutal, overfed figure of Vitellius is seen above in the imperial chair, and in the arena below a little group of gladiators is pausing before him to salute him with their accustomed speech, "*Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant!*" The benches are crowded row above row with spectators, eager for the struggle that is to take place between the new combatants. They have already forgotten the last, and heed not the dead bodies of man and beast that slaves are now dragging out of the arena with grappling-irons. A soft light filtering through the huge tent-like *velarium* overhead illumines the vast circle of the amphitheatre. Thousands of eager eyes are fixed on the little band, who now only wait the imperial nod to join battle, and a murmurous war of impatience and delight seems to be sounding like the sea over the vast assembly. Looking at this picture, one can easily imagine the terrible excitement of a gladiatorial show, when 100,000 hearts were beating with the combatants, and screams of rage or triumph saluted the blows that drank blood, or yelled his fate to the wretched victim as he sank in the arena and the benches swam before him: or take, to aid the imagination, the graphic and vigorous description of this scene given by Amphilochius, in an epistle in verse, to Seleucus, and thus admirably translated by Mrs. Browning:—

"They sit, unknowing of these agonies,
Spectators at a show. When a man flies
From a beast's jaw, they groan, as if at least
They missed the ravenous pleasure, like the beast,
And sat there vainly. When in the next spring
The victim is attained, and, uttering
The deep roar or quick shriek between the fangs,
Beats on the dust the passion of his pangs,—
All pity dieth in that glaring look.
They clap to see the blood run like a brook;

They stare with hungry eyes, which tears should fill,
And cheer the beasts on with their soul's goodwill;
And wish more victims to their maw, and urge
And lash their fury, as they shared the surge,
Gnashing their teeth, like beasts, on flesh of men."

The accounts of the *venationes* or battles with wild beasts, and the gladiatorial shows, exhibited in the Colosseum and elsewhere by the ancient Romans, are so amazing as to be scarcely credible. The people seem to have been insatiable in their thirst for these bloody games. They were introduced originally by Lucius Metellus, in the year 251 B.C., when he brought into the circus 142 elephants taken by him in his victory over the Carthaginians. This, however, was scarcely a *venatio* in the sense of later days, for the elephants were killed, as it would seem, only to get rid of them. In the year 186 B.C., however, a real *venatio* was introduced by M. Fabius, when lions and panthers were exhibited. The taste once formed grew apace, and at a *venatio* given by Pompey, in the year 55 B.C., upon the dedication of the temple of Venus Victrix, an immense number of animals were slaughtered, among which were six hundred lions and eighteen or twenty elephants. Gætulians fought with the latter, and drove them to such fury with their javelins, that the enraged beasts strove to break down the railings of the arena and revenge themselves on the audience. Julius Cæsar also distinguished himself by his magnificent *venationes*, one of which lasted for five days; in the course of which he introduced giraffes, then for the first time seen in Europe. Titus, as we have seen, on the dedication of the Colosseum, exhibited for slaughter no less than the almost incredible number of 5000 beasts;* and in the latter days of Probus there is an account of one of these spectacles, where 1000 ostriches, 1000 stags, 1000 boars, besides great numbers of wild goats, wild sheep, and other animals were destroyed in the circus, for the satisfaction of the Roman people.† So excited and fascinated did the audience sometimes become, that they were allowed to rush into the arena among the animals and slay as they chose. On some occasions the arena was planted with large trees so thickly as to resemble a forest, and among them the animals were turned loose, to be hunted down by the people. At another show, Probus exhibited 700 wild beasts, and 600 gladiators. These numbers seem monstrous, and almost lead one to suppose that these beasts could not have been all introduced at once; yet Suetonius directly tells us

* Suetonius, Life of Titus.

† These are the numbers stated by Vopiscus, in the Life of Probus, p. 233. Hist. Aug. edit. 1519.

that Titus exhibited 5000 beasts "*uno die*," on one day. Indeed it has been calculated that no less then 10,779 wild beasts might stand together in the arena.*

The slaughter of animals was not so terrible as that which took place at the gladiatorial shows, where human life was brutally wasted for the amusement of the people. These games are said to have originated in an ancient Etruscan custom of slaying captives and slaves on the funeral pyres of the dead. They were first introduced into Rome by Marcus and Decimus Brutus, at the funeral of their father in the year 264 B.C.; and on the death of P. Lucinius Crassus, Pontifex Maximus, one hundred and twenty gladiators fought for three days, and raw meat was distributed among the people. These games at first were restricted to funerals, but they soon began to be exhibited in the amphitheatre; and under the empire the taste for them had grown to such madness that no family of wealth was without its gladiators, and no festival took place without deadly contests between them. Even while the Romans were at their banquets, gladiators were introduced to fight with each other, the guests looking on and applauding, as they sipped their wine, the skilful blows that were followed by blood. Blood was the only stimulant that roused the jaded appetites of a Roman, and gave a zest to his pleasures. In the amphitheatres the numbers that fought together almost surpass belief. At the triumph of Trajan over the Dacians more than ten thousand were exhibited, and to such an enormous number had the gladiators increased under the Cæsars, that sixty thousand of them are said to have fallen under Spartacus. At last the rage for these games became so great, that not only freemen but dwarfs, knights, senators, the emperor himself, and even women fought as gladiators, and esteemed it no dishonour.† And such was the terrible loss of life in the arena that Justus Lipsius affirms that no war was ever so destructive of the human race. "*Credo, immo scio, nullum bellum tantam cladem vastitiem que generi humano intulisse quam hos ad voluptatem ludos.*"‡

At times the arena of the Colosseum was flooded with water deep

* T. P. Nolli, et Marangoni delle Memorie Sac. et Prof. del Amphit. Flav., pp. 33, 34.

† Suetonius, in his Life of Domitian, says, "Venationes gladiatoresque et noctibus ad Lychnuchos dedit; nec virorum modo pugnas, sed et fœminarum;" and Tacitus, in his 12th Book, says, "Fœminarum senatorumque illustrium plures per arenam fœdati sunt."

‡ Just. Lips. Saturn. Sermon. lib. ii. cap. 3. Any one who is desirous to know more of the gladiators will find an interesting account of them in this curious and learned essay.

enough to float vessels, and engagements took place where two miniature fleets, laden with gladiators, fought together to represent a naval battle. These *naumachiæ* were attended with an enormous loss of life, and were exhibited on a scale of great grandeur and magnificence. In one of the sea-fights exhibited by Nero, sea monsters were to be seen swimming round the artificial lake; in another, by Titus, some 3000 men fought; and in another, exhibited by Domitian, the ships engaged were almost equal in number to two real fleets. One of the most famous of these *naumachiæ* took place in the reign of Claudius, on the occasion of the draining of Lake Fucinus. In this spectacle the contest was between vessels representing the Rhodian and Sicilian fleets, each consisting of twelve *triremes*, and having, as Tacitus tells us, 10,000 combatants. These were for the greater part compulsory gladiators (*sontes*), composed of slaves and captives of war. As they passed the spot where the emperor sat, before engaging, they hailed him with the cry of "*Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant!*"—"Hail, Cæsar, those who are to die salute thee!" To which he responded, "*Avete vos*," —"Health to you;"—a phrase which they interpreted as an absolution by the emperor from the necessity of exposing their lives for his amusement, and refused to engage. When a message to this effect was brought to Claudius, he sat, for a time, as Suetonius tells us, in deep meditation, pondering whether he should destroy them all by setting fire to the vessels and burning them alive, or should allow them to kill each other by the sword. At last he decided upon the latter course, and, descending from his seat, he ran, with a vacillating, graceless gait (*non sine fœda vacillatione discurrens*), around the borders of the lake, and partly by persuasion, and partly by threats, persuaded them to fight.

A circle of beams was built around a vast inclosure, so as to prevent any of these wretched victims from flight, and not only all the ground was guarded by large numbers of horse and infantry, but on the lake itself were covered vessels laden with armed soldiers to keep order. The spectacle must have been magnificent. The banks of the lake, the hill-sides and mountain-tops were thronged by an enormous crowd, which had flocked to see the battle from Rome and from all the adjacent country. The emperor, robed in imperial purple, presided over the games, and at his side sat Agrippina, in a golden mantle. In the midst of the lake rose from the water, by machinery, a silver triton, who blew a trumpet to sound the attack. The combatants fought with great bravery, and it was not until a large number had been slain that the signal for separation was given.

Constantine, and his son Constans, first issued edicts prohibiting

these gladiatorial shows; but the appetite for them had become too craving to be denied gratification, and, notwithstanding these prohibitions, they continued to flourish, and survived the ancient religion more than seventy years. St. Augustine relates in his "Confessions,"* that about the year 390 a certain Alipius, one of his fellow-students, who had been baptized into the Christian religion at Milan, came to Rome. Here he was strongly urged by his friends to go and see the gladiatorial shows in the Colosseum. At first he refused, but finally yielded to their persuasions and agreed to accompany them, resolving internally, at the same time, to keep his eyes shut, so as not to see the atrocities which he knew were committed there. This resolution he kept for some time, but at last, startled by a great shout of the people on the occasion of some remarkable feat of skill, poor Alipius, overcome by curiosity, opened his eyes. It was then all over with him; he could not shut them again; but from moment to moment his excitement grew fiercer and fiercer, until at last his voice was heard shouting madly with the rest. From that time forward these games became a sort of insanity in him, and he not only returned to them constantly, but exhorted everybody he knew to accompany him. "*Clamavit, exarsit, abstulit secum insaniam qua stimularetur redire et alios trahens.*" This story, related by St. Augustine, clearly shows that the gladiatorial games continued in his time; and the verses of Prudentius, written against Symmachus, the prefect of Rome, also prove that they existed in the time of the emperors Valentianus, Theodosius, and Arcadius.

On the Kalends of January, in the year 404, a remarkable incident occurred in the Colosseum on the occasion of a gladiatorial show, which is recorded by Theodoret and Cassiodorus.† While, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators, the gladiators were fighting in the arena, a monkish figure, clothed in the dress of his order, was suddenly seen to rush into the midst of the combatants, and with loud prayer and excited gesture endeavour to separate them. This was an Eastern monk, named Telemachus or Almachius (for such is the chance of fame, that his name is not accurately recorded), who had travelled from the East with the express design of bearing his testimony against these unchristian games, and sacrificing his life, if necessary, to obtain their abolition. The

* Ch. viii. lib. 6.

† Theod. Hist. Eccles., cap. xxiv. lib. 5. Cassiod. lx. c. 11. See also Justus Lipsius, Saturn. Serm., lib. ii. cap. 111. Baronius ad Ann., et in Notis ad Martyrol. Rom., 1 Jan. Augustin. Confess., lib. vi. cap. 8; lib. i. cap. 12.

Prætor Alybius, however, who was passionately attached to them, indignant at the interruption, and excited by the wild cries of the audience, instantly ordered the gladiators to cut the intruder down, and Telemachus paid the forfeit of his life for his heroic courage. But the crown and the palm of martyrdom were given him, and he was not only raised to a place in the calendar among the saints, but accomplished in measure the great object for which he had sacrificed himself; for, struck with the grandeur and justness of the courageous protest which he had sealed with his blood, the Emperor Honorius abolished the gladiatorial games, and from that time forward no gladiator has fought in the Colosseum against another gladiator.

Combats with wild beasts still however continued, as is plain from rescripts of Honorius and Theodosius, ordaining that no one not specially appointed by the imperial ministers should have the right to hunt wild beasts to secure them for the public games, but should only be allowed to kill them in self-defence or in defence of the country. These *venationes* in the Colosseum continued down to the death of Theodoric in 526, when they fell into disuse, and the edict of Justinian absolutely abolished them.

Up to this period there is every reason to suppose that the Colosseum was in perfect preservation. Cassiodorus, who describes the games held there in the time of Theodoric, makes no mention of any injury, as he certainly would have done had there been any of importance.* Heretofore it had been kept in repair to serve for the exhibition of gladiatorial shows, but the edict of Justinian, prohibiting all games therein, rendered it useless as an amphitheatre and sealed its fate. Thenceforward it was abandoned to the assaults of time and weather, and to the caprice of man; and their injuries were never repaired. The earthquakes and floods of the seventh century undoubtedly shook it and destroyed it partially. Barbarians at home and from abroad preyed upon it, boring it for its metal clamps, plundering it of every article of value, defacing its architecture, and despoiling it of its ornaments of silver and gold as well as of its poorer metals. In almost every one of its blocks of travertine is now to be seen a rudely excavated hole, by which the ingenuity of antiquarians has been greatly exercised; but it now seems to be agreed on all sides that these holes were made for the purpose of extracting the iron bolts with which the stones were originally clamped together. Still, it would seem to have been

* Cassiod., lib. v. Var. Ep. 24. See also Pietro Angelo Barges, in his learned Epistola de Privatorum Ædif. Urbis. Eversoribus. Grævius Antiq. Rom., tom. 4.

entire, or nearly so, as late as the beginning of the eighth century, when the Anglo-Saxons visited Rome, and, gazing at it with feelings of awe and admiration, broke forth into the enthusiastic speech recorded by the venerable Bede: "*Quamdiu stabit Colyscæus, stabit et Roma. Quando cadet Colyscæus, cadet et Roma. Quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus.*" Thus Englished by Byron:—

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand!
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall!
> And when Rome falls—the world!"

From this time forward exposed to tumult, battle, and changes of ownership, now occupied as a fortress by the Frangipani, now by the Annibaldi, and wrested from both in turn by pope and emperor, it fell rapidly into ruin, and its walls began to crumble and fall into decay. As early as the year 1362, the Bishop of Orvieto, legate to Pope Urban V., wrote to inform the Pontiff that the stones of the Colosseum had been offered for sale, but no one had proposed to purchase them save the Frangipani family, who wanted them to build a palace. The government at this period, not placing any value on the Colosseum as a memorial of antiquity, but regarding it merely as a quarry of stone, were in the habit of granting permissions to excavate travertine therefrom to any princely family who could afford to pay for them. Donatus tells us that Paul II. (1464 to 1471) used the blocks of travertine taken from the ruins of the Colosseum to build his palace of San Marco; and a monstrous hole was made in it when the great Farnese palace was built out of its spoils.*

Nor was this the worst treatment which this noble structure was to suffer. Not only were blocks of travertine removed, but all the marble was torn down and burnt into lime;† and to such an extent were the spoliations of this period carried on, as to render it only surprising that anything now remains. This was not the only building thus barbarously served. Poggius relates that, when he first went to Rome, the Temple of Concord was perfect—"*opere marmoreo admodum specioso*,"—but that soon after, the whole building, with its splendid marble portico, was pulled down and burnt for lime. The marble of the tomb of Cecilia Metella met the same sad fate; and Eneas Sylvius, who afterwards became Pope under the title of Pius II., in an epigram written by him, and preserved by Mabillon,

* "Per fabbricare il Palazzo Farnese gran guasto diede al Anfiteatro di Tito," says Muratori, in his Annals ad An. 1549, tom. x. p. 335. See also Mémoires de l'Acad. des Inscrip., tom. xxviii. p. 585.

† "Ob stultitiam Romanorum majori ex parte ad calcem redactam," says Poggius, in his Essay De Variet. Fortun.

expresses a fear that these barbarous practices will finally lead to the destruction of all the ancient monuments* :—

Sadly enough, the mausoleum of the great Carian king, Mausolus, one of the wonders of the ancient world, suffered the same fate. Not only the marble of the architecture, the massive stairs, the splendid columns, but the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, wrought by Scopas and his scholars, were broken to pieces and burnt into lime by the knights of St. John, to build the castle of Budrum.†

Marangoni tells us that there was a sale of the stones of the Colosseum in 1531, and a century afterwards some of them were used in the building of the Campidoglio. Even at the very period of the revival of the arts it would thus seem that no regard was paid to the preservation of the ancient temples. Michael Angelo himself built the Farnese Palace and the Campidoglio, and even he seems not to have protested against this barbarity. Urban VIII. also built, out of the quarry of the Colosseum, the façade of the Barberini Palace, tore the brass plates from the Pantheon to build the hideous *baldacchino* of St. Peter's, and threatened to serve the remains of the tomb of Cecilia Metella in like manner. But the sins of Urban VIII. were small in comparison to those of the Farnese Pope. He spared nothing, levying his exactions not only upon the Colosseum, but also on the arch of Titus, the baths of Constantine and Caracalla, the forum of Trajan, the temple of Antonine and Faustina, the theatre of Marcellus, and other buildings, stripping them ruthlessly of their precious marbles and splendid columns. The accounts of the apostolic chamber show a sum of no less than 7,317,888 *scudi* expended between 1541 and 1549 on the Palazzo del Campo dei Fiori. Truly, as Gibbon says, "every traveller who views the Farnese Palace may curse the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes."

To check these abuses, Eugenius IV. is said to have surrounded

* "Oblectat me Roma tuas spectare ruinas
Ex cujus lapsa gloria prisca patet—
Sed tuus hic populus muris defossa vetustis
Calceo in obsequium marmora dura coquit.
Impia tercentum si sic gens egerit annos
Nullum hic indicium nobilitatis erit."

† That the last fragments of these noble works have been saved is due to the energy and spirit of Mr. Charles T. Newton, who has thus rendered a valuable service, not only to his own country, but to the universal republic of art. Mr. Newton has recently published a history of his discoveries at Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidæ, with extensive illustrations, which is most interesting and instructive.

the Colosseum with a wall, and, by a charter long extant, to have granted the grounds and edifice to the monks of a neighbouring convent. But if this wall ever existed, which seems rather doubtful. it was overthrown after his death in a tumult of the populace, and no traces of it now remain.*

In 1585, Sextus V. endeavoured at once to check this barbarism of destruction and to utilize the Colosseum by establishing in it a woollen manufactory. For many years it had served as the arena for all sorts of fairs, and possibly this fact suggested the notion of making it subservient to some practical use. But after spending on the project no less than 15,000 *scudi*, he abandoned it as impracticable. Let us not grieve; for from all that can be collected of the plan from the designs of the architect, Fontana, it was the Pope's intention to wall up the arches and arcades, which would simply have ruined the building. A century later, Clement XI. revived the project, and went so far as to inclose the lower arcades and establish a manufactory of saltpetre. But this scheme, also, fell through.

But better days were now coming. In the year of the Jubilee, 1675, Clement X. set apart the whole building to the worship of the martyrs. And on the 11th of February, 1742, Benedict XIV. again consecrated the Colosseum to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had suffered there, and made it a church in 1744. He then erected the cross in the centre of the arena, repaired the altars established by Clement XI., and cleared the place of the robbers and prostitutes by which it had previously been haunted. This act was the salvation of the Colosseum. Taken into the fold of the church it was now cared for, and from this time forward every pains was used to preserve it, and the injuries of time have been constantly repaired. Parts of it, however, were in a very dangerous condition, and in the year 1813 one of the arches fell to the ground. To prevent the tottering fragments around it from falling, the wall supporting the north-west angle was built by Pius VII., and his successors have faithfully lent their aid to the preservation of the building. It is said that the trembling stones were so threatening that convicts under sentence of death and imprisonment for life were employed to build up this wall, with the promise of pardon if they succeeded; but whether this statement be actually true I cannot affirm.

* Gibbon, who makes this statement, founds it upon Montfaucon, who received it from Flaminius Vacca, who lived a century after Eugenius, and reported the fact on the testimony of the Olivetan monks of Sta. Maria Nuova. But Marangoni states that, on examining their archives, he found in them no record of such a fact.

Pius IX. has also made very material restorations, and perhaps in some cases carried them too far; thus detracting from the antique character of the ruins. He has constructed a gigantic buttress at the southern end, to support the lofty wall, which threatened to fall; and some of the arches and interior walls he has entirely rebuilt.

Since the French have taken possession of Rome they have placed a nightly guard at the Colosseum with the object of keeping it clear of robbers and thieves, who are said to infest it, and no one now is allowed to pass without a special permission. Tempted by the beauty of the full moon, if you stroll down to the Colosseum forgetful of this regulation, and thinking to pass a pleasant half-hour in its arena, you are suddenly stopped at the entrance by the French sentinel, and all your romantic hopes are dashed by three interrogative words: "*Votre permis, Monsieur?*" Vainly you protest that you are strangers and not robbers, that your objects are most peaceful, and that such rules cannot apply to you. You have only the short irritating rejoinder, "*On ne peut pas passer, sans un permis,*"—and to this the sentinel will stick with a sullen obstinacy peculiarly French. No offers of money or cigars, no bland words, no expressions of disappointment, no reasonings avail to move him. He gives you no sympathy, shortly prohibits your coming in, and leaves you to console yourself as you can—while he marches up and down under the dark arches. Of course you go away, applying no very gentle epithets to these vain, meddling French, who seem to think that Rome belongs to them. I shall not disagree with you in these feelings. The French during their long and inexcusable occupation of Rome have introduced no improvements of importance, and have notoriously violated their pledges both to the people and to the government. But they have imported some of their vices and follies, their ridiculous costumes, and their cut and dried rules. The soldiers for the most part behave very well, and are under strict discipline; yet no week passes that I do not meet them swaggering drunkenly through the streets, and exhibiting spectacles that before their coming were almost unknown in Rome. The Roman people of all classes hate them, and will not fraternize with them; and they on their side look down on the Romans with their national self-sufficiency as an inferior race. They jeer the women from the country who are dressed in the costumes of their native towns, and by their insolence have forced many to put them aside—for nothing in their eye is beautiful save their own ridiculous dresses. As for the language, they do not for the most part attempt to speak it; and when they do, their accent and intonation is notoriously worse than that of any other nation. They consider it, however, very stupid in

the Romans not to have adopted French instead of Italian. "*Comme ils sont bêtes, ces Italiens,*" said some time since very seriously a French officer, who could not himself understand or speak a sentence of Italian; "*il y a dix ans que nous sommes ici, et ils ne savent pas encore parler le Français.*"

After the edict of Justinian, prohibiting the celebration of any games, either by gladiators or of wild beasts, these exhibitions fell into discredit, and for a long period the Colosseum was entirely abandoned. But, from time to time in succeeding centuries, efforts were made to revive the exhibitions of wild beasts in the arena, and bull-fights were not unfrequent. The last of these seems to have taken place in the year 1332, and Ludovico di Bonconte Monaldeschi has quaintly described it in his annals of the period, printed in the appendix to the great work of Muratori.* Though his narrative is probably taken from the account of others rather than from his own memory, he having been only five years of age when the exhibition took place, yet it bears the stamp of truth deeply impressed on it in every part.

"This festival took place," he says, "on the 3rd of November. All the matrons of Rome were present standing in the balconies, which were lined with scarlet. There was the beautiful Savella Orsini and two others of her family; and there were the Donne Colonnesi, though La Giovine could not be present because she had broken her foot in the garden of the tower of Nero; and there was also there the beautiful Jacova di Vico, or Rovere; and these ladies led all the beautiful women of Rome. The Rovere leading the Trasteverine women, the Orsini those of Piazza Navona and San Pietro, and the Colonnesi all the rest. All the noble ladies were in one circle, and all the ladies of lower rank in another, and the combatants in a third; and the huntings were by lot, drawn by old Pietro Jacovo Rossi, from St. Angelo in Pescheria. The first *cacciatore* was a foreigner from Rimini, named Galeotto Malatesta, who was dressed in green, with a rapier in his hand, and on his iron helmet was inscribed this motto, '*Solo io come Oratio,*' (I alone like Horatius); and he rushed forward to meet the bull, and wounded him in the left eye, so that the bull took to flight. He then gave the beast a blow behind, and received therefor a kick on his knee, which knocked him over, but the bull continued to flee and did not attack him. Then, greatly excited (*tutto infierito*), Cicco della Valle rushed forth, dressed in half black and half white, and the motto he carried on his helmet was '*Io son Enea per Lavinia,*' (I am Æneas for

* Muratori Script. Rerum. Ital., tom. xii. pp. 535, 536.

Lavinia); and this he did because the daughter of Messer Jovenale, of whom he was desperately enamoured, was named Lavinia. While he was fighting valiantly with the bull another was let in, who was attacked by Mezzo Stallo, a stout youth dressed as a negro; his wife being dead, he bore the motto '*Cosi sconsolato vivo*,' (Thus, disconsolate I live), and he bore himself bravely against the bull." A crowd of other nobles also were there with various emblems and escutcheons, a number of which are given by this old author,—"besides many," he continues, "whom I should weary to enumerate. Each assaulted his bull, and eighteen of the combatants were killed and nine wounded, while only eleven bulls were killed. Great honours were paid to the bodies of the dead, which were carried to Sta. Maria Maggiore and St. Giovanni in Laterano to be buried. The nephew of Camillo Cencio having been thrown down in the crowd, through the fault of the son of Count Anguillara's sister, Cencio gave him a blow on the head, which instantly killed him, and a great tumult ensued. There was a great crowd at St. Giovanni to see the burial of those who were killed at the games."

During the fifteenth century it was the custom from time to time to represent passion plays or mysteries on a broad platform over the Colosseum steps, just above the site where, a century later, the chapel was founded. Every Good Friday the death and burial of our Saviour was performed to an audience as large, if we may credit the words of Pancirolus,* as that which formerly attended the antique games. This "mystery" was in *ottava rima*, rudely composed in the commonest dialect of the people, with an *intermezzo* of various little airs which were probably sung. Two examples of these are to be found, says Marangoni, in the library of the Marchese Alessandro Capponi. The "*sacra farsa*"—the Holy Farce of the Resurrection (for so Tiraboschi calls it,)† written by Julian Dati, a Florentine, was also performed here. These plays continued until the reign of Paul III., who prohibited them apparently for no other reason than that they impeded him in robbing the Colosseum of marble and stones for building.

After this, for more than a century, there was no public amusement in the Colosseum, saving for those who employed that time in plundering it. But in 1671 permission was granted by the senate and Cardinal Altieri to represent bull-fights in the arena for six years. This raised a great outcry, and Carlo Tommassi wrote a tract to prove the sanctity of the spot, and to urge the impropriety of reinstating such barbarous usages; which so affected the mind of

* Tesori Nascosti. See Marangoni, Mem. Sac. et Prof., p. 59.

† Storia dell. Litt. Ital., vol. vi. p. 3; Lib. iii. p. 814.

the pope, Clement X., that he prohibited them, and took measures to prevent them by blocking up the lower arches and consecrating the place. In 1714 Clement XI. established the altars of the Passion, and shortly after were painted the pictures of Jerusalem and the Crucifixion that are now seen over the southern entrance.

I have hitherto not spoken of the martyrs who perished for their faith in the Colosseum. These are generally supposed to have amounted to thousands; but Marangoni, who is a careful man and not disposed to exaggerate facts, puts the number of martyrs known, and not merely conjectured, to have suffered in this arena at only twenty-four. Of these, eighteen were men, beginning with St. Ignatius and ending with Telemachus; and six were women. Of the latter, three—St. Martina, St. Italiana and St. Prisca—were exposed to lions, who, instead of devouring them, licked their feet. And one, St. Daria, wife of St. Crisanto, according to Marangoni, "was under the vaults (*sotte le volte*) of the Amphitheatre, where her chastity was defended by a lion." *Da un leone fù difesa la sùa castità.**

Besides these, there were two hundred and sixty anonymous soldiers under Claudius, who, after digging an arena outside the Porta Salara, were killed, and placed among the records of the Christians as martyrs. Doubtless, however, says Marangoni, there were many others besides those mentioned, whose names we do not know, who were exposed to death under the cruel orders of Diocletian, as is evident from the testimony of Tertullian.†

The manner in which the Christian martyrs were exposed to the wild beasts is shown by some small rilievi in bronze found in the catacombs, where the lions are represented as chained to a pilaster, and the martyrs lie naked and unarmed at their feet. It seems also that the sacrifice of the Christians generally ended the day's sport. When the other shows were over, the condemned Christians were brought into the arena through files of the hunters of the wild beasts, who beat them with rods as they passed. Some of the women were stripped and exposed in nets, and some were tortured because they would not assume the ceremonial robes worn in the worship of the pagan divinities. Every refinement of cruelty was undoubtedly

* *Leones*, as Lord Broughton suggests, may, perhaps, be better read *lenones*, for it is well established that "*sotte le volte*" was a place devoted to brothels, where a woman was more in danger of panders (*lenones*) than of lions (*leones*); and in fact the very word "fornicators" is derived from "*fornices*," the places under the vaults. Her chastity needed not the defence of any one in the arena, however it might below the vaults; and the old well-known proverb—*Christiani ad leones, virgines ad lenones*—seems to favour this view of the martyrdom of St. Daria.

† Cap. 42, Apologia. See also Arringhi Roma Sotter. lib. ii. cap. 1; tom. i. p. 197, edit. 1651.

practised upon a sect who were supposed to worship an ass, and who were thought to plot against the state. While we speak with horror of that ferocious spirit which dragged to torture and death the innocent and virtuous, merely because they differed from the religious dogma of the day, and refused to bow down before the pagan gods, let us also remember that the Catholic Church in later days, when it had attained a power as extensive as that exercised by Imperial Rome, was guilty of fouler wrong and more infamous cruelty, and that the numbers of victims that were sacrificed by the Inquisition in the single reign of Philip II. outnumber by thousands those who perished under the Roman Emperors. Nor let us plume ourselves too much on our religious tolerance even at the present day. The horrors of the past would not, thank God! be now within the bounds of possibility; but bigotry and persecution have by no means ceased, and infidel and atheist are words which are widely and generally thrown against those who differ in their creed from the established church.

Pius V. used to say that whoever desired to obtain a Christian or Catholic relic, should take some earth from the arena of the Colosseum, where it had been cemented by so much holy blood; and whenever the Cardinal Ulderico Carpegna passed the spot, says Marangoni, this pious gentleman always stopped his carriage, gratefully to commemorate the names of the holy martyrs who had suffered there.

Such are some of the memories which haunt the crumbled shell of the Colosseum. After all the bloodshed, and murder, and battle, and martyrdom, how peaceful and tranquil it seems! Above us wheel the swallows, that build their "procreant cradles" far up upon the jutting frieze and buttress of the lofty walls, where the air is delicate. There sound the clanging crows, flying blackly along when "night thickens." There flocks of doves build and breed among the ruins and sail out into the blue deeps. All the benches are draped with weeds and grasses, and festooned with creepers and flowers. Many a strange and curious plant may here be seen, peculiar to the place, and these have been recorded in a little volume by Dr. Deakin on the "Flora of the Colosseum." The place remembers not its ancient horrors, as it sleeps in the full sunlight of an Italian day,—but when the shadows of night come on, and the clouds blacken above, and the wind howls through the empty galleries and arches, and the storm comes down over the Colosseum, the clash of the gladiators may still be heard, the roar of the multitudinous voices crying for blood rise on the gale, and those broken benches are thronged with a fearful audience of ghosts.

CHAPTER X.

MIMES, MASKS, AND PUPPETS.

FROM the earliest times the Romans distinguished themselves as *Mimi* and *Pantomimi*. These were divided into two distinct classes; the *Mimi* being farcers who declaimed, while the *Pantomimi*, as we have seen, only gesticulated. Some of these characters still remain in Italy. The *Sanniones* are clearly our modern clowns of the circus, with their somewhat doubtful jokes, their exaggerated grimacing, and the ears on their caps. The *Planipedes* in many respects resemble the pantaloon, and particularly in their long dresses and their shaved heads. The *Ithyphalli* and *Phallophori*, thank heaven! have utterly disappeared. But *Pulcinella* is a direct descendant of the old and famous family of the *Atellanæ*. If you may trust Capponi, and other learned Italians who have investigated his origin, his pedigree may be clearly traced to these farcers, who were the *Ciurlatani* of Rome in the early days of Tarquin. They were *Oscans*, and came from the town of Atella, now St. Elpidio, only five or six miles from Naples, and the very head-quarters of the real *Pulcinella*. Thus, for more than twenty-four hundred years, he has clung to his native soil and followed in the footsteps of his famous ancestor Maccus. If you disbelieve this pedigree, *Pulcinella* will show you his ancestral statues in bronze dug out of Herculaneum, and his ancestral portraits on the walls of Pompeii; and Capponi, pointing out to you their beaked or chicken nose,—a family peculiarity which their descendant still retains in his mask,—will explain that the modern name is merely a nickname derived therefrom—*pullus* being a chicken, and *pullicinus* a little chicken, and *Pullicinellus* or *Pulcinella*, a little chicken-nosed fellow. In like manner, the word *Ciarlatini* may be a mere corruption of *Atellanæ*.

These *Atellanæ Fabulæ*, or *Ludi Osci*, were plays performed by the *Oscans* on planks and trestles, before the invention of the regular theatres; and Maccus, then *primo comico*, great ancestor to our *Pulcinella*, from under his mask amused the ancient Romans with his wit and satire. When they spoke, they grimaced like modern

buffoons, and jested to the delight of Livy and Cicero. Their parts were often woven into dramas, to which they did not properly belong, as Livy tells us; and in this respect, also, they performed precisely the part of *Pulcinella*, who is a constant interloper in plays, in which his character is entirely interpolated. Such was their repute, that even Sylla, the bloody dictator, is said to have written plays for them; and it is quite clear that they were favourites during the days of the Cæsars.

The well-spring of fun in *Pulcinella* is Artesian and inexhaustible. He will never die,—never till fools are no more and we are all wise and wretched. In Rome, as well as in Naples, he is a great favourite; though to be seen to advantage he should be visited in his native country. In his long loose white jacket and pantaloons, his beaked mask covering the upper portion of his whitened face, *Pulcinella* is for ever intriguing, doctoring, bringing lovers together, creating *imbroglios*, and laughing at his victims with the utmost impertinence. He is always married,—his wife and mother-in-law are in a chronic state of quarrel,—and his house is a constant battle-field of humour and absurdity.

In one of the plays of *Pulcinella* he has a struggle with the devil, whom he catches at last by the tail. This he pulls at fiercely, when, to his great astonishment, it comes off, and the father of evil vanishes, leaving it in his hands. At first he is dumb and confounded with amazement, all of which is expressed by the most extraordinary grimace. Finally, he smells at the end of it, and a grin of satisfaction widens his mouth. Again he smells, indicating by expressive pantomime that the odour is uncommonly good. At last an idea seizes him, he pulls out his knife, and, slicing off a piece as if it were a sausage, puts it into his mouth. Now his delight knows no bounds, but, with absurd expressions of satisfaction, he continues to cut off slice after slice, offering them first to the audience, and then, repenting of his generosity, slipping it into his own mouth, until he has eaten up the whole tail.

Stenterello, the Tuscan type of humour, is also a favourite on the Roman stage, and he, together with *Pulcinella*, hold their high quarters at the Capranica Theatre, alternating with music and juggling, ballet and pantomime, and sometimes with serious opera, tragedy, and high comedy, in delighting the crowd of Romans. *Stenterello* is of the illustrious family of the *queues*. His face is painted in streaks, one front tooth is wanting in his mouth, and he wears the old tricornered hat and long-tailed coat and breeches. He is an embodiment in caricature of the worst defects of the Tuscan character, and derives his name probably from his excessive parsimony. The lower Florentines live meanly, are given to saving, deny themselves in the quantity and quality of their food, and exist,

according to the Tuscan idiom, "*a stento*"—and hence, probably, the name of *Stenterello*. This trait is so well established that the almanacs of Florence, circulated among the common people, contain advice not to be thrifty and saving, but to live more liberally. *Stenterello*, therefore, on the stage, carries this vice to its extreme, and, by his ludicrous efforts at saving, convulses the audience. Another of his characteristics is low cunning. He is always wishing to marry for the sake of money, but laughs at the notion of love,—is penny wise and pound foolish,—will not spend a paul in hand for the hope of a thousand in the bush, and says to his mistress, "I would not leave you and lose the marriage for—for—for—'*sette crazie*.'" He stirs the laughter of the people too by his filthy habits, puts his comb and shoe-brush into his pocket with his cheese, and when he hears his bride is coming (for he is always on the point of marriage) he wipes his shoes with his sleeve, and then polishes off his mouth and whiskers with it. Besides this, he is a great coward, and it is a common jest to make a soldier of him. Nothing will rouse his courage but an attempt upon his money. Yet he likes to set other persons by the ears and see them fight, at which he laughs uproariously, but is seized with a ludicrous terror when his own turn comes. He often has a servant, "*Stoppino*," whom he keeps at the starving point, and whose name signifies a meagre thin taper. In the quality of cowardice he resembles *Pulcinella*; but our Neapolitan friend does not deny his stomach its gratification, for the *Lazzarone* is gourmand, while the Florentine is not.

One of the most celebrated of the actors of *Stenterello* is, or rather was, Lorenzo Cannelli; but he is now past the time of acting. When the Austrians took possession of Tuscany he was so bitter in his sarcasms that he often paid for them by *bastonate*. Nothing, however, would rule his tongue. The audience, just before the last act, used to call him out to improvise "*ottave*," and, after walking up and down the stage for a few minutes, he would pour forth with volubility verses full of spirit and humour.

The old Fiano Theatre, which was to Rome what the San Carlino is to Naples, exists no more, and the once famous *Cassandrino* and *Rugantino* have disappeared with it. *Cassandrino* was to the Romans what *Pulcinella* is to the Neapolitans and *Stenterello* to the Tuscans. He was dressed, "*alla Spagnuola*," in black, was pretentious and boastful, thought the women were all in love with him, and was constantly vaunting his great exploits, that had no existence out of his imagination. But it was for his satire that he was particularly noted, for the Roman is by nature a satirist. His constant lampoons against the government and the priests bit so deeply that he was suppressed by Gregory XVI. After Pius IX. came to the

Papal throne he was again permitted to act; but the French finally suppressed him when they brought back the Pope from Gaeta.

The Teatro Fiano was at the corner of the Piazza San Lorenzo in Lucina, and the Corso in the old Fiano Palace. Before the *portone*, every night, stood a fellow with a trumpet, who sounded a call, and cried out to the passers-by to come and buy their tickets. "*Venite, venite tutti,*" he cried, "*a sentire Cassandrino. Se comprate biglietti —grazie—se non*"—here a pause, and "*accidente*" was added in a low voice.

Cassandrino was a superior or noble *Rugantino*, with more bombast and swell of pretension, but less menacing and defiant. One was a satire on the nobility, and the other the buffoon of the people. *Rugantino* (the growler) was so called because he was always complaining of his fate, always maltreated, always threatening revolt, and always bearing any amount of oppression with dogged patience. He was a short swaggering fellow, in a long dress coat, tricornered hat and wig, carried a great sword, with which he was always threatening to do great exploits, all alone,—talked in big words, to give an idea of blood-thirstiness and courage, but in moments of danger took to his heels in the most abject manner. Each of these characters speaks in the lowest popular dialect of his country —*Stenterello* in pure Tuscan *patois*, *Pulcinella* in the *Lazzaroni* Neapolitan, and *Cassandrino* in the Trastevere dialect. These dialects of Italy are very different. The Venetian is soft and whispering; one of its chief peculiarities being in the constant use of the *x*, *s*, or *z*, which have usurped the place of the harder consonants. The Genoese is peculiarly harsh and unpleasant, abounding in the nasal tones of the French. The Neapolitan mumbles his truncated words, while the letters *m* and *n* seem to be constantly running about and getting between their legs. The Florentine and Sienese are in the same sad case with the letter *h*; it is omnipresent, forcing itself headlong into the body of words where it has no business, and usurping the place of *c*, *ch*, and *qu*. The pronunciation of the Sienese is, however, far more agreeable than that of the Florentines; and even among the common people a purity and richness of language is preserved, which is quite remarkable.

The Roman *patois* is different from all, but its features are not so strongly marked. Dante, in his book "De Vulgari Eloquentia," calls it the most unpleasant of all Italian dialects; but I fear there was a little Tuscan jealousy in this judgment. The Florentines were always violent upon the subject of their own dialect, and their judgment may fairly be questioned, when we recal the persecution to which Girolamo Gigli was subjected by the Academia della Crusca, because he dared in his celebrated "Vocabolario Cateriniano" to put

forward the claims of his native Siena, in opposition to those of Florence. For this offence he was not only expelled from the Academy, but a suit was instituted against him, and he was prohibited from continuing to print his *vocabolario* when he had reached the letter R. Nor were the Academicians satisfied with this—they went so far as to induce the Grand Duke to order all the copies of his book to be burnt by the public executioner, and to exile the author, until he was driven by the pressure of poverty and threats of further persecution to make a forced retractation. We may therefore take the judgment of Dante, perhaps, as not free from a certain prejudice in favour of his own Florence. In its vocabulary, the Tuscan is undoubtedly richer than the Roman, but the slow open utterance of the Romans is so universally admitted to be the most agreeable in Italy, as to have passed into the saying, *Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana.* No one passing directly from Naples, Genoa, or Florence to Rome can fail to experience a certain relief in the change from the thick confused utterance of the one to the clear enunciation of the other. Nor are there wanting those who affirm that the Roman dialect retains more of the Latin than is to be found in the Tuscan, which, though fuller in its vocabulary, is more of a *patois.* If you would hear the Trastevere dialect, go to the Teatro Emiliano, where there are theatrical performances every night, and you will hear it as it is spoken by the lowest classes in Rome.

As a specimen of this dialect, spoken by the lower classes, I will here transcribe one of a number of humorous and sarcastic sonnets, written by Signor Belli, a Roman, and circulated only in MS., on the labours of the Pope. It is a good specimen of the Roman humour as well as of the Roman dialect. *Il* and *del*, it will be observed, are changed to *er* and *der*, and the final letters of the infinitive are omitted, the accent being thrown on the last vowel:—

"*Le Fatiche der Papa.*

"Ah! non fa niente er Papa? ah non fa niente!
Ah non fa niente, lui, brutte marmotte,
Accusi vi piasse un accidente!
Come fatica sempre, giorno e notte!
Chi parla con Dio omnipotente?
Chi assorve tanti fiji de mignotte?
Chi va in carozza a benedì la gente,
E qua e la manna l' indulgenze a botte?
E chi je conta li cotrini sui?
Non è lui che ci fa li cardinali?
Le gabelle, per Dio, non le fa lui?
E quel altra fatica da facchino
Di strappà tutto er giorno memoriali
E buttalli a pezzetti in der cestino."

CHAPTER XI.

PASQUIN.

ROMAN wit is essentially satirical, and its true type is *Pasquino*. He is the public satirist, who lances his pointed jests at every absurdity and abuse. There he sits, on his pedestal behind the Palazzo Braschi, a mutilated *torso*, which, in the days of its pride, was a portion of a noble group, representing, as it is supposed, Menelaus dragging the dead body of Patroclus from the fight. Few of those who pass this almost shapeless fragment would imagine that it was once considered as one of the noblest works of ancient art. Yet this is the case. In the life of Bernini, written by his son Domenico, we are assured that this distinguished sculptor considered it as equal in merit to the Belvidere *torso* of the Vatican, and called it his master; while Michael Angelo preferred the Vatican *torso*. "On one occasion," says his biographer, "having been asked by a noble stranger which statue of all in Rome he considered to be the most excellent, he replied, 'The Pasquino;' whereupon the stranger, supposing himself jested with, became very angry, and was on the point of attacking the artist. Of these two *torsi* he was wont to say, that they exhibited the greatest beauty and perfection of nature without any of the affectation of art."*

This statement is confirmed by Filippo Bertinucci, who relates that "Bernini considered the Laocoon and Pasquino to contain all the best characteristics of art, since in them existed the perfection of nature without the affectation of art; but that the *torso* and the Pasquino, to him, seemed to possess a greater perfection of style than the Laocoon, though the latter was entire and the former was but a fragment. Between Pasquino and the Torso Belvidere, the difference, he thought, was not very perceptible, and was only apparent to a person of knowledge, but on the whole he preferred the Pasquino."

* Vita di Cav. Giov. Lorenz. Bernini, Firenze, 1782.

A repetition of this group is under the Loggie dei Lanzi at Florence, but it is far inferior in execution. Though the Pasquino has suffered terribly, there are still portions which show the same masterly style that is exhibited in the *torso* of Hercules, and it would seem most probable that they were both from the same hand, as they are undoubtedly of the same school.

The subject of this group has been much discussed by antiquarians. Winckelmann supposed it to be a statue of Hercules from the fact, stated by him, that on the helmet was carved the battle with the Centaurs; Dante seems to have thought it a statue of Mars;* Paolo Alessandro Maffei speaks of it as representing the body of Ajax Telamon supported by a soldier, and remarks that others have supposed it to be a gladiatorial duel, or an Alexander who has fainted while bathing in the river Cydnus.† All these opinions are rejected by Visconti on sufficient grounds, and he declares that in his judgment it represents Menelaus bearing the body of Patroclus away from the battle.‡ Whatever may have been the subject of this once beautiful and now ruined work, it is scarcely less famous under its modern name. Pasquino is now the mouth-piece of the most pungent Roman wit.

The companion and rival of Pasquin in the early days was Marforio. This was a colossal statue representing a river god, and received its name from the Forum of Mars, where it was unearthed in the 16th century. Other friends too had Pasquin, who took part in his satiric *conversazioni* and carried on dialogues with him. Among these was Madama Lucrezia, whose ruined figure still may be seen near the church of S. Marco behind the Venetian palace;—the Facchino, or porter, who empties his barrel still in the Corso, though his wit has run dry;—the Abbate Luigi of the Palazzo Valle;—and the battered Babbuino, who still presides over his fountain in the Via del Babbuino, and gives his name to the street, but who has now lost his features and his voice. Marforio, however, was the chief speaker next to Pasquin, and he still at times joins with him in a satiric dialogue. Formerly there was a constant strife of wit between the two; and a lampoon by Pasquin was sure to call out a reply from Marforio. But of late years Marforio has been imprisoned in the Court of the Campidoglio, and, like many other free speakers, locked up and forbidden to speak; so that Pasquin has it all his own way. In the time of the Revolution of 1848, he made friends with

* Inferno. xiii. v. 196. Bocchi ampl. del. Cinelli, p. 115.

† Maffei Statue, Cav. xlii.

‡ See Notizie delle due Famose Statue di Pasquino e Marforio, &c. Roma, 1854, with a letter from Visconti.

Don Pirlone and uttered in print his satires. "Il Don Pirlone" was the title of the Roman Charivari of this period. It was issued daily, except on *festa*-days, was very liberal in its politics, and extremely bitter against the *papalini*, French and Austrians. The caricatures, though coarsely executed, were full of humour and spirit, and give strong evidence that the satiric fire for which Rome has been always celebrated, though smouldering, is always ready to burst into flame. Take for instance, as a specimen, the caricature which appeared on the 15th of June, 1849. The Pope is here represented in the act of celebrating mass. Oudinot, the French general, acts as the attendant priest, kneeling at the step of the altar, and holding up the pontifical robes. The bell of the mass is an imperial crown. A group of military officers surrounds the altar, with a row of bayonets behind them. The altar candles are in the shape of bayonets. The Pope is just raising the host, but the Christ on the crucifix has detached his arms from the cross-bars, and covers his face with his hands as if to shut out from his sight the impious spectacle. Lightnings dart from the cross, and from the cup which should hold the blood of the Lord issues a hissing serpent. On the sole of one of Oudinot's boots are the words "*Accomodamento Lesseps,*" and of the other, "*Articolo V. della Costituzione;*"—thus showing that he tramples not only on the convention made by Lesseps with the Roman triumvirate on the 31st of May, but also on the French Constitution, the fifth article of which says: "*La République Française n'emploie jamais ses forces contre la liberté d'aucun peuple.*"* Beneath the picture is this motto: "*Ha incominciato il servizio colla messa, ed ha finito colle bombe.*" —"He has begun the service with mass, and completed it with bombs."

On the 2nd of July, 1849, the French entered Rome, and "Il Don Pirlone" was issued for the last time. The engraving in this number represents a naked female figure lying lifeless on the ground, with a cap of liberty on her head,—on a dunghill near by a cock is crowing loudly,—while a French general is covering the body with earth. Beneath are these significant words: "*Ma, caro Signor Becchino, siete poi ben sicuro che sia morta?*"—"But, dear Mr. Undertaker, are you so perfectly sure that she is dead?"

That day Don Pirlone died, and all his works were confiscated. Some, however, still remain, guarded jealously in secret hiding-places,

* When the French army advanced against Rome, they found the road from Civita Vecchia strewn with large placards, on which this clause of their Constitution was printed; so that they were literally obliged to trample its provisions under foot in making as unjustifiable an attack upon the liberties of a people as was ever recorded in history.

and talked about in whispers; but, if you are curious, you may have the luck to buy a copy for thirty or forty Roman *scudi*.*

The first acquaintance we make with Pasquin is as an abandoned limbless fragment of an antique statue, which serves as a butt for boys to throw stones at, and for other "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Near by him lives a tailor, named Pasquino, skilful in his trade, and still more skilful in his epigrams. At his shop, many of the *litterati*, prelates, courtiers, and wits of the town, meet to order their robes and dresses, to report scandal, to anatomize reputations, and to kill their time. Pasquino's humour was contagious, and so many sharp epigrams were made in his shop, that it grew to be famous. After Pasquino's death, in mending the street, it became necessary to remove the old statue, embedded in the ground near by, and to get it out of the way it was set up at the side of his shop. The people then, in joke, said that Pasquino had come back, and so the statue acquired this nickname, which it has ever since retained. This, at least, is the account given of it by Castelvetro, in a discourse upon a *canzone* of Annibale Caro, published in 1553, on the faith of the learned and venerable Messer Antonio Tibaldeo of Ferrara. However this be, there is no doubt that the custom soon grew up to stick to the statue any lampoon, epigram, or satiric verses, which the author desired to be anonymous, and to pretend that it was a "*pasquinata*." From this time Pasquino becomes a name and a power. His tongue never could be ruled. He had his bitter saying on everything. Vainly government strove to suppress him. At one time he narrowly escaped being thrown into the Tiber by Adrian VI., who was deeply offended at some of his sarcasms,—but he was saved from this fate by the wisdom of the Spanish legate, who gravely counselled the Pope to do no such act, lest he should thus teach all the frogs in the river to croak pasquinades. In reference to the various attempts made to silence him, he says in an epigram addressed to Paul III.:—

> "Ut canerent data multa olim sunt vatibus æra;
> Ut taceam, quantum tu mihi, Paule, dabis?"
>
> "Great were the sums once paid to poets for singing;
> How much will you, oh Paul, give me to be silent?"

Finally, his popularity became so great, that all epigrams,

* Mr. Charles E. Norton, in his admirable volume on "Travel and Study in Italy," gives an interesting account of Don Pirlone more at length, and with descriptions of several others of the caricatures.

good or bad, were affixed to him. Against this he remonstrated, crying:—

"Me miserum! copista etiam mihi carmina figit;
Et tribuit nugas jam mihi quisque suas."

"Alas! the veriest copyist sticks upon me his verses;
Every one now on me his wretched trifles bestows."

This remonstrance seems to have been attended with good results, for shortly after he says:—

"Non homo me melior Romæ est. Ego nil peto ab ullo.
Non sum verbosus; hic sedeo et taceo."

"No man at Rome is better than I; I seek nothing from any.
I am never verbose: here I sit, and am silent."

Of late years no collection has been made, as far as I know, of the sayings of Pasquin; and it is only here and there that they can be found recorded in books. But in 1544 a volume of 637 pages was printed, with the title "Pasquillorum Tomi duo," in which, among a mass of epigrams and satires drawn from various sources, a considerable number of real pasquinades were preserved. This volume is now very rare and costly, most of the copies having been burnt at Rome and elsewhere, on account of the many satires it contained against the Romish Church,—so rare, indeed, that the celebrated scholar Daniel Heinsius supposed his copy to be unique, as he stated in the inscription written by him on its fly-leaf:—

"Roma meos fratres igni dedit—unica phœnix
Vivo—aureis venio centum Heinsio."

"Rome to the fire gave my brothers—I, the single phœnix,
Live—by Heinsius bought for a hundred pieces of gold."

In this, however, he was mistaken. There are several other copies now known to be in existence.

This collection was edited by Cœlius Secundus Curio, a Piedmontese, who, being a reformer, had suffered persecution, confiscation, exile, and imprisonment, in the Inquisition. From the latter he escaped, and while spending his later days in exile in Switzerland he printed this volume, and sent it forth to harass his enemies and bigoted opponents. The chief aim of the book was to attack the Romish Church; and some of the satires are evidently German, and probably from the hands of his friends. It is greatly to be regretted that no other collection exists; and since so great a success has attended the admirable collections of popular songs and proverbs in Tuscany, it is to be hoped that some competent Italian may soon be found who

will have the spirit and patience to collect the pasquinades of more modern days.

The earliest pasquinades were directed against the Borgian Pope, Alexander VI. (Sextus), the infamy of whose life can scarcely be written. Of him says Pasquin :—

"Sextus Tarquinius, Sextus Nero—Sextus et iste;
Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit."

"Sextus Tarquinius, Sextus Nero—this also is Sextus;
Always under the Sextuses Rome has been ruined."

Again, in allusion to the fact that he obtained his election by the grossest bribery, and, as Guicciardini expresses it, "infected the whole world by selling without distinction holy and profane things," Pasquino says :—

"Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum:
Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest."

"Alexander sells the keys, the altar, Christ:
He who bought them first has a good right to sell."

Here, too, is another savage epigram on the Borgian Pope, referring to the murder of his son Giovanni, duca di Gandia. His brother, Cesare, duca di Valentino, slew him at night, and threw his body into the Tiber, from which it was fished out the next morning :—

"Piscatorem hominum ne te non, Sexte, putemus,
Piscaris natum retibus ecce tuum."

"Lest we should think you not a fisher of men, oh Sextus!
Lo! for your very son with nets you fish."

No epigrams worth recording seem to have been made during the short reign of Pius III.; but Julius II., the warlike, fiery, impetuous soldier, drew upon himself the constant fire of Pasquin. Alluding to the story that, when leading his army out of Rome, he threw the keys of Peter into the Tiber, saying that henceforth he would trust to the sword of Paul, Pasquin, merely repeating his impetuous words, says :—

"Cum Petri nihil efficiant ad proelia claves,
Auxilio Pauli forsitan ensis erit."

"Since nothing the keys of Peter for battle can profit,
The sword of Paul, perhaps, may be of use."

And again, referring to the beard which Julius was the first among the Popes of comparatively late days to wear :—

"Huc barbam Pauli, gladium Pauli, omnia Pauli;
Claviger ille nihil ad mea vota Petrus."

"The beard of Paul, and the sword of Paul—all things of Paul for me;
As for that key-bearer Peter, he's not to my liking at all."

But of all the epigrams on Julius, none is so stern and fierce as this:—

"Julius est Romæ—quid abest? Date, numina, Brutum.
Nam quoties Romæ est Julius, illa perit."

"Julius is at Rome—what is wanting? Ye gods, give us Brutus.
For whenever at Rome is Julius, the city is lost."

If to Julius Pasquin was severe, he was scathing to his licentious and venal successor, Leo X., who raised money for his vices by the open sale of cardinals' hats and indulgences. Many of these epigrams are too coarse to bear translation;* here is one, however, more decent, if less bitter than many:—

"Dona date, astantes; versus ne reddite: sola
Imperat æthereis alma Moneta deis."

"Bring me gifts, spectators! bring me not verses;
Divine Money alone rules the ethereal gods."

And again, referring to Leo's taste for buffoons, he says:—

"Cur non te fingi scurram, Pasquille, rogasti?
Cum Romæ scurris omnia jam liceant."

"Pasquil, why have you never asked to be made a buffoon?
All things now are permitted at Rome to buffoons."

Here is another, referring to the story, current in Rome, that Leo's death was occasioned by poison, and on account of its suddenness there was no time to administer to him the last sacraments:—

"Sacra sub extrema, si forte requiritis, horâ
Cur Leo non potuit sumere: vendiderat."

"If you desire to hear why at his last hour Leo
Could not the sacraments take—know—he had sold them."

During the short reign of the ascetic Adrian VI., Pasquin seems to have been comparatively silent, perhaps through respect for that hard, bigoted, but honest Pope. Under his successor, Clement VII., Rome was besieged, taken, and sacked by the Constable de Bourbon, and through the horrors of those days Pasquin's voice was seldom heard. One saying of his, however, has been preserved, which was uttered during the period of the Pope's imprisonment in the Castle St. Angelo. With a sneer at his infallibility and his imprisonment, he says: "*Papa non potest errare*," (The Pope cannot err nor go

* One of these, savage and untranslatable, is as follows:—

"Roma, vale! Satis est Romam vidisse. Revertar
Quum leno, meretrix, scurra, cinædus ero."

astray)—*errare* having both meanings. But if Pasquin spared the Pope during his life, he threw a handful of epigrams on his coffin at his death. Under a portrait of the physician to whose ignorance Clement's death was attributed, Pasquin placed this sentence: "*Ecce agnus Dei! ecce qui tollit peccata mundi!*" And again, in reference to this same physician, Matteo Curzio, or Curtius:—

"Curtius occidit Clementem—Curtius auro
Donandus, per quem publica parta salus."

"Curtius has killed our Clement—let gold then be given
To Curtius, for thus securing the public health."

On Paul III., the Farnese Pope, Pasquin exercised his wit, but not always very successfully. This Pope was celebrated for his nepotism, and for the unscrupulous ways in which he endeavoured to build up his house and enrich his family; and one of Pasquin's epigrams refers to this, as well as to the well-known fact that he built his palace by despoiling the Colosseum of its travertine:—

"Oremus pro Papa Paulo, quia zelus
Domus suæ comedit illum."

"Let us pray for Pope Paul, for his zeal
For his house is eating him up."

With Paul III. ceases the record of the "Pasquillorum Tomi duo," published at Eleutheropolis in 1544, and we now hunt out only rarely here and there an epigram. Against Sextus V., that cruel, stern old man, who never lifted his eyes from the ground until he had attained that great reward for all his hypocritical humility, the papal chair, several epigrams are recorded. One of these, in the form of dialogue, and given by Leti in his life of Sextus, is worth recording for the story connected with it. Pasquin makes his appearance in a very dirty shirt, and being asked by Marforio the reason of this, answers, that he cannot procure a clean shirt because his washerwoman has been made a princess by the Pope—thus referring to the story that the Pope's sister had formerly been a laundress. This soon came to the ears of the Pope, who ordered that the satirist should be sought for and punished severely. All researches, however, were vain. At last, by his order and in his name, placards were posted in the public streets, promising, in case the author would reveal his name, to grant him not only his life, but a present of a thousand pistoles; but threatening in case of his discovery by any other person to hang him forthwith, and give the reward to the informer. The satirist thereupon avowed the authorship and demanded the money. Sextus, true to the letter of his

proclamation, granted him his life and paid him the thousand pistoles; but, in utter violation of its spirit, and saying that he had not promised absolution from all punishment, ordered his hands to be struck off and his tongue to be bored, "to hinder him from being so witty in the futur."

But Pasquin was not silenced even by this cruel revenge, and a short time after, in reference to the tyranny of Sextus, appeared a caricature representing the Pope as King Stork devouring the Romans as frogs, with the motto "*Merito hæc patimur.*"

Against Urban VIII., the Barberini Pope, whose noble palace was built out of the quarry of the Colosseum, who tore the bronze plates from the roof of the Pantheon to cast into the tasteless *baldacchino* of St. Peter's, and under whose pontificate so many antique buildings were despoiled, Pasquin uttered the famous saying:—

"Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini."

"What the barbarians have not done, the Barberini have done."

And on the occasion of Urban's issuing a bull, excommunicating all persons who took snuff in the churches at Seville, Pasquin quoted from Job this passage: "*Contra folium quod vento rapitur ostendis potentiam tuam? et stipulam siccam persequeris?*"—"Against a leaf driven to and fro by the wind wilt thou show thy strength? and wilt thou pursue the light stubble?"

The ignorant, indolent, profligate Innocent X., with the equally profligate Donna Olympia Maldalchini, afforded also a target to Pasquin's arrows. Of the Pope he says:—

"Magis amat Olympiam quam Olympum."

"Olympia he loves more than Olympus."

During the reign of Innocent XI. the holy office flourished, and its prisons were put in requisition for those who dared to think freely or to speak freely. Pasquin, in reference to this, says: "*Se parliamo, in galera; se scriviamo, impiccati; se stiamo in quiete, al santo uffizio. Eh!—che bisogna fare?*"—"If we speak, to the galleys; if we write, the gallows; if we keep quiet, to the Inquisition. Eh!—what then must we do?"

Throughout Rome the stranger is struck by the constant recurrence of the inscription "*Munificentiâ Pii Sexti*" on statues and monuments and repaired ruins, and big and little antiquities. When, therefore, this Pope reduced the *pagnotto*, or loaf of two *baiocchi*, considerably in size, one of them was found hung on Pasquin's neck, with the same inscription—"*Munificentiâ Pii Sexti.*"

Against the nepotism of this same Pope, when he was building the great Braschi palace, Pasquin wrote these lines:—

"Tres habuit fauces, et terno Cerberus ore
Latratus intra Tartara nigra dabat.
Et tibi plena fame tria sunt vel quatuor ora
Quæ nulli latrant, quemque sed illa vorant."

"Three jaws had Cerberus, and three mouths as well,
Which barked into the blackest deeps of hell.
Three hungry mouths have you—ay! even four,
Which bark at none, but every one devour."

During the French revolution, the occupation of Rome by Napoleon, Pasquin uttered some bitter sayings, and among them this:—

"I Francesi son tutti ladri—
Non tutti—ma Buona parte."

Here also is one referring to the institution of the Cross of the Legion of Honour in France, which is admirable in wit:—

"In tempi men leggiadri e più feroci
S' appicavano i ladri in su le croci:
In tempi men feroci e più leggiadri
S' appicano le croci in su i ladri."

"In times less pleasant, and more fierce, of old
The thieves were hung upon the cross—we're told:
In times less fierce, more pleasant, like to-day,
Crosses are hung upon the thieves—they say."

When the Emperor Francis of Austria visited Rome, Pasquin called him,—"*Gaudium urbis—Fletus provinciarum—Risus mundi.*"

A clever epigram was also made on Canova's statue of Italy, which was represented as draped:—

"Questa volta Canova l'ha sbagliata,—
Ha l'Italia vestita ed è spogliata."

"For once Canova surely has tripped;
Italy is not draped, but stripped."

Upon the marriage of a certain Cesare with a young girl named Roma, Pasquin issued this warning to the bridegroom: "*Cæsar! cave ne Roma respublica fiat!*" To which Cæsar answered the next day: "*Cæsar imperat.*" "*Ergo coronabitur,*" was Pasquin's response.

The latter days of Pius IX. have opened a large field for Pasquin, and his epigrams have a flavour quite equal to that of the best of which we have any record. When, in 1858, the Pope made a journey through the provinces of Tuscany, leaving the administration

of affairs in the hands of Cardinal Antonelli and the other cardinals of the Sacred College, the following dialogue was found on Pasquin :—

"Dunque il pastore se n' è andato?"
"Sì, Signore."
"E chi lascia a custodire la grege?"
"I cani."
"E chi custodisce i cani?"
"Il mastino."

"The shepherd, then, is gone away?"
"Yes, sir."
"And whom has he left to take care of the flock?"
"The dogs."
"And who keeps the dogs?"
"The mastiff."

The wit of Pasquin, as of all the Romans, is never purely verbal, for the pun, simply as a pun, is little relished in Italy; ordinarily the wit lies in the thought and image, though sometimes it is expressed by a play upon words as well, as in the epigram on Buonaparte. The ingenious method adopted by the Italians, a year or two ago, to express their political sympathies with Victor Emmanuel was peculiarly characteristic of Italian humour. Forbidden by the police to make any public demonstration in his favour, the government were surprised by the constant shouts of "*Viva Verdi! viva Verdi!*" at all the theatres, as well as by finding these words scrawled on all the walls of the city. But they soon discovered that the cries for Verdi were through no enthusiasm for this composer, but only because his name was an acrostic signifying

V-ictor E-mmanuel, R-e d-i I-talia.

Of a similar character was a satire in dialogue, and which appeared a year or two ago, when all the world at Rome was waiting and hoping for the death of King Bomba of execrated memory. Pasquin imagines a traveller who has just returned from Naples, and inquires of him what he has seen there :—

"Ho visto un tumore."
"Un tumore? ma che cosa è un tumore?"
"Leva il *t* per risposta."
"Ah! un umore—ma questo umore porta danno?"
"Leva l' *u* per risposta."
"More! che peccato! ma quando?—fra breve?"
"Leva l' *m*."
"Ore! fra ore! ma chi ha dunque quest' umore?"
"Leva l' *o*."

"Rè! Il Rè! Ho piacere davvero! Ma poi, dove andra?"
"Leva l' *r*."
"E—eh! e-e-e-h!"*

with a shrug and prolonged tone peculiarly Roman—indicative of an immense doubt as to Paradise, and little question as to the other place—is the last answer.

Two years ago, Pasquin represents himself as having joined the other plenipotentiaries at the conference of Zurich, where he represents the court of Rome—Austria speaks German, France speaks French, neither of which languages Pasquin understands. On being interrogated as to the views of Rome, he answers that, being a priest, he only speaks Latin, not Italian, and that, in his opinion, "*Sicut erat in principio, est nunc et semper erit, in omnia sæcula sæculorum —Amen.*"—"As it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever shall be, for ever and ever—Amen."

This is as pure a specimen of true Roman wit as can be found. Of a rather different and punning character was the epigram lately made upon the movement of the Piedmontese and Garibaldians on Naples and Sicily: "*Tutti stanno in viaggio—soldati vanno per terra, marinari vanno per mare, e preti vanno in aria.*"—"Everybody is in movement—the soldiers go by land, the sailors by sea, and the priests vanish into air."

And here, too, is another, full of spirit and point, which shall be the last in these pages. When the conference at Zurich was proposed, it was rumoured that Cardinal Antonelli was to go as the representative of the Roman States, and to be accompanied by Monsignor Barile, upon which Pasquin said: "*Il Cardinale di Stato va via con Barile, ma tornerà col fiasco*"—which is untranslatable.

If one would see the characteristic theatres of the *basso popolo*, and study their manners, he should go to the Teatro Emiliano in

* "I have seen a tumour."
"A tumour? but what is a tumour?"
"Take away the *t* for answer."
"Ah! a humour; but is this humour dangerous?"
"Take away the *u*."
"He dies! what a pity! but when?—shortly?"
"Take away the *m*."
"Hours! in a few hours! but who then has this humour?"
"Take away the *o*."
"King! the king! I am delighted. But then, where will he go?"
"Take away the *r*."

the Piazza Navona, or the Fico, so called from the street in which it is situated. At the former the acting is by respectable puppets; at the latter the plays are performed by actors, or "*personaggi*," as they are called. The love for the acting of *burattini*, or puppets, is universal among the lower classes throughout Italy, and in some cities, especially in Genoa, no pains are spared in their costume, construction, and movement, to render them life-like. They are made of wood, are generally from two to three feet in height, with very large heads, and supernatural glaring eyes that never wink, and are clad in all the splendours of tinsel, velvet, and steel. Their joints are so flexile, that the least weight or strain upon them effects a dislocation, and they are moved by wires attached to their heads and extremities. Though the largest are only about half the height of a man, yet, as the stage and all the appointments and scenery are upon the same scale of proportion, the eye is soon deceived and accepts them as of life-size. But if by accident a hand or arm of one of the wire-pullers appears from behind the scenes, or descends below the hangings, it startles you by its portentous size, and the audience in the stage-boxes, instead of reducing the *burattini* to Lilliputians by contrast, as they lean forward, become themselves Brobdignagians, with elephantine hands and heads.

Do not allow yourself to suppose that there is anything ludicrous to the audience in the performances of these wooden *burattini*. Nothing, on the contrary, is more serious. No human being could be so serious. Their countenances are solemn as death and more unchanging than the face of a clock. Their terrible gravity when, with drooping heads and collapsed arms, they fix on you their great goggle eyes is at times ghastly. They never descend into the regions of conscious farce. The plays they perform are mostly heroic, romantic and historical. They stoop to nothing which is not startling in incident, imposing in style, and *grandiose* in movement. The wars of the Paladins, the heroic adventures of knights and ladies of romance, the tragedies of the middle ages, the prodigies of the melodramatic world, are within their special province. The heroes that tread the *fantoccini* stage are doughty warriors, who perform impossible feats of prowess, slay armies with a single arm, rescue injured damsels, express themselves in loud and boastful language, utter exalted sentiments, and are equally admirable in love and war. No worthy *fantoccino* shrinks before an army, or leaves the boards of battle till it is covered with the corpses of his enemies.

The audience listen with grave and profound interest. To them the actors are not *fantoccini*, but heroes. Their inflated and extravagant discourse is simply grand and noble. They are the mighty

x which represents the unknown quantity of boasting which potentially exists in the bosom of every one. Do not laugh when you enter, or the general look of surprise and annoyance will at once recall you to the proprieties of the occasion. You might as well laugh in a church.

I know no better way of giving an idea of the ordinary performances at the Teatro Emiliano, and the Teatro delle Muse, as the Fico magniloquently calls itself on the bills, than by an account of an evening I passed at them last June.

At each theatre there are two performances, or *camerate*, every evening; one commencing at *Ave Maria* and the other at ten o'clock. We arrived at the Teatro Emiliano just too late for the first, as we learned at the ticket-office. "What is that great noise of drums inside?" asked we. "*Battaglie*," said the ticket-seller. "Shall we see a battle in the next piece?" "*Eh, sempre battaglie*," —always battle,—was the reproving answer.

Outside were two hand-carts; one with refreshments of sherbets, or "*pappine*" as they are called in Trastevere dialect, sold at one *baiocco* the little glass; and the other filled with oblong slabs of hard stony gingerbread and "*bruscolini*," or pumpkin seeds salted and cooked in a furnace; which are the favourite picking of the Roman populace on all festal occasions.

The bill pasted outside informed us that the *burattini* were to play to-night, "*La Grandiosa opera intitolata il Belisario, ossia le avventure di Oreste, Ersilia, Falsierone, Selinguerro ed* il terribil Gobbo." "The *grandiose* opera entitled Belisarius, or the adventures of Orestes, Ersilia, Falsierone, Selenquerro, and *the terrible Hunchback*." In the names themselves there was a sound of horror and fear. Prices in the *platea*, two *baiocchi*; in the *loggiata*, three *baiocchi*. Private boxes are also to be obtained for five *baiocchi* the seat; and some of my female friends having taken a box one night, were received by the audience on their entrance with loud cheers. We, however, only allowed ourselves the luxury of a *loggiata* seat.

But there are three-quarters of an hour to wait before the performance begins—how shall we pass them? "At the Fico," suggested the ticket-seller. "There you may pass the time tolerably, though," he added contemptuously, "there are no '*fantoccini*' there, nothing but '*personaggi*.'" Acknowledging the inferiority of mere human acting, as compared with that of the puppets, we accepted the advice, which seemed good, and off we set through the narrow, damp streets and squares, where great blocks of moonlight and shadow lay cut out on the pavement, and finally arrived before a shabby house, which we recognised as the theatre by the two

lanterns hung outside. Some few persons were standing round the door; and from the open windows of the theatre itself, others, leaning out, cried across the street to the vendors of *bruscolini* to toss them up a *cornetto* of seeds. The evening was warm outside, but the air within the *loggiata* was thick, slab, and steamy with perspiration. The curtain was down. The audience, in a state of extreme dishabille, were, some of them, sprawling on the benches; some leaning over the front of the *loggiata*, and conversing with friends in the pit below. Here were men with by no means immaculate linen, many of them in their shirt-sleeves and bare feet, as they had come from their work. Mothers with only a chemise from the waist up, drawn round the neck, and soothing the fretful babies they held in their arms by the simple and efficacious method of giving them the breast. Nothing at all improper was thought or done, but the audience was simply different from what one sees at the Apollo, and less attention had been paid to show—decidedly. In the centre was a three-armed brass chandelier for illumination; all three lights turned up high and in full smoke.

In a moment the bell tinkled, and out came an actor before the curtain, nearly touching with his head the top of the stage. He announced, to what he denominated "*il culto publico*," that the next week was to appear "*una bella baciochetta*," and who, having too much "*vergogna*" to demand the favour of their company herself, had delegated "*il gentil invito*" to him. The *culto publico* manifested its interest in this announcement by a series of inquiries as to who she was, and when she would appear, and what was her name, and other similar questions; all of which being answered to their satisfaction, they promised to come; and the actor, bowing *addio*, bumped out of sight through the curtain, rather ignominiously.

Then the play began. The bill of fare was a pantomime entitled "*La Zingarella*," and a comedy, "*in dialetto Romanesco*," called "*Peppo er Chiavaro e Pepe er muratore, ovvero er primo giorno dello sposalizio alle quattro Fontane.*" This was unfortunately over, it having been performed at the first *camerata*—for here, as at the Emiliano, are two performances nightly; one, the "*Lunga*," at five *baiocchi* the seat, and the second, the "*Corta*," at two *baiocchi*. We were forced, therefore, to content ourselves with "La Zingarella," which now began.

Two "*reali personaggi*," the king and the queen, first make their appearance, accompanied by a courtier and a little girl, their daughter. They have come to walk in a garden. There is much gesticulation of pleasure and affection, pressure of both hands on the bosom, and wriggling of shoulders, pointing at the child, and making the circuit

of their faces with the thumb and fingers, and floating out and waving of hands. This over, the "*reali personaggi*" motion *addio*, and leave the child alone with the courtier, who at once prays her to dance. She is not only "*prima ballerina*," but the whole "*corps de ballet*" in her one little person, though she is evidently not more than eight years of age. Nevertheless, the audience, which is far from critical, is charmed, and loudly applauds as she finishes a shawl dance with not the freshest gauze mantle, nor, shall I dare to say it (*con rispetto?*) the cleanest or best-gartered stockings. However, that is to be pardoned—they are probably her mother's. The courtier now leaves her alone for a moment, with no other apparent object than to enable two or three *Contrabandistas* (for of course the scene is in Spain, we knew that from the title of the pantomime) to rush in, seize the little princess, tear off her flower-wreath, and away with her. Immediately on their exit the courtier appears, followed by her royal parents, who, on finding her gone, make terrible pantomime of despair—beating their foreheads and rushing up and down the stage. The courtier then madly plunges through the *coulisses*, and reappears with the wreath, when a great *tableau* of horror takes place, and the curtain falls.

When the second act opens, ten years have elapsed, as a little *gamin* at our side assiduously explains, and the little girl has grown into a *Zingarella*, a fortune-teller. She now comes with the *Contrabandistas*, and meets the courtier and the courtier's son, who, naturally, is to be the *Deus ex machinâ*. Ah! it is a case of love at first sight. She tells his fortune—he gives her a bouquet—and then she is carried away by those cruel *Contrabandistas*. It is evidently all over with him. How he presses his breast, and wriggles, and passes his thumb and finger round the outline of his face, and looks up to heaven deprecatingly! But the courtier is a hard father—he sternly commands him not to see her. But he escapes and flees to find her. In the next scene the tired *Contrabandistas* come in and sleep; she only wakes—to kiss her bouquet, and press her bosom and wriggle. Ah! who is this?—it is—ah! no!—it is not—yes! it is the courtier's son. They meet—what rapture!—he kneels to her—when suddenly the fierce *Contrabandistas* awake. There are passionate threats—he protests—swears he loves—points to the third finger of the left hand—implores heaven—will marry. All is agitation—when suddenly the *reali personaggi* and the courtier, escorted by two troops, rush in to find the lover. There are no fire-arms or swords used, but a violent wrestling and slinging about takes place, on a stage ten feet square, until the *Contrabandistas* give in, and the curtain falls.

The audience is now getting excited; already during this act they have cried loudly for cakes and *bruscolini* and shot their hulls right and left in their excitement, and thrown the empty *cornetti* on the stage; now they scream for the *limonaro*—and he, as he carries round on his tray glasses of sugarless lemonade, with a lump of the lemon floating about in them, cries loudly, "*Qui si beve e si mangia per un baiocco.*" By that he means that one can drink the sour warm water and eat the lemon. Meantime, the babies getting hot, begin to fret and whine, when tinkle goes the bell behind the stage, open goes the chemise front for the baby's comfort, and up goes the curtain. It is a new scene—the royal apartment. One very dirty and rickety straw-bottomed chair constitutes its sole actual furniture —its throne,—the rest is supplied by the imagination. Hung on the lintel of the door is a portrait of a child—and such a portrait! —shades of Vandyke and Titian! The king enters and sits in the one chair—for obvious reasons the queen cannot follow his example. There is great sorrow, and weeping and gesticulating at the portrait, in the midst of which the *Contrabandistas* are brought in with the *Zingarella*. Aha! what wonderful resemblance is this between the portrait and the *Zingarella*? It is difficult for the audience to perceive, but how astounding it seems to the king, queen, and courtier! There is violent gesticulation and pointing from her to the portrait. Ah! yes, it is—ah! no, it is not. "If she be my child, a strawberry mark will be found on her right arm." Agitated unbuttoning of the sleeve. There is the strawberry mark!—and everybody falls into everybody's arms—she is found at last! The courtier's son and *Zingarella* kneel—and "My blessing on you, my children," is given. Then, with a fierce gesture, the *Contrabandistas* are ordered to execution. But ah! the *Zingarella* is at the royal feet, and the royal clemency is shown—at which there is loud applause by the audience, and the curtain goes down.

"Stop a moment, gentlemen," says the *gamin* at our side—"it is not yet finished. Now comes the betrothal." The curtain rises again. There is a great, a magnificent illumination, consisting of five paper lanterns pinned to a curtain, spattered and splashed with green, to imitate foliage I suppose—it is in honour of the marriage. The king and queen, two courtiers, the bride and bridegroom, are all the company. The music is a fiddle and mandoline. And here a great difference was perceptible between the performances at the Fico and those at the Apollo. The *reali personaggi* did not sit in the left corner in chairs of state, sadly and stiffly looking on at the *prima ballerina* and the *corps de ballet*. No! they and the courtiers did the dancing themselves, and polked and waltzed all together

round the little stage; the king with one courtier, the queen with the other, and the *Zingarella* with her lover. This over, there came a grand *tableau*, with red Bengal lights blazing and smoking behind the side-scenes, and casting a Der Freischutz glare over the happy party,—and all was over.

Here, by-the-way, I am reminded of an incident which occurred one night to a friend of mine at the Fico. The abandoned lover came forward to the foot-lights, clasped his hands, and exclaimed pathetically, "*Dove sei tu, oh bell' angelo della mia vita?*" "*A San Michele,*" responded a voice from the pit, "*a San Michele.*" Now at San Michele are the prisons for loose women, who are "abandoned" in another sense; and the *personaggio* on the stage, enraged at this interruption, paused in his part, stopped short, shook his fingers into the pit at the audacious individual, and cried out fiercely, with a racy and opprobrious epithet which I am forced to omit, "*Colla tua sorella—colla tua sorella.*" Having thus disburdened himself of his emotions, he continued his sentimental invocation of his "*bell' angelo del mio cor.*"

Delighted with this pantomime, we now retraced our steps to the Emiliano. The second *camerata* had not begun, and we strolled about the piazza. The great fountain of Bernini rose in the centre, its dark figures crouching under the obelisk that pointed silently its finger to the sky. The moonlight flooded the square and shone on the palaces and church, and the plashing water sounded soothingly as it fell in the marble basin. At a *caffè* close by we heard a thrumming guitar and a tingling mandoline, played by two men sitting on a table outside the door; several of the Trasteverini were gathered about, men and women, dancing the *saltarello* on the rough stones. In the intervals, a sturdy fellow, a little top-heavy with wine, was congratulating himself and his audience on the successes of Garibaldi, news of the taking of Como having just arrived. Then, accompanied by the mandoline and guitar, he began in the intervals of the *saltarello* to scream out a Neapolitan song, with all the jars and sudden breaks of voice which are so characteristic of their singing, until the piazza echoed.

We had listened to him so long that the play had already commenced when we entered the Emiliano. The audience was small, but the theatre, though devoted to the *burattini*, was larger, better, and cleaner than the Fico. The "*grandiosa opera*" of Belisario did not belie the general character of *Fantoccini* plays. It was "*sempre battaglie.*" The scene when we entered was between two puppets, both dressed in armour, speaking in tremendous voices, and flourishing gigantic swords. One was a child-*Fantoccino*—the other probably

Selinguerra. No attempt was made to conceal the agency by which the figures and their weapons were moved. Stout perpendicular wires, piercing the head and passing out of sight above the hangings, sustained the figures, and the hands and swords were moved by the same grossly apparent means. Each *Fantoccino* when it spoke went into a sudden convulsion, as if it were attacked by a fit of St. Vitus's dance, while the sword seemed animated with spasmodic life, and thrashed to and fro in the air with utter disregard to the warrior's anatomy, which it constantly and painfully dislocated with every movement. But no sooner had he ceased speaking than his arms fell into a helpless collapse, his head dropped drunkenly forward, or remained fixed in a dislocation glaring at nothing, and with his sword stiffly pointing up to the ceiling, and his legs hanging in the air or huddled under him, so as to leave him quite out of balance, he awaited impotently the answer of his opponent. It was a violent dispute that was taking place between the youth and *Selinguerra* and his lieutenant, who were threatening to destroy the castle of the "*terribil Gobbo.*" Both these doughty warriors were a couple of inches at least above the floor, which they never descended or condescended to touch, save by way of emphasis, when down they came on their heels with a sharp wooden rap, and then jerked suddenly up again. The dispute was tremendous. They launched at each other, in loud voices, terrible threats and challenges. *Selinguerra* was especially ferocious, and "*Chi sei tu che osi!*" he cried to the youth; but the latter, not to be outdone in boasting and fury, with a wild spasm of sword and dangling about of his arms, exclaimed "*Trema! che son il figlio del terribil Gobbo,*" and then collapsed in silence. "*Ah ha,*" with a roar responded his opponent, "*male hai fatto a palesarlo—non posso più contenere il mio immenso furor. Preparati a morir!*" and with a galvanic twitch and a thundering rap of his heels on the floor, he shook defiance at the bold youth. But the youth now showed himself the true son of the terrible *Gobbo.* He roused from the collapse in which he had fallen, and coming down with *his* heels too (as if, Antæus like, to acquire new strength by touching the ground), he jerked his head and limbs, flung out wildly one leg, and waved a challenge in the name of St. Vitus. Now ensued a terrible encounter. *Selinguerra,* backed by his lieutenant, attacked the heroic son of the *Gobbo,* and all three, rising higher from the floor in their excitement, dashed promiscuously together, clashing their swords furiously, and swinging backwards and forwards half the length of the stage, while their helpless legs beat to and fro in the air. All the while a drum behind the scenes was "rolling rapidly." It was encouraging, however, to see how

bravely the son of the *Gobbo* held his own. Despite the terrible blows he received on his head, each of which would have done for ever for a mere "*personaggio*," and the excited efforts he made with his arms and legs, he never for a moment lost his courage or wind. His expression never changed, but on his countenance might still be seen the same calm supernatural glare, the same unwinking eyes. At last, however, he was brought to his knees, or rather, to be accurate, he was brought half-way down backward, with his legs at an angle of forty-five degrees, sitting on nothing at all, and still shaking the "fragments of his blade" above him. He was now so weak that his endeavours to sit entirely down seemed vain, and in one of his attempts to do so a gigantic apparition of a superhuman fist appeared like a portent above his head, between the slips. "*Preparati a morir!*" now thundered *Selinguerra*, and all seemed over with him, when suddenly the aspect of things was changed. In burst the "*terribil Gobbo*" himself, "in complete steel," and, striking the floor with a succession of bold knocks, and waving with convulsive jerks his sword, while he sidled dislocatedly along towards *Selinguerra* with little drifting hops, brought help at the most opportune moment. Well did he sustain in the ensuing conflict his terrible reputation. "Alone, alone he did it." At first it was *Selinguerra* and his lieutenant who opposed him, but he soon made minced meat of them; and then the whole army, spasmodically hopping and staggering in sideways to the rescue of their captain, attacked the *Gobbo* altogether. In the rage of the conflict, both he and the army madly swung the whole length of the stage, suspended in the air, smashing against each other right and left in the utmost confusion, and cutting each other promiscuously in their attempts to hit him, as if it were a "free fight" in Arkansas. But one by one, and platoon by platoon, they fell before the terrible *Gobbo*, until at last he hovered above the heaps of slain, sound as ever in wind and limb, and had a spasm of satisfaction over them as they lay there covering the stage, some of them with their legs straight up in the air. But a messenger now arrived. Where is the *Gobbo's* spouse? *Oh Dio!* and messenger and *Gobbo* drifted out together, bumping each other recklessly on the way, and disappeared between the slips.

It is useless further to follow the doings on this occasion. Suffice it to say, that there was the "serpent-man," ending in a long green tail, and a terrible giant with a huge head and pock-marked face, each of which was a "*Deus ex machinâ*," descending at opportune moments to assist one or the other side,—the "*uomo serpente*" on one occasion crushing a warrior who was engaged in an encounter with Ersilia by flinging a great tower on him. What Belisario had

to do with this "*grandiosa opera*," besides giving it his name, I did not plainly see, as he never made his appearance on the stage. However, the audience seemed greatly delighted with the performance. They ate voraciously of *bruscolini* and cakes, partook largely of lemonade, and, when I left, the stage was strewn with *cornetti*, or paper horns, which they had emptied of their seeds.

The *Fantoccini* do not, however, confine themselves to the recitation of plays founded on incidents in romance and profane history —they also devote their powers to the representation of religious moralities, or mysteries, in which they "present" scenes from Scripture history. These "motions," as Ben Jonson calls them, are, for the most part, performed by *Fantoccini;* but sometimes they are represented by living persons,—and there is a species of public plays, called *Giostre*, or *Maggi*, which are still performed by the peasants of some of the Tuscan towns. Giuseppe Tigri, in his preface to the "Canti Popolari Toscani," says: "Some of these I have myself seen, a few years ago, at Campiglio di Cereglio and at Gavinana. The best known, and those which are played nearly every year, are—the story of Joseph; the sacrifice of Abraham; the passion of our Lord, which, in many respects, resemble the ancient mysteries. Besides these—there are Egisto de' Greci; Bradamante and Ruggero, taken from Ariosto; Ircano, King of Thrace; Costantino and Buonafede, or the Triumph of Friendship; the conversion of St. Giovanni Bocca d'Oro; Arbino and Micrene, or the persecution of the Christians by a Turkish king of Algeria; the martyrdom of Sta. Filomena; the Empress Flavia; Rosana, the beautiful pagan who is converted to Christianity; Sant' Alessio; the glorious conquest of Jerusalem by the Christians; Cleonte and Isabella and Stillacore; the taking of Paris described by Ariosto; and the death of Louis XVI. Their theatre is in the open air, or in the chief piazza of the town, or under the shadow of the chestnut-trees in some wooded valley. On the day of the festival, after vespers, the people of the surrounding towns meet together and form a great circle of men and women. Before the play begins there is a messenger (called also an interpreter or page, as in the mysteries, dressed like an angel; with a flower in his hand), who, after the custom of the ancient Greek tragedies, sings a prologue, and salutes the audience, demanding their favour. The heroes of the drama then make their entrance, and with them comes the buffoon, who represents some one of the Italian masks—just as in the antique tragi-comedies they were present to temper with their jests the excess of horror or compassion among the spectators. The men play the women's parts, and are dressed in great mantles, or, as they call it '*all'*

eroica,' and as much as possible in costume. Whenever the dress of the ancient Paladins is required, they have flags and old swords, and carry beautiful lances and halberds in their hands, with which they joust very skilfully, and which are (as I was told at Gavinana) of the period of Ferruccio. They weave together dialogues without divisions of acts, chanting them to a regular monotonous song in strophes of eights, repeating the first line of each, and moving from one part of the circle to another. The action is exceedingly simple, without intricacy or any attempt to keep the interest of the hearers in suspense, and the messenger informs them at first what is to be represented. Certain *ariettes* in sevens, interpolated into the drama, play the part of the chorus in the Greek tragedy, and are sung with the accompaniment of the violin. The character of this drama is always chaste and moral, and serves admirably to keep alive among the people who delight in them the old chivalric sentiment for the lady of one's love, and for every sacred and magnanimous enterprise."

During Easter I have also seen, at Santo Spirito, a mystery play performed by the scholars, and founded upon the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who would not bow down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up. It was performed in the afternoon, within the hospital, and the Cardinal Tosti presided over it.

Ordinarily, however, these mysteries are performed by puppets, who are more dignified and less expensive than "*personaggi*." In England, the early plays of this kind were pageants performed in the church, in French or Latin. English, however, soon took the place of all foreign tongues, and they began to be played at the corners of the streets or in the public squares. They were generally in the early days exhibited on carts constructed for the purpose, with different floors; one for the *pater cœlestis* and the angels, another for the saints, and a third for man. One corner of man's stage was called "hell's mouth," and here burnt a fire, up and down which demons came and went. An old account for repairs done to one of these pageants runs thus:—"Payd for mending hell mought ij^{d}.—Item, payd for kepyng of fyer at hell mothe iiij^{d}.—payd for sitting the world on fire v^{d}." In the time of Steele, miracle plays were performed by puppets under the arcade of Covent Garden; and Powell on one occasion promises his audience that his "Opera of Susannah, or Innocence betrayed," will be exhibited next week with a pair of new elders. In Germany these plays still continue to be performed in the cellars of Berlin, and a traveller has not long since described an entertainment of this kind at Lisbon, where, after

the expulsion of Eve from Paradise, the Eternal Father came down in great wrath, called for Noah, and told him he was sorry to have created such a set of ungrateful scoundrels, and that he was resolved to drown them altogether. "Here Noah interceded for them, and at last it was agreed that he should build an ark, and he was ordered to go to the king's dockyard in Lisbon, and there he would see John Gonsalvez, for he preferred him to either the French or English builders. (This produced great applause.)" Ben Jonson, in his "Bartholomew Fair," makes one of his puppet showmen say, "Oh! the motions that I, Lanthorn Leatherhead, have given light to in my time, since my master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh, and the City of Norwich; but the Gunpowder Plot, that was a get-penny." And in "Every Man out of his Humour" he speaks also of "a new motion of the City of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale."

In Italy the principal motions that are now played by the *Fantoccini* are passages from the life of Christ. One of these, the story of Judas Iscariot, I remember seeing several years ago in a little town on the main road to Naples. We had just left our *vettura* and were straying through the streets towards sundown, when a large booth attracted our attention, before which were coarse pictures representing scenes from the life of Judas, with placards underneath, announcing that the well-known and famous company of puppets, so greatly and deservedly admired throughout Italy, would this evening perform the grand Scriptural play of Judas Iscariot, for the small entrance fee of two *baiocchi*. At the door was a man in a thick black beard, who in stentorian tones was crying out to the people of the town to be quick, or they would lose the chance of seeing this justly celebrated, grand, and wonderful exhibition. Prompted by curiosity, we paid our *baiocchi* and went in. The representation had already begun to an audience of about twenty persons of the lower classes; but the moment our party entered the performance was suspended, the curtain was dropped, and the padrone appeared, cleared for us the front seats, and announced that in consequence of the arrival of this most distinguished and cultivated company, which he had the honour of seeing before him, he should recommence the play from the very first scene. So, in fact, he did; and nothing more ludicrous and incorrect could easily be imagined. The kiss of Judas, when, after sliding along the stage, he suddenly turned with a sidelong jerk and rapped the other puppet's wooden head with his own, as well as the subsequent scene in which he goes out and hangs himself, beggar description. The audience, however, looked and listened with great gravity, seemed to

be highly edified, and certainly showed no signs of seeing anything ludicrous in the performance; though their attention, I must confess, was at times somewhat divided between us and the puppets. When we arose to go, the manager again appeared, though the play was not quite over, and warmly thanked us for having honoured him with our presence.

At Siena this year, there was a similar exhibition, to which the country people flocked from all the adjacent country, and which had such success that it was repeated every day for weeks. Sometimes, also, stories from the Old Testament are played, such as the afflictions of Job; the sacrifice of Isaac; the story of Susannah and the Elders; and the Prodigal Son. A short time since, there was a representation of the Life of Samson, in which the puppet covered the stage with the bodies of the Philistines literally according to the Scripture, "heaps upon heaps." But while making a long speech preparatory to quenching his thirst from the jaw-bone of an ass, he, unfortunately, forgot that it was filled with water, and in his spasmodic gesticulations he sprinkled and spattered it recklessly over the stage and into the faces of the orchestra to such effect, that finally there was not a drop left when the time came to drink. To do him justice, however, he never lost his countenance or self-possession at this trying moment.

But of all the feats of the *Fantoccini*, nothing can be compared to heir acting in the ballet. If the pantomime by actual "*personaggi*" be extraordinary, imagine what it is when performed by puppets, whose every motion is effected by wires, who imitate the gestures of despair with hands that cannot shut, and, with a wooden gravity of countenance, throw their bodies into terrible contortions to make up for the lack of expression in the face. But, if possible, their dancing is even superior to their pantomime. When the wooden-headed court, almost as solemn and stiff as a real one, have seated themselves on one side of the stage, and the *corps de ballet* has advanced and retreated in steady platoons, and retired and opened just like the real thing—in, with a tremendous leap, suddenly drops the *prima ballerina*, knocks her wooden knees together, and jerking her head about, salutes the audience with a smile quite as artificial as we could see in the best trained of her fleshly rivals. Then with a masterly ease, after describing air circles with her toes far higher than her head, and poising herself in impossible positions, she bounds, or rather flies forward with superhuman lightness, performs feats of choreography to awaken envy in Cerito and drive Ellsler to despair, and pausing on her pointed toe that disdains to touch the floor, turns never-ending *pirouettes* on nothing at all, till at last, throwing both her wooden hands forward, she suddenly comes to a

stiff stop to receive your applause. This is the very apotheosis of ballet dancing. This is that perfection "which we are seeking all our lives to find." Unhampered with the difficulties that encumber her mortal sister, she performs what the living creature can only attempt, and surpasses her as the ideal surpasses the actual. When we see her with her permanent smile and breast that never pants, we are not haunted by the notion of those sad hours of practising in the gloomy theatrical day, when the splendid clouds of *tulle* and the stereotype smile give way to shabby petticoats and twitching face, and her ear is saluted by the criticism of the master instead of the applause of the audience. Ah, no! the *Fantoccina* leaps perfect into her art from the hands of her maker, dreams her day away smiling just the same in her box as on the stage, is never harassed by want of food and family cares, disdains to eke out her insufficient salary by prostitution, is troubled by no jealousies, pricked by no vain ambition, haunted by no remorses, ruined by no failures, but without envy, sorrow, hunger, or the fear of old age, keeps a perennial youth and a perpetual smile. How much better to be a wooden *Fantoccina* than a living *Ballerina*! Better on all sides—not only for her, but for her *maestro*, who pays her nothing, hears from her no complaints, and is subject to no caprices. How miserable an apology, how wretched a mask Life seems beside Art! Who would not be a *Fantoccino*—a painted blockhead, if he could?

CHAPTER XII.

VILLEGGIATURE; HARVEST AND VINTAGE.

AS soon as the warm spring days come, and violets perfume the air, and daisies have snowed over the meadows, and the broad stone-pines give out their warm odour under the influence of the sun, the Romans begin to make their *villeggiature*. The wealthy families who have large villas within a short distance of the city generally go there to pass a few weeks, and every one who owns a *vigna*, or *podere*, spends there at least all the *festa*-days with his family and friends, sunning himself against the walls, or sitting under the shade of his *pergola* or *loggia*. This, however, is only a sort of prologue to the real *villeggiatura*, which commences about the latter part of June, or the first of July, when the heat of the city at midday begins to be oppressive. It is then that the Roman nobility really take flight into the country for the summer—going to their villas and castles in the marches about Ancona, or on the Alban and Sabine mountains. Until the heats of summer have set in, the sea-coast towns are also frequented by those who seek the salt air; but after July all the Roman shore below Civita Vecchia is haunted by the demon of fever and ague, which drives away all visitors. Even Porto D'Anzio, the "goodly city" of Coriolanus, with its curving beach and Neronic mole, can no longer be trusted; and nothing is left for bathers but Civita Vecchia, where the bathing is good—the prices extravagant—the people dirty, degraded, and dishonest—the mole, quay, and fortresses magnificent—the mendicants legion in number—the mosquitoes innumerable—and the sea and shore exquisite. Those who have means generally pass through this disagreeable town, and go on to Tuscany, where the fashionable world of sea-bathers congregate at Leghorn and Viareggio, and where there is every accommodation. On the Adriatic shore there are no conveniences to be found. Here and there a villa is to be hired; but, with the usual thriftlessness of the people, who live from

hand to mouth and from day to day, their beautiful shore is rendered uninhabitable to the stranger, simply from want of decent lodgings.

Nor is it only along the shore of the Adriatic that this is the case. Porto D'Anzio itself, that "most splendid" city, as Dionysius called it, though a favourite resort of the Romans in the spring and autumn, and within forty miles of Rome, can only boast one small bad inn and a single villa, where a stranger may struggle through a week. At Ardea, Ostia, and Nettuno, one is even worse off, and the antiquary who is interested in the remains of the ancient cities along the coast must make up his mind to bad lodging and worse fare.

At Frascati and Albano there are good lodgings to be had. Noble old villas may be hired on the Alban slopes for a small rent, with gardens going to ruin, but beautifully picturesque—old fountains and waterworks painted with moss, and decorated with maidenhair, vines and flowers—shady groves where nightingales sing all the day—avenues of lopped ilexes that, standing on either side like great chandeliers, weave together their branches overhead into a dense roof—and long paths of tall, polished laurel, where you may walk in shadow at morning and evening. The air here is not, however, "above suspicion," and one must be careful at nightfall lest the fever prowling round the damp alleys seize you as its prey. The views from these villas are truly exquisite. Before you lies the undulating plain of the Campagna, with every hue and changing tone of colour; far off against the horizon flashes the level line of the Mediterranean; the grand Sabine hills rise all along on the west, with Soracte lifting from the rolling inland sea at their base; and in the distance swells the dome of St. Peter's. The splendours of sunset as they stream over this landscape are indescribable, and in the noon the sunshine seems to mesmerise it into a magic sleep.

At Genzano two or three families may find a pleasant summer residence in the Villa Cesarini Sforza, which lies among gardens on the slopes of Lake Nemi, whose still waters sleep far below in the bottom of this green volcanic crater. In the town, also, lodgings may be procured, but they are very indifferent. At Albano and L'Arriccia are good inns, where apartments may be had at a small price, and many of the houses are also let to strangers.

But in the Sabine mountains, where the air is far more wholesome, and the scenery equally grand and beautiful, no villas are to be leased. In some of the towns there are good inns, in some no inns at all. But where one is in the latter case, a bed can always be found at some house, where the family are willing to receive you and do their best to make you comfortable for a day. It is astonish-

ing that the people have not the thrift to turn some of the houses or villas in this beautiful country into apartments for the accommodation of strangers during the summer months. There can be no doubt that they would be thronged; for, as it is, every room which can be had is in demand. At Subiaco, Palestrina, and Olevano, one might pass a charming *villeggiatura* within reach of Rome, among enchanting scenery; but there is not a house to be had.

Do you remember, my dear friend, the delightful days we spent in these old Sabine towns, and the evening at Palestrina, where there was no inn, and where the hospitable old woman who took us in could not bring her mind to kill the chickens she loved for our supper? As we sat at our table we saw her taking one after another out of an old basket under the long bench of the ante-room, smoothing down its feathers, pressing it to her heart, and muttering an almost inaudible soliloquy, of which we only caught fragments of words expressive of passionate affection and ejaculations of regret.

"What are you doing?" we cried to her.

"Oh! *signorini miei* (it is years ago, and we were still pleased to be called *signorini*), I am trying to make up my mind which of them I shall kill for your supper—but I cannot—I cannot—they are so beautiful—so dear."

"For heaven's sake, don't kill them for us!" we cried.

What a smile of satisfaction she gave us as she heard this!

"Really—really—don't you want them? But in truth I could not kill them—they are so beautiful, so dear," she kept repeating as she came in, and seated herself at our table, and began to tell us her history.

"I had thirteen children," she said; "thirteen children—most of them sons—strong, broad-shouldered fellows, *di buona pasta*, like me," and she struck her broad solid breast as she spoke. "But one of them last year died. He was the eldest—what a man he was! There is his portrait on the wall—an artist who stayed here painted it for me. Oh, what a beautiful strong fellow he was! But he is dead—*Dio mio*, he is dead!" and the tears that began to ooze out of her eyes she wiped away with her apron. "So beautiful—so good—an angel—so strong and broad-shouldered—and now dead!" and she gave herself up a moment to her emotions, ejaculating, "So good—so beautiful!" as she looked at his portrait on the wall. But happening in the midst of this to glance through the open door of the kitchen, where a *donna di faccenda* was superintending the cooking of our supper, her attention became distracted, and she mixed up her sorrow for her son with her care for our meal in the oddest way. "Turn that steak, you fool," she cried out, "it will be spoiled! How stupid these people are!—Ah, he was so good, so

beautiful, and he died *tutto all' improvviso.*—I say! there's that pot boiling over, and it will be all wasted or spoiled.—Well! the day before he died he was perfectly well in the morning, and he went out, but towards noon he came back and said—Are you a fool or not a fool? don't you know enough to fry a potato, or must I come there?—Well, he said he didn't feel well—*aveva una costipazione*, and went to bed. Well—the next day he died at noon—and the doctor said—There, that's enough now; bring it here; the *signorini* are hungry—And the doctor said—And the wine—bring the wine, too—And the doctor said, he thought it was a *costipazione di cuore* —How can these *signorini* eat without forks?—The others are all living, but he is dead. Look at me, *sono anch' io di buona pasta, ma forte, forte!*" she exclaimed, shaking her fist in the air; "*ho fatto tredici figli*, I have had thirteen children, and they're all living but one; and I get a pension from the Pope of sixty *scudi* a year, because of the twelve that remain."

And so she was, a sturdy, honest, true-hearted soul as could be found—roaring with laughter one minute and crying the next—made up of "pity and a tender heart," and a powerful physique—and frank to us about her private history as if we had been her oldest friends. She sat at our table, and tasted for us—urged us to eat—and treated us as if we were her own children. "There," said she, as she showed us our room, "I have put you both together—to chatter together (*a' chiacchierare*). Eh! I know you *signorini*—you can chatter there together all night. So,—*buona notte, e riposino bene.*"

And do you remember, the next morning, when we trotted on mules over to Olevano, with thousands of nightingales singing all along the road, and scores of companies of peasants in their *festa* costumes, going to the fair at Gennezzano; and the garlic sausages at Olevano which we ate as we looked out over that glorious view—agreeing to eat them together so as to avoid offence to either? Was not that a wonderful country over which we went on our mules and donkeys, with its strange quaint towns, all picture,—and its wild inhabitants—honest and wild—but good-natured, and with a certain native courtesy of manner? Do you remember our reception at old tumbledown Rojati, where they would not take money for the wine they gave us; and the roaring fire at Subiaco, where we dried our clothes; and the magnificent mountain views from the monastery of Santa Scolastica, grand in character as the Alps, with sheer precipitous cliffs and deep chasms; and the beautiful roses in the garden, where once were the thorns on which St. Benedict rolled? How many times we said, what a charming summer one might spend here among these richly-wooded valleys, lingering along the

Anio's bed, where it rolls its cascade of foam, or climbing the hills to the old castle above the town, or making friends with the monks of Sta. Scolastica, or sitting among the ruins of Nero's villa, or wandering far away from sight and sound of men through the forests and gorges! But all this would be vain to hope! There is everything to render a *villeggiatura* there enchanting except a house.

The princely families of Rome, who derive their titles from the feudal towns which once they ruled over among the mountains, have villas or castles here and there, at which they sometimes spend a few days or weeks in the summer. Many of these old castles and palaces are ruined, but some of them are still habitable. One of the finest of them is the Barberini Palace at Palestrina, which was built in the 15th century upon the ruins of the ancient Temple of Fortune. On the floor of a hall in this palace is the celebrated mosaic which has afforded so much scope to the speculation of antiquaries, and on which the family have lately printed an elaborate description with plates. For a long period this noble palace was deserted by the family, but within the last two or three years the present prince has passed his summer *villeggiatura* there, and occupied himself with excavating some of the Etruscan tombs in the vicinity. On opening one of these, which had remained intact and buried out of sight of mortal eye for thousands of years, a stone coffin was exposed to view. The lid was carefully removed, and a thin *basso rilievo* of finest dust was seen upon the floor of the coffin, so exactly retaining the outline and figure of the occupant, that even the hollow depressions of the eye sockets and the markings of the articulations were plainly visible. It was the figure of a woman, probably a person of distinction; and on the neck of this dust outline lay a golden necklace of the finest Etruscan workmanship, fresh and untarnished as it had come from the hands of the maker. It was an exquisitely delicate hollow chain with a *bolla*, on which was a bearded mask in gold. There it lay perfect as ever, while the human form which wore it had sifted away to dust, and the hand which made it and the generation which saw it had vanished into oblivion. The princess took it from the neck of the Etruscan lady, and at a *conversazione* the next night wore it on her own.

On being shown to Signor Castellani, whose admirable reproductions of jewellery in the Etruscan and early Christian style have won for him so just a celebrity, and who exercises his profession in the true spirit of an antiquary and an artist, he professed himself unable to imitate it, declaring that the art of making such chains was now lost. He proved, however, to be better than his word, and after repeated failures finally succeeded in making a copy. Is it not strange that, with all our boasted improvements in the mechanic

arts, and all our new discoveries in science, we are in some respects only scholars of the wonderful Etruscan race, repeating in our gold work their designs, and forced to confess ourselves their inferiors in skill of execution?

The *villeggiatura* in Rome differs much from the country life in England. It is not the habit here to keep open house or to receive friends within one's household on long visits. The family generally lives by itself, in the most retired manner. There is, however, no lack of society, which is cordial and informal in its character. If the villa belong to a princely house, or be the principal *palazzo* in a small town, there is generally a reunion of the chief personages of the village every evening in its *salons*—the bishop, physician, curate, syndic and lawyer meeting there nightly to discuss the affairs of the place and the prospects of the harvest, or to play cards. If there be several families in contiguous houses the intercourse between them is constant. Visits are made to and fro, little excursions and picnics are formed, and now and then there are rustic dances, to which the *contadini* are invited, when the princes and peasants dance together and enjoy themselves in a *naive* and familiar way. Several of these I remember with much pleasure that took place during a delightful *villeggiatura* I once made in Castel Gandolfo. On these occasions the brick floor of the great hall was well watered and cleanly swept, and the prettiest girls among the neighbouring *contadini* came with their lovers, all arrayed in the beautiful Albanese costume, and glittering with golden necklaces and ear-rings. A barrel of wine was set in one corner of the hall, and a large tray, covered with *ciambelle* and glasses, stood beside it, where any one who wished helped himself. The principal families in the vicinity were also present, some in Albanese dress, and all distinctions of position and wealth and title were set aside. The village band made excellent music, and we danced together polkas, waltzes, quadrilles, and the Roman *saltarello*. These dances took place in the afternoon, commencing at about five o'clock and ending at nine, when we all broke up.

The *saltarello* is the popular dance at Rome, as the *tarantella* is at Naples, and the *montferrino* in Piedmont. It is very gay in its character, and is danced by couples. Like all popular dances, it represents a courtship or lovemaking, in which the lover is passionate and impetuous in his advances, and the maid is coy, shy, or coquettish by turns. The two dancers whirl in circles around each other with rapid steps, sometimes balancing their hands above their heads, sometimes flinging them out and clapping them together with screams, and sometimes resting them on their hips. After completing the circle in one direction, they snap their fingers with a sudden cry and whirl round in the opposite direction. The music is

very animating. It is a never ending, still beginning, '*tarantella*, which is played on the guitar or mandoline, accompanied by the tambourine or accordion. Sometimes the dancers themselves have instruments, and shake above their heads the ringing bells of the tambourine, or flourish around the guitar in the air, and while their breath lasts sing a wild song to the music. The dance is very fatiguing from its constant and rapid movement, and the faces of the performers blaze with heat and excitement as they whirl round or balance back and forward. Girls and men will sometimes keep it up until the breath is nearly beaten out of their body. In their enthusiasm it is a point of ambition for one party to weary out the other. A circle is always formed around the dancers however, and whenever one party is forced to retire, his or her place is instantly supplied by another from the bystanders, who scream and clap their hands and join in the song. The men, however, are almost invariably beaten by the women, whose powers of endurance are surprising. When the dance is properly performed the end is the triumph of the maid over her lover, who drops on his knee before her, while she, in token of her victory, beats her tambourine or snaps her fingers over his head as she whirls round him.

In the Carnival season one may see the *saltarello* charmingly danced in costume in the ball-rooms of the noblest palaces by the handsomest of the Roman nobility, while on the rough pavement of the *piazza* below, in the centre of a masking group of the people, the guitar is thrumming, and figures in carnival costume—pantaloons, *Pulcinelli*, charlatan doctors, Trasteverini, *contadini*, girls and men in every imaginable dress—may be seen screaming with laughter and jests as they whirl round in this passionate and fatiguing dance. The fun was certainly with those in the street, but the beauty and grace were above in the hall.

The Roman peasantry and inhabitants of the country towns are very fond of dancing; and during the summer evenings the thump and jingle of the *tamburello*, mingled with the throb of the guitar, may constantly be heard amid groups of people gathered around to dance the *saltarello* or to look on and applaud. The picture thus formed is often very picturesque; and Pinelli has certainly not drawn on his imagination in his clever outline of one of these scenes. Often there is a stand of water-melons close by, where red, wet slices of this beautiful fruit are ranged out in a row and sold at a half-*baiocco* apiece; and as the dancers get hot and panting they slip out of the circle and, after cooling their mouths with its sweet dripping juice, fling the green rinds into the air and rush again into the dance. How the dangling earrings glance and glitter, and the great red, worn coral beads on their neck rise and fall with their heaving

bosoms as they stand with their hands on their hips and rest after the fatigue!—

"Sie wurden roth, sie wurden warm,
Sie ruhten athmend Arm in Arm."

In this passion for dancing the Romans are not the children of their Cæsarean ancestors. In the imperial days dancing was confined to the *Pantomimi*, and not considered as becoming to a man of rank or sense, unless when connected with religious rites. Cicero says: "No man who is sober dances, unless when he is out of his mind, either when alone or in any decent society, for dancing is the companion of wanton conviviality, dissoluteness, and luxury."

This suggestion of dancing "when alone" I never knew to be carried into practice, except on one occasion, when, as I have been assured by the charming author of "Scrattling," a young English wife, on being asked how she had amused herself during her honeymoon in the country, answered, that she spent the evenings in playing to Sir John, who did her the honour to dance to her music, *all alone.*

The temperature in the lowest of the mountain towns about Rome, or even in Rome itself, during the heats of the summer, is rarely above eighty degrees Fahrenheit. It is not the intensity of the heat, but rather its quality and long continuance, which are so trying to northern constitutions. The air is heavy, and wants that vivacity and electricity which enable us to resist it in the north. It is seldom refreshed by showers; and I have known three months of continuous sunshine with scarcely a cloudy day and never a single drop of rain. The dews however are very heavy, and the nights cool. Towards noon every day rises the sea-breeze from the Mediterranean, which refreshes the air; and so long as the wind comes from the west or north, one need not suffer from heat. When the *scirocco* blows it depresses the spirits, diminishes the circulation, and irritates the nerves. When damp it is like the breath of the Gulf stream, and when dry like a puff from the desert, at once enervating and exciting.

During the night it is considered dangerous to sleep with open windows, the temperature not only being greatly reduced from what it is by day, but also damp, and loaded with exhalations given off by the Campagna under the influence of the heavy dews. So long as the Campagna is perfectly dry or thoroughly saturated with rain it is wholesome, but a slight shower at once engenders malaria, and even the dew provokes a temporary miasma from the dampened ground. At Ave Maria it is not advisable to be out, and especially not to take heating exercise, for it is by sudden chills that the fever and ague are

engendered. Rome is not a place at any time where great exercise can be taken with impunity, and especially is this to be avoided in summer. The sun is generally very hot, and the difference of temperature felt on coming into shade so marked, that one may easily take cold—and a check of perspiration is a fever.

During the night the Romans open the windows of all but the sleeping rooms, but as soon as the sun rises these are closed, and the blinds let down to keep in the fresh air. From time to time water is sprinkled on the brick floors, and thus all day long within doors one may be cool and comfortable. The Romans generally rise very early and take what exercise they deem necessary. At noon all the shops are closed for two hours, and the people take their *siesta*. Everything then is silent in the streets, as at Pompeii. The sun bakes and basks on the white houses, and flashes from the pavement. The earth drinks in the simmering sunshine that quivers over it, and everything seems to sleep. Even the *cicale*, that saw and shrill all day long, cease to jar among the elms and ilexes. The voice of the *contadini* among the vines is heard no more, and the carts rattle no longer through the streets.

When the sun draws down to the horizon the people flock forth from their houses. All the chairs and benches in front of the *caffè* are filled—the streets are thronged with companies of promenaders —every door-step has its little group—the dead town has become alive. Marching through the long green corridors of the "*gallerie*" that lead for miles from Albano or Castel Gandolfo to Genzano, whole families may be seen loitering along together, and pausing now and then to look through the trunks of the great trees at the purple flush that deepens every moment over the Campagna. The *cicale* now renew their song as the sun sets, and croak drily in the trees their good-night. The *contadini* come in from the vineyards and olive-orchards, bearing ozier baskets heaped with grapes, or great bundles of brush-wood on their heads. There is a crowd around the fountain, where women are filling their great copper vases with water, and pausing to chat before they march evenly home under its weight like stout *caryatides*. Broad-horned white oxen drag home their creaking wains. In the distance you hear the long monotonous wail of the peasant's song as he returns from his work, interrupted now and then with a shrill scream to his cattle. White-haired goats come up the lanes in flocks, cropping as they go the over-hanging bushes,—and mounting up the bank to pluck at the flowers and leaves, they stare at you with yellow glassy eyes, and wag their beards. The sheep are huddled into their netted folds. Down the slopes of the pavement jar along ringing files of wine-carts going towards Rome, while the little Pomeranian dog who lives

under the triangular hood in front is running about on the piled wine-casks, and uttering volleys of little sharp yelps and barks as the cars rattle through the streets. If you watch the wine-carriers down into the valley you will see them pull up at the wayside fountains, draw a good flask of red wine from one of the casks, and then replace it with good fresh water.

The *grilli* now begin to trill in the grass and the hedges are alive with fire-flies. From the ilex groves and the gardens nightingales sing until the middle of July; and all summer long glow-worms show their green emerald splendour on the grey walls, and from under the roadside vines. In the distance you hear the laugh of girls, the song of wandering promenaders, and the burr of distant tambourines, where they are dancing the *saltarello*. The *civetta* hoots from the old tombs, the *barbagianni* answers from the crumbling ruins, and the plaintive, monotonous *chiù* owls call to each other across the vales. The moonlight lies in great still sheets of splendour in the piazza, and the shadows of the houses are cut sharply out in it, like blocks of black marble. The polished leaves of the laurel twinkle in its beams and rustle as the wind sifts through them. Above, the sky is soft and tender; great, near, palpitant stars flash on you their changeful splendour of emerald, topaz, and ruby. The Milky Way streams like a delicate torn veil over the heavens. The villa fronts whiten in the moonlight among the grey smoke-like olives that crowd the slopes. Vines wave from the old towers and walls, and from their shadow comes a song to the accompaniment of a guitar—it is a tenor voice, singing "*Non ti scordar, non ti scordar di me.*"

Nothing can be more exquisite than these summer nights in Italy. The sky itself, so vast, tender and delicate, is like no other sky. The American sky is bluer, but harder, more metallic. There is all the difference between the two that there is between a feeling and an opinion. As you stand on one of the old balconies or walk along the terraces of the Frascati villas, looking down over the mysterious Campagna, and listening to the continuous plash of fountains and the song of nightingales, you feel Italy—the Italy of Romeo and Juliet. Everything seems enchanted in the tender splendour. The stars themselves burn with a softer, more throbbing and impulsive light. The waves of the cool, delicate air, passing over orange and myrtle groves, and breathing against the brow and cheeks, seem to blow open the inmost leaves of the book on which youth painted its visionary pictures with the colours of dreams. In a word, we say this is Italy—the Italy we dreamed of—not the Italy of fleas, couriers, mendicants and postilions, but of romance, poetry, and passion.

In April, and early in May, the peasants come down from the mountains to Rome to plough and sow the Campagna. But this over, their occupation is gone, and most of them return to their homes, where they remain until the harvest-time draws near. They may be seen everywhere on the road, in larger or smaller companies, marching along on foot, with their bundle of clothes piled on their head, and it is not uncommon for a mother to carry her infant child in a great ozier basket in the same apparently perilous manner. Long habit, however, enables them to bear heavy weights with ease and safety, and their little ones, lulled by the easy balancing motion, sleep there with entire security. The larger bands are often accompanied by a great wain drawn by oxen, in which they bring their family utensils for cooking, their articles of furniture, and their household gods.

They generally assemble in the Piazza Montanara in Rome, or near the gasometer, where they are hired by the *fattori* of the great farms. When the appointed day for harvesting arrives, at the earliest gleam of dawn they gather together here, and form themselves into companies. All is gaiety and bustle. Each company has a cart decorated with coloured cloths, garlands of laurel and box, and leafy branches of trees, to which are yoked one or two pairs of white oxen, with their horns, necks, and yokes gay with sprigs of flowers, rosettes, and fluttering ribbons. Into this some of the company mount, while the rest walk beside it, or follow after it, playing tambourines, bagpipes, pipes, and other instruments. Dancing, singing and laughing, the festive processions thus take their way through the city, and, issuing from the different gates, wind picturesquely along over the Campagna to their golden ground of harvest.

During the harvest they never return to the city, but work all day from dawn to twilight, rising by three o'clock, and intermitting only two hours at mid-day, when they take their *siesta*; at seven o'clock they eat their breakfast; at noon they dine; after which comes two hours' sleep, under the trees or in any spot of shade; and at seven in the evening the day's work is over, and the time of supper comes. Despite the hard labour under a burning sun, the harvest is a continuous festival, and the humblest farmer saves his money for many a day to supply the little group of labourers with wine and nourishing fare. They who ordinarily eat meat only once a week now partake of three meals of it daily. In the larger farms, owned by wealthy proprietors, there is no stint of good wine and provisions of every kind. The companies are organized with directors and officers, and the steward is busy all day measuring and distributing whatever is needed to stimulate the harvesters. They always remain on the ground, where the food is brought to them, and they eat and drink together there.

Every kind of costume may be seen among them, from the brilliant *ciocari* of Naples on the one side, to the people of the Tuscan Maremma on the other; from the snowy head-dress and scarlet bodice to the broad flapping Tuscan straws. Women, men, and children work together in the fields; and as they reap, half-hidden in the golden grain, their varied and brilliant costumes glowing in the sun are extremely picturesque in effect. But at twilight the grouping is more pictorial. As soon as the day's work is over they begin to amuse themselves; the bagpipe snores out its droning music, the nervous little pipes embroidering it with variations, and the bells of the tambourine jingling an accompaniment. Here are some sitting in groups and singing their popular songs and ballads in chorus, or listening to some *canta storia* with his guitar from Naples; there are others dancing the *tarantella* or *saltarello* in the foreground, while great wheeled wains and lazy white oxen are seen in the middle distance among yellow stacks of grain and heaps of agricultural implements, and behind are the misty mountains rising up against the soft sky.

On many of the farms is a huge *caserma* or stone barn, where the labourers sleep at night; but when this is not the case, temporary *capanne*, or huts of thatched straw, are built near the harvesting ground, where the principal cooking is done, and where the harvesters sleep on straw spread upon the earth. Sometimes, if the spot be particularly damp and miasmatic, the hut is set high upon poles, and they pass the night in the air. The poor and improvident, who sleep upon the ground, have but too often to pay the severe penalty of fever and ague, and many of them return to their homes wretched, sallow, and shaking with disease. On the Agro Romano, or Campagna immediately in the vicinity of Rome, they may do this with comparative impunity, if they are careful; but lower down on the Pontine marshes the fever is sure to exact a heavy proportion of victims.

At the harvesting season time is too precious to be lost, and even on Sundays and *festa*-days the labourers are permitted to work. An altar is, however, raised for each company in the fields, which is decorated with flowers and green boughs, and here in the open air mass is performed to the harvesters, who kneel about the altar on the grass.

Sometimes the same set of labourers is hired to harvest on two opposite portions of the Campagna, so that they must pass through the city to go from one to the other. This transit is a festival in itself. It generally is made at midnight, or even later. The gates of Rome, which are usually closed to poor passengers after eleven o'clock, are always open to the reapers whatever the hour may be; and long after Rome is fast asleep, its sounding streets echo to the

rout of one of these companies, who, playing their various instruments, waving their torches, and chanting their Campagna songs, startle the sleepers from their first dreams and bring many a night-cap to the window.

The reaping done, there is a triumphal harvest-home. Singing and dancing round the high heaped cart of trailing golden grain, as it creaks along over the uneven ground, they bear the last load home. There it is crammed into the great stone barns or piled into picturesque pointed stacks ready for the threshing-floor.

In all the country about Rome it is the custom to leave a considerable quantity of grain upon the fields for poor gleaners. As soon as the harvesting is over and the labourers have left the ground, a messenger is sent round by the large farmers into the adjacent villages and towns, who, after a preliminary flourish of a trumpet or roll of a drum, makes proclamation that, on a certain day, any poor person, by paying a *baiocco*, shall be entitled to enter upon such or such a field or plantation and glean whatever he can find. The *baiocco* goes to the factor or superintendent, to pay the expense of the messenger. On the appointed day the poor assemble from all quarters, and find ample reward for their labour in the gleanings of the fields. The quantity of grain left at the harvest varies according to the circumstances or charity of the owner; but in the large fields there are good pickings, and the wealthy proprietors generally leave a very considerable amount for the poor.

When the grain is gathered and stacked it is spread out upon a broad stone threshing-floor in the open air, and trodden out by horses or oxen five or six abreast, which are driven over it in a circle by two or three men, who stand in the centre, and howl, scream, and crack their long whips at them as they flounder knee-deep through the straw. Sometimes a portion is beaten out with the flail. For weeks, the screams of the drivers of "*la trita*," the rattling of the flail, and the sifting of the grain may be heard all day long; and every night beyond midnight the air resounds with choruses of *contadini*, who lie on the straw and sing their popular songs. It is a common custom, when the grain is thoroughly threshed and stored away, to have a rustic ball on the threshing-floor, with a village band to play, and then there is really fun and frolic.

Leopold Robert has painted a famous picture representing the harvesting at Rome, which gives one a tolerable idea of the scene. It is, however, too academic and studied in all its *poses*, and wanting in the broad humour and rich effect, the rustic abandon and frolic, and the riotous unity of the real thing. The figures are correct in costume and graceful, but there is too much attitudinising—the grace is not Italian in its character—it is too conscious.

During the early autumnal months, nothing can be more exquisite than the landscape about Rome. A delicate vapour silvers over the far-off range of the horizon, where the mountains almost mingle with the sky. Nearer they are tremulous with tender floating lights and transparent violet shadows, with purple bands and patches where the forest is growing, or streaks of dark blue where shadows are cast upon them by the wandering clouds. Climbing along the slopes, which are of a rich golden brown now that the harvest has been reaped, delicate grey olives almost seem to float like puffs of motionless smoke, casting a spectral shadow on the ground beneath, or where the sun strikes athwart them they show their silvery tops as flat as if they had been sheared by the scythe. In the green vineyard rows the vine-leaves are beginning to rust; and here and there are seen splashes of brilliant crimson and yellow among the purple grapes. Cone-like cypresses stand dark and serious amid the lighter foliage, showing their golden balls in the slanting sun. Solemn parliaments of tall stone-pines, with amber-brown trunks and broad green tops are gathered here and there in groves, or stand alone guarding the ruins of some ancient tomb over which they cast their shadow. Little towns and villages are spotted in soft brown upon the mountain sides. Under the villa walls and in the hedge-rows are flocks of goats, that browse at their will or sleep in the shade. Beneath the eaves of the farm-houses or along the *loggie* are hung clustering ears of brilliant yellow maize, and set upon the ledge to dry in the sun are rows of red tomatoes. Against the grey villa walls here and there a rose-hued oleander rears its rich clusters of flowers, or a pomegranate or orange tree shows its glowing fruit. Grey oxen are in the valley straining at the plough, and turning up the rich brown soil, or stopping to drink at some great stone tank. Look wherever you will all is rich and lovely in colour, and pictorial in grouping and outline, and over the whole landscape is a soft bloom like that upon a delicate plum.

In the latter part of September comes the vintage festival, which is the most antique and picturesque of all. It is the remnant of the old Roman Dionysia, purged of its ancient licentiousness, but retaining many of its most salient peculiarities. Bacchus alone, of all the antique gods of Rome, still survives. In some places on the confines of Naples his *oscilla* or masks are still hung upon the trees in the vineyards for luck, and songs are sung in his praise, and masks are worn in the procession of the vintage as in the ancient days.

Bacchus also has survived in the speech of the people, who still swear, "*Per Bacco—Per Dingi* or *Dinci* (*Dionygi*) *Bacco;*" and the ancient *bassi rilievi* representing the triumphal return of Bac-

chus after subduing India show that this festival was the ancient prototype of the modern procession of the vintage.

And here, by-the-way, a curious feature in the oaths of the Italians may be remarked. "*Dio mio*" is merely an exclamation of sudden surprise or wonder; "*Madonna mia*," of pity and sorrow; and "*Per Cristo*," of hatred and revenge. It is in the name of Christ, and not of God (as with us), that imprecations, curses, and maledictions, are invoked by an Italian upon persons and things which have excited his rage; and the reason is very simple. Christ is to him the judge and avenger of all, and so represented in every picture he sees, from Orgagna's and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" down, while the Eternal Father is a peaceful old figure bending over him as he hurls down denunciations on the damned. Christ has but two aspects to him—one as the *Bambino* or baby, and one as the terrible avenger of all. The oath comes from the middle ages, when Christ was looked upon mostly in the latter aspect; but in modern days he is regarded as the innocent babe on the lap of the Madonna. Generally, the oaths of the Italians are pleasant, and they have not forgotten some which their ancient ancestors used. They still swear by the loveliest of the heathen deities, the god of genial nature, Bacchus; and among their commonest exclamations are "*Per Bacco*," "*Corpo di Bacco*." It is very common among them also to swear by some beautiful plant, as by capers, "*capperi*," or the arbutus fruit, "*corbezzoli*," as well as by the arch-priest, "*arciprete*," whoever he may be. Nor do they disdain to give force to their sentiments on special occasions even by calling the cabbage to witness, "*Cavolo!*" But the most general oath is "*accidente*," or apoplexy, which one hears on all occasions. This word as ordinarily employed is merely an expletive or exclamation, but when used in anger intentionally as a malediction, under the form "*Ch' un accidente ti piglia*," (May an apoplexy overtake you), it is the most terrible imprecation that can come from the lips of a Catholic,—for its real meaning is, "May so sudden a death strike you, that you may have no chance for absolution by the priest, and so go down to hell." The being not utterable to ears polite is seldom referred to in Rome by his actual name *Diavolo*, and our phrase, "Go to the devil," is shocking to an Italian; but they smooth down his name into "*Diamine*," or "*Diascane*," and thus save their consciences and their tongues from offence.

The season of the *vendemmia* is one of great gaiety and license—a sort of saturnalia, where the tongue wags as it likes—and all sorts of liberties are taken without offence. When "*Liber Pater*" gives us good wine, "*Per Bacco*," shall we not be gay? The season is come

—the grapes strain their ripe purple skins with wine—they have drunk in the sunshine of all the summer—they hang in transparent clusters on the rusting vines, their seeds swimming in rich juice—and the time to pluck them has come. They must not be too luscious in their ripeness, or our wine will lack its flavour. So, to the vintage—and, *Viva la vendemmia!*

In we go among the vines. There are scores of picturesque peasants plucking grapes, with laughter and jest, and heaping them into deep baskets, till their purple bunches loll over the edge moist with juice. Some are mounted on ladders to reach the highest—some on foot below gathering the lowest—and the heavy luscious buckets, as soon as they are filled, are borne off on the head to a great basket wain, into which they are all tumbled together. The very oxen themselves seem to enjoy it, as they stand there among the vines decorated with ribbons, and waiting to bear home their sunny freight of grapes. The dogs bark, the girls laugh and slip out of the arm of the swains, who threaten them with a kiss. Stalwart creatures they are too, and able enough to guard themselves; and the smack of their hand on his cheek or back I willingly yield to him, though he takes the practical reproof with a good-natured laugh, and is ready to try his luck again when a chance offers.

When the grapes are all gathered they are heaped into great stone vats, and, crowned with vine leaves, the peasants, bare-legged to their thighs, leap into them, and with joke and song tread down the grapes, whose rich juice runs out below into a great butt. As they crush them down new heaps are emptied in, and it is no small exercise to keep them under. The juice spurts over them and stains them crimson—the perspiration streams from their forehead—they pant with excitement, and as they brush away their wet hair they streak their faces with purple. When one is wearied out by this fatiguing work another takes his place, and so the dance goes on until the best of the juice is expressed. The skins are then subjected to the wooden press, which gives a second and ordinary quality of wine, and water is frequently poured over them as they dry.

These dried skins and stems, when burned and reduced to charcoal dust, form the basis of the blackest and most permanent ink. They are imported in large quantities into England, and from them is manufactured the ink used in printing the bank-notes of the Bank of England.

The juice after it is expressed is poured into large butts and covered over. For weeks it boils and bubbles in violent fermentation, throwing to the surface all the dirt, stalk, and extraneous substances that may have fallen into it. This is constantly skimmed

and thrown away. Therefore, my most fastidious friends, do not let your pleasure in drinking the Italian wine be marred by thoughts of the uncleanliness of the feet that tread it out. Not only are they washed and scrubbed well before the grapes are danced upon, but, even were they not, the boiling wine would throw off in its scum every particle of uncleanliness. It is not till the day of All Saints that the wine has become quiet enough to drink, and then it is crude and *asciutto*. By January it has become refined, so that its flavour can really be judged.

When the wine is made the vintage procession takes place. This ceremony, in which the classical and the modern are sometimes ludicrously mingled together, is always amusing and picturesque. If you would really see it in its perfection you must go into the mountain towns far from the city; for old customs are sadly dying out in the highway of travel, and the last fifty years have done more to obliterate the traces of classical customs in modern Italy than previous centuries had been able to effect.

The procession is led off by the handsomest peasant, who is chosen on the occasion by his comrades to represent Bacchus. He is crowned with ivy and vine leaves mixed with grapes, and carries in his hand a *thyrsus* twined with flowers, leaves, and ivy, and tipped with a pine-cone as in the ancient days. Instead of a panther's or leopard's hide, a fresh, well-dressed sheep's skin, stained with wine to represent its spotted skin, is swung from his shoulder. After him come groups of women clad in their richest costumes, bearing on their heads baskets of grapes, and boys carrying clusters of grapes in their hands. *Bacchantes* and *Lenæ*, waving cane poles entwined with vine sprays, or beating their ringing tambourines, thrumming their guitars or mandolines, and pumping their accordions, flock all around him. Then come great carts, richly adorned with bright colours, leaves and flowers, tugged along by creamy oxen stained with grape-juice; and, finally, the procession closes by a fat fellow with a stuffed paunch, on a donkey, tricked out in some humorous way, and his face stained with grapes, who represents Silenus—and grimaces, sings, and rolls about on his long-eared beast, pretending to be drunk. This is the wit of the town, and he has full license on this occasion to abuse everybody and scatter his sarcasms right and left. Outside are *contadini* with lighted torches, who wave them to and fro as they go, after the antique custom—and with beating of tambourines, mandolines, and guitars, screaming of horns, wild Campagna songs, shouts of *Viva Bacco!* (*Evoe Bacchus!*) *Viva la Vendemmia!*—dancing, grimacing, and gesticulation, the joyous procession makes its festive way along the fields and town. The

very *parroco* himself does not disdain to enter heart and soul into the festival and to join in the procession.

The vine in the Roman States is trained upon cane poles, placed at regular distances from each other in long lines, and often interlaced into a sort of diamonded fencework. Near the house there is almost invariably a long covered arbour, over which the grape-vines are trained, and this frequently surmounts a *loggia*, under the green shadow of which one may be protected from the sun even in high noon. When the ripe grapes hang their tempting clusters overhead, and Roman girls lean over the *loggia* wall, or dance the *saltarello* under it, the effect is very picturesque. These arbours make a striking feature of all the Campagna houses and wayside *osterias*; and under them is generally a stone table or bench, where the family come to sit and the frequenters of the *osteria* take their wine or dinner.

The vines are well cultivated and bear delicious grapes; but nothing can be more careless than the manner in which the wine is made. No pains are taken in the selection and distribution of the grapes so as to obtain different qualities of wine; but good and bad, stems and all, are cast pell-mell into one great vat, and the result, of course, is a wine far inferior to that which might be produced. Were the Romans as careful and skilful as the French in their modes of manufacture, they might produce wines equal, if not superior, to the best wines of Burgundy. As it is, a large quantity of the grape juice is only fit to be converted into brandy, and for that purpose is exported to England and other countries. When any care, however, is expended in its manufacture, the wine is very rich and full-flavoured, and has great body. The strongest wine is that grown in the vineyards near Genzano and Velletri, and the lightest and most delicate comes from the country about Orvieto. The Orvieto is a pale faint-coloured wine, of a sweetish flavour, half way betweeen the purest cider and champagne. It comes to Rome in thin bulbous flasks, half covered with a network of woven flags or straw, and is sold at two *pauls* the flask in retail. The sweet Frascati wine is more robust and less delicate in flavour. In the northern portion of the Roman States the richest and most-esteemed wine is the famous *Est*, grown in the vicinity of Montefiascone. It owes its name to the Bishop Johann Fugger, who, being fond of good living, was in the habit of sending his servant before him, whenever he travelled, to ascertain where the best wines were to be found, so that the worthy bishop might take his night's repose at towns where he could best satisfy his palate. The servant, wherever he found a good wine, wrote on the walls the Latin word *est* (*it*

is); and when he came to Montefiascone, so impressed was he with the excellence of its wine that he wrote *est, est, est*, to signify that it was trebly good; and so indeed the excellent bishop found it to his cost, for here he died, as the story goes, from partaking of it too freely. In the cathedral, any one who doubts the fact may see his monument, with this inscription, written by his valet: "*Est—est—est. Propter nimium est, Joannes de Foucris, dominus meus, mortuus est.*"

The famous *setinum* of the ancient Romans, which was the favourite beverage of Augustus and his courtiers, and is celebrated by Martial and Juvenal, grew upon the hills around Setia (now Sezze), a little mountain town near the confines of the Roman and Neapolitan States, overhanging the Pontine marshes, and is of a similar quality to that grown at Velletri. Previous to his time the Cæcuban wine, which was produced in the vicinity of Fundi (now Fondi), was considered the best, but in time it degenerated through the carelessness of the cultivators and lost its reputation. The second rank among wines was given to the Falernian, which was grown on the *agger* Faustianus, a small district extending between the Massic hills around Sezze to the river Volturno. This was a rough heady wine, which was softened by honey. It required a maturing of ten years before it was in its prime for drinking, and then preserved its good qualities for twenty additional years. When drunk before maturity it produced headache and irritated the nervous system. The best of the Falernian vineyards are now in the hands of Messrs. Cotterell and Company, English bankers at Naples; and the wine, which is better made than it was by the ancient Romans, is still much esteemed. The Latin poets have made the Falernian familiar to all by their praises, and Horace was evidently addicted to it:—

> "Est, qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
> Nec partem solido demere de die
> Spernit."—(Od. i. 1.)

The Albanum, which was grown on the Alban Hill, was in the third rank, and was of various qualities: the *austerum*, which is now called *asciutto*, red and roughish on the tongue, like the Velletri and Genzano wines; the *dulce* (*dolce*) or sweet wine, such as that of Frascati; and the *tenue* or thin wines, which were of the class of the Orvieto. The distinctions now are only between the *dolce* and *asciutto* and the *rosso* and *bianco*.

These wines are still in some places kept in sheepskins after the manner of the ancients, but ordinarily they are stored in great butts

and drawn off into small casks, to be carried to Rome. The tall two-wheeled wine carts, on which they are packed in regular rows, are very picturesque. A triangular hood, covered with rough, undressed sheepskin, and supported on poles, is fixed on the left side of the *carretta*, under the shade of which the driver sits and sleeps as he jars along the road. It is drawn by one horse, whose head-stall is decorated with a tall pompoon or tuft of cock's feathers rising between his ears. The saddle is surmounted by handles or horns, studded thickly over with brass nails, and suspended between them is a thin circular or semi-lunar brass plate that revolves in its sockets with every movement of the horse. Under his belly and close to his jaw is a string of bells, fixed to a band of fur, that jingle as he goes. A little dog of the Pomeranian breed invariably accompanies the *carretta*, sleeps, eats, and lodges there, faithfully guarding it day and night, and showing his white teeth with a sharp, piercing and continuous yell, rather than bark, if any one approaches it. The *carrettieri*, who are merely carriers, and not proprietors of the freight they carry, generally set off in the latter part of the afternoon, and if their journey be long they travel all night, resting during the hours when the heat of the sun would set the wine into fermentation. They certainly do not enjoy a very good reputation for honesty; and not only levy very free contributions on their freight for their own internal well-being—considering with St. Paul that a little wine is good for the stomach's sake—but also sell it out along the road, supplying the void they make by the addition of wholesome spring water; so that the full-bodied Velletri often grows very feeble before it reaches its destination in Rome.

This, however, is the least danger which the wine incurs. As soon as it enters the gates it is destined to far worse adulteration of every kind, and lucky is he who gets a bottle of pure and sincere wine from any *osteria*, pot-house, or drinking-shop within the walls.

To guard against the levying of private customs in kind by the *carrettiere*, each is furnished with a little cask for his own consumption, filled with the best wine. This, however, he is too wise to drink, as his thirst can always be satisfied by milking the wooden cow of the *padrone;* and he therefore keeps it unadulterated for sale on his own account in Rome, where purchasers are always ready to give him a good price, and to thank him too.

The principal vintners have subterranean caves under Monte Testaccio, that huge artificial hill of earthern shards at the foot of the Aventino, near the pyramid of Caius Sestius. Here they store their great butts of wine, and carry on their adulterations at first hand. From here the wine is distributed in detail among the shops

and *osterias*, where it is submitted to new practices. As it is, therefore, comparatively pure at Monte Testaccio, this is a favourite resort of the Romans on *festa* afternoons, who go there to play *boccie* or *pallone* on the open space, and drink wine and lunch on the benches and tables set out before the wine-cellars and *osterias*. The porous character of the hill itself is well adapted to preserve the wine, and the cellars are worth visiting.

After the vintage is over, come the October festivals, the *ottobrate* as they are called, when the Romans twice a week during the whole month are in the habit of going out to the villas and vineyards about Rome in companies to dance, sing, and picnic under the trees. Every Monday and Thursday they may be seen dressed in the gayest costumes; and crowded as in Carnival times into an open carriage, some sitting on the hood, some on the box, and shaking their tambourines and thrumming their guitars as they pass along through the streets of the city. The carriage is generally decorated gaily, and the horses wear bright ribbons and feathers on their headstalls and saddles. In the Villa Borghese every Thursday groups are gathered everywhere, with their picnics spread out on the grass. There they sing and dance the *saltarello*, and give themselves up to fun and frolic with a freedom and disregard of bystanders peculiarly Italian.

When the first profuse rains fall, as they generally do, in the latter part of September or the first part of October, the summer *villeggiatura* is over, and the families begin to flock back to Rome, which is now again healthy. Now begins the autumn *villeggiatura*, when the hunting and sporting season commences; and many who have spent the summer in the city go out to the mountains and plains to fish and shoot. In some parts of Italy, as in Siena, it is the custom for the principal families to go to their country villas only during the spring and autumn, while they pass the heats of the summer in the city. Their beautiful villas are empty during the months of July and August; and only when the game season commences, and the autumn begins to rust the leaves, do they return to the country. Vainly have I sought a satisfactory reason for this custom. "*È il costume*" is the only answer I have ever received: to which I can only say that it seems to me a "custom more honoured in the breach than the observance." *Ma che volete? è il costume.*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAMPAGNA.

THE Roman Campagna is a vast undulating plain stretching along the coast from Civita Vecchia to Terracina, a distance of about 100 miles, and extending in diameter from the sea across to the mountains which girdle it on the east about 40 miles. Along this plain, pursuing an irregular course from north to south, and marking the ancient boundaries between Latium and Etruria, hurry the yellow and turbulent waves of the Tiber; and nearly equidistant from Civita Vecchia, Terracina, and the mountains, perched on its seven hills, is the city of Rome. Looking from the lofty tower of the Capitol, you see on the east the long low shore of the Mediterranean stretching for miles, with here and there the little towns of Pratica, Ostia, and Ardea, darkly *silhouetted* above its line against the faint band of the flashing sea. Towards the south, swelling from the flat level in long and beautiful sweeps, rises the varied outline of Monte Albano, culminating in the cone of Monte Cavi, and then again sweeping gracefully into the plain. Along its lower slopes gleam the towns of Albano, Marino, Castel Gandolfo, and Frascati, with villas, gardens, and olive orchards stretching up the hill. Still higher, and resting on a little jutting ledge, like a rock-slide which has been caught and stopped in its descent, is the little grey town of Rocca di Papa. Green forests and groves girdle its waist and soften the volcanic hollows around the Alban lake; and high up on its summit, where once towered the temple of Jupiter Latialis, built by Tarquin, rising above the trees may be seen the shining walls of the Passionist convent of Monte Cavi, built by Cardinal York on the ruins of the ancient temple. Here on the spot whence Virgil tells us that Juno surveyed the ranks of the contending armies, "*Laurentum Troumque*," and gazed upon the city of the Latins, you may stand and overlook the Roman world from Civita Vecchia to Naples

—and not disdain a stout coat to protect you in the evenings of summer. Where the Alban Hill again drops into the plain on the western side is a wide gap of distance, through which you look far away down towards Naples, and see the faint misty height of Ischia just visible on the horizon—and then rising abruptly with sheer limestone cliffs and *crevasses*, where transparent purple shadows sleep all day long, towers the grand range of the Sabine mountains, whose lofty peaks surround the Campagna to the east and north like a curved amphitheatre. Down through the gap, and skirting the Pontine marshes on the east, are the Volscian mountains, closing up the Campagna at Terracina, where they overhang the road and affront the sea with their great barrier. Following along the Sabine hills, you will see at intervals the towns of Palestrina and Tivoli, where the Anio tumbles in foam, and other little mountain towns nestled here and there among the soft airy hollows, or perched on the cliffs. At their feet, on three little hills that stand like advanced posts before the lofty mountains, are the half-ruined villages of Colonna, Zagarola, and Gallicano, which give their names to princely Roman families of to-day. Further along towers the dark and lofty peak of Monte Gennaro, that wears its ermine of snow almost into the summer, and the longer line of the Leonessa, where rose-coloured snow lies softly glowing against the sky as late as April. Beyond these, alone and isolated, in the north, rises out of the turbulent waves of the Campagna the striking and picturesque height of Soracte, swelling from the plain in form "like a long swept wave about to break, that on the crest hangs pausing." Sweeping now round by Rieti, Civita Castellana, and the mountains of Viterbo, we come back to the sea at Civita Vecchia.

Within this magnificent amphitheatre lies the Campagna of Rome, and nothing can be more rich and varied, with every kind of beauty —sometimes, as around Ostia, flat as an American prairie, with miles of *canne* and reeds rustling in the wind, fields of exquisite feathery grasses waving to and fro, and forests of tall golden-trunked stone-pines poising their spreading umbrellas of rich green high in the air, and weaving a murmurous roof against the sun; sometimes drear, mysterious, and melancholy, as in the desolate stretches between Civita Vecchia and Rome, with lonely hollows and hills without a habitation, where sheep and oxen feed, and the wind roams over treeless and deserted slopes, and silence makes its home; sometimes rolling like an inland sea whose waves have suddenly been checked and stiffened, green with grass, golden with grain, and gracious with myriads of wild flowers, where scarlet poppies blaze over acres and acres, and pink-frilled daisies cover the vast meadows,

and pendent vines shroud the picturesque ruins of antique villas, aqueducts and tombs or droop from mediæval towers and fortresses.

Such is the aspect of the Agro Romano, or southern portion of the Campagna extending between Rome and Albano. It is picture wherever you go. The land, which is of deep rich loam that repays a hundred-fold the least toil of the farmer, does not wait for the help of man, but bursts into spontaneous vegetation and everywhere laughs into flowers. Here is pasturage for millions of cattle, and grain fields for a continent, that now in wild untutored beauty bask in the Italian sun, crying shame on their neglectful owners. Over these long unfenced slopes one may gallop on horseback for miles without let or hindrance, through meadows of green smoothness on fire with scarlet poppies—over hills crowned with ruins that insist on being painted, so exquisite are they in form and colour, with their background of purple mountains—down valleys of pastoral quiet, where great *tufa* caves open into subterranean galleries leading beyond human ken; or one may linger in lovely secluded groves of ilexes and pines, or track the course of swift streams overhung by dipping willows, and swerving here and there through broken arches of antique bridges smothered in green; or wander through hedges heaped and toppling over with rich, luxuriant foliage, twined together by wild vetches, honeysuckles, morning glories, and every species of flowering vine; or sit beneath the sun-looped shadows of ivy-covered aqueducts, listening to the song of hundreds of larks far up in the air, and gazing through the lofty arches into wondrous deeps of violet-hued distances, or lazily watching flocks of white sheep as they crop the smooth slopes guarded by the faithful watch-dog. Everywhere are deep-brown banks of *pozzolano* earth which makes the strong Roman cement, and quarries of tufa and travertine with unexplored galleries and catacombs honeycombing for miles the whole Campagna. Dead generations lie under your feet wherever you tread. The place is haunted by ghosts that outnumber by myriads the living, and the air is filled with a tender sentiment of sadness which makes the beauty of the world about you more touching. You pick up among the ruins on every slope fragments of rich marbles that once encased the walls of luxurious villas. The *contadino* or shepherd offers you an old worn coin, on which you read the name of Cæsar; or a *scarabæus* which once adorned the finger of an Etruscan king, in whose dust he now grows his beans; or the broken head of an ancient jar in marble or terra-cotta, or a lacrymatory of a martyred Christian, or a vase with the Etrurian red that now is lost, or an *intaglio* that perhaps has

sealed a love-letter a thousand years ago. Such little touches urge the imagination :—

> "Here are acres sown, indeed,
> With the richest royal'st seed
> That the earth did e'er suck in
> Since the first man died for sin.
> Here the bones of birth have cried ;
> Though gods they were, as men they died.
> Here are sands—ignoble things—
> Dropped from the ruined sides of kings.
> Here's a world of pomp and state
> Buried in dust, once dead by fate."

"What is that with which you are striking fire on your steel to light your pipe?" said a gentleman to a *contadino*, whom he had stopped to ask a question. "*Una pietra*—a stone I found here some months ago," he replied. "Would your Excellency like to see it?" and he extended to him a stone, the edge of which he had worn away on his steel. It was a magnificent *intaglio* in *pietra dura*, one of the rarest and largest of the antique stones that exists, and undoubtedly was the shoulder brooch of an imperial mantle worn by one of the Cæsars. For a few *pauls* the ignorant *contadino* sold an antique gem which was worth a fortune, and which had for its possessor no other value or use than a common flint.

Subterranean Rome is vaster than the Rome above ground. Almost every rising hillock has its *pozzolano* cave which stimulates your curiosity to explore. You enter and creep a short distance into the damp shadow of the earth, and then a shudder comes over you and you return—or else, finding your way blocked up by fallen earth and fragments of ruin, you are glad to turn back, and, after stumbling darkly over stones, to issue again into the warm sunshine. Some of these are entrances into the *arenariæ* or sand quarries of the ancients, which are burrowed far into the bowels of the earth. In these, hunted Christians in fear of martyrdom, robbers and assassins in ancient and mediæval days, emperors fleeing for their life from the insurrections of the Golden House, were wont to hide themselves. Into one of them, near the Esquiline gate, Asinius was decoyed and murdered, as we learn from Cicero. In another, Nero was recommended to take refuge when, with naked feet, disguised, and trembling with apprehension, he passed out the Nomentan gate with death at his heels, and shuddering, refused to bury himself alive in the sand-pit. And all along the Appian way they afforded hiding-places of thieves, who rushed out from them upon unwary travellers.

But besides the *arenariæ* and *latomiæ*, there are the dark laby-

rinthine galleries of the catacombs, intersecting everywhere the Campagna under ground with their burrowing net-work. Here in the black tunneled streets of this subterranean city is a mighty population of the dead. Tier above tier, story above story, in their narrow walled-up houses for miles and miles along these sad and silent avenues, lie the skeletons of martyred and persecuted Christians, each with his lacrymatory, now dry, and his little lamp, which went out in the darkness more than fifteen centuries ago. A few of these catacombs have been explored to a certain distance; but it is supposed that they extend as far as Ostia. Mr. Northcote, in his interesting work on the catacombs, says that the united length of all the streets in the cemetery of St. Agnes alone would be fifteen or sixteen miles, and reckons the length of all the streets in all the catacombs at no less than nine hundred miles. These vast subterranean labyrinths, where the sun never shines and the grass never grows, are densely populated by the dead, "each in his narrow cell for ever laid." On either side the tombs or cells are carven in the stone,—and for every seven feet of the dark streets Padre Marchi allows an average of ten sepulchral chambers, each with its dead occupant. According to this calculation, the Roman catacombs contain almost seven millions of graves.

Long before Æneas landed on the Latin shore cities had been founded there and flourished and perished; generations had come and gone; masterpieces of art had been executed, and all at last had been buried in almost indiscriminate decay. Rome itself was built upon the ruins of a far more ancient city, the very name of which has perished. Yet the wonderful *cloacæ* which drained that nameless city still remain, as perfect and solid as when they were laid, to drain the modern city of St. Peter and the Popes. These works are often attributed to the elder Tarquin, but there can be little doubt that they existed not only long before his time, but were of so old a date that even then it was not known by whom they were built. It is most improbable that Tarquin, whose whole territory extended in no direction beyond fifteen miles, and whose central city was of a very limited population, made up chiefly of herdsmen and banditti, should have constructed works of mere convenience and cleanliness exceeding those to be found in any other city; and the fact stated by Lactantius,* that a statue was found in these *cloacæ* by Tatius, representing an unknown person, to which such mystery was at-

* "Cloacinæ simulacrum id cloacâ maxima repertum Tatius consecravit, et quia cujus effigies esset ignorabat ex loco illi nomen imposuit." Lact., lib. i. ch. 20.

tached by him and his colleague that it was consecrated forthwith, and received the name of Venus Cloacina, would also seem to indicate that these works, so far from having been built by Tarquin, were ancient in his day.

Under the swelling mounds which rise everywhere around you in the Campagna are the galleries and foundations of ancient villas and the chambers of ancient tombs. It is but two years ago that Signor Fortunati undertook some excavations on the ancient Via Latina in hopes of discovering the remains of an early Christian church. Scarcely had he struck pick and spade into the earth, when he burst through the roof of two ancient tombs, which for ten centuries had lain there hidden from human eye. There stood the ancient sarcophagi, with the bones of their occupants. On the ceiling of one, perfect as ever, were figures and arabesques in *bassi rilievi* sketched with a master's hand in the wet plaster; and on the ceiling of the other were the fresh unfaded colours of Roman paintings of the early imperial days. In these tombs there was an air of peace and serenity which was very striking. Landscapes, fruits, musical instruments, birds, flowers, graceful figures, and masks were painted on the walls, and in the centre of the ceiling Jove wielded his thunderbolt. The aspect of everything was cheerful. On the sarcophagi were *alti rilievi* representing mythologic stories; and Death, instead of being impersonated by a grinning skeleton, hideous and frightful, stood in the shape of a youthful and winged genius with inverted torch. One could not but be struck by the contrast between the Christian catacombs, so sad, severe, solemn, and mournfully oppressive, and these pleasant and almost cheerful Pagan tombs. In the latter it seemed as if the family must have often gathered together in tender regret to remember the happy days of the past, and to be near the beloved ones who had once been with them in the body, with no misgivings about an infernal and hideous hereafter of perpetual agony. Built against one of these sepulchral chambers, and forming as it were a vestibule to it, was a tomb of a later date with several sarcophagi. On one of these was the following tender inscription:—

"C. Servienus Demetrius
Mar. F. Viviæ Severæ,
Uxori santissimæ et
Mihi Q. vixit mecum annis XXII. Mens. VIIII. Dies V.
In quibus semper mihi
Bene fuit cum illa
Pancrati hic."

But even here the desecrating hand of some Goth had been, and through a hole broken in one corner had probably stolen the ornaments placed there by the pious hand of her husband.

When these tombs were discovered the whole world of Rome flocked to see them, and some modern barbarian, not contented with stealing the skulls and carrying off the fragments of marble and vases which lay profusely scattered over the ground, knocked off one of the most perfect of the stucco figures at the corner of the painted tomb and carried it off.*

Here also were unearthed the foundations of the early Christian basilica dedicated to St. Stephen, and built by St. Demetria, the first nun, at the instance of the Pope St. Leo the Great, who was the head of the church from A.D. 440 to 461. Bosio, the great explorer of Christian remains, had failed to discover it; but there it lay hidden under the grassy mould at the third mile-stone on the Via Latina, just as it was described by Aringhi two hundred years ago. It was in complete ruin, being razed to its foundations. Twenty-two columns of rare and beautiful marble, one of which is of *verde antico*, and several of *breccia* and *cipollino marino*, were found toppled down among its *débris*, as well as forty bases and more than thirty capitals, and numberless architectural ornaments attesting the richness of the old basilica.

Here too was exposed to view the old pavement of the Via Latina, worn into ruts by the narrow *plaustra* and *bigæ* of the ancient Romans, clearly showing that a drive was no joke in those days. At the side of the road are also raised walks for foot passengers, similar to those in Pompeii.

All these had lain under the smoothed mounds of grass for centuries, hidden from mortal eye; and here a month before the sheep had been peaceably feeding, and the shepherd dreaming on his staff unconscious of the world beneath his feet. Now we had broken through into the old life and death, and touched as it were past generations which were only dust and spirit, and read records of love and sorrow that had so long survived the hands that wrote and the lips that uttered them. Who was Vivia Severa, that made her husband happy for nearly twenty-three years? Was she as beautiful as she was amiable? and did Serviemus Demetrius mourn her for a week and then marry again?

It was only the other day that a cry was heard in Rome, which would have sounded strangely enough anywhere else. "A new Venus has been found in a *vigna* on the Campagna about a mile

* Since this was written, all the stucco figures in this tomb have shared the same fate.

beyond the Porta Portese." The world of strangers, thrilled by curiosity, eagerly thronged out to see it, and the road for days was covered with carriages. Leaving the horses at a little *osteria*, you struck across an open vineyard a short quarter of a mile, when you came to the excavations, and there in the corner of a subterranean room belonging to an ancient villa stood the new Venus. Just risen, not from the sea but from the earth, somewhat grimed by the dirt in which she had made her bed for centuries, and with her arms and head lying on the ground at her side, stood the figure of the Paphian goddess with which we are all so familiar. But it is in all respects inferior in execution and finish to the celebrated Venus de' Medici, and not likely to disturb the old favourite in her "pride of place." The attitude of the two statues is the same with slight variations, and they seem to be copies of an original vastly superior to both. The legs and extremities of the new Venus are badly wrought, and the workmanship throughout is not of the first class; but the *torso* is elegant in its contour, and the proportions slenderer and more refined than those of the Medicæan Venus. The head too, though battered, is larger and in better proportion to the figure than the small, characterless head of her rival.

The proprietor of the little *osteria* close by, under whose auspices and on whose *vigna* the excavations had been made, stood near, and smiled pleasantly on us and on his Venus; and when we congratulated him on his discovery, his rubicund face, bearing evidence of frequent libations to Bacchus, and adorned with a blazing nose that would have done no discredit to Bardolph, beamed with satisfaction. Willingly he answered all our questions. Oh, yes! they had always known there was an antique villa here; but they had never thought it worth while to excavate it. *Si vede, che costa denaro.* But his business had prospered, *grazie a Dio*, and he required a cellar or grotto in which to store his wine; so he thought he would build it on this ground; it would be as cheap to make it here as elsewhere, and perhaps, *chi sa?* he might find something to repay him. But, in an evil hour, an acquaintance had proposed to pay a certain proportion of the cost of the cellar provided he should have as his own everything of value that might be found in the excavations. A bird in the hand, thought Bardolph, is worth two in the bush, so he gladly accepted the proposal. But repentance followed close on the heels of his bargain; for scarcely had the first blow been struck with the pick, when the foundations of an ancient villa were disclosed; and upon pushing forward the excavations the workmen came at once upon a little room, the walls of which were still standing breast high; and there in the centre lay the Venus we were looking at,

fallen and covered with rubbish and loose dirt. At first the head and arms were wanting, but these also were found the next day in the same room. This success induced them to continue the excavations; and when I saw these, they had already opened a bathing-room of considerable size, where the ancient pipes and conduits still conducted the running water,—and were strongly in hopes of finding other statues and remains of value. Friend Bardolph, though the proprietor of a "*canova di vino*," seemed to have a very undeveloped knowledge or taste in sculpture, and apparently was not aware of the great value of the statue, but stood in a state of wonderment at the crowds of people who now flocked to see it. Though it was evident to him that he had lost by his bargain, he had made up his mind to his disappointment with an easy good-nature: at all events, for a week his *osteria* had been thronged with visitors, and he had made his profits out of the wine he had sold. The devotee to Bacchus did not transfer his homage to Venus. He was slow to accept new gods or goddesses. The value of wine he understood, *per Bacco;* but the value of statues he knew nothing about. As for old ruined foundations and bathing-rooms, they might be well enough in their way, but good, sound, well-built grottoes, capacious for butts of wine, were more tangible and solid in their advantages. So we bade him good-bye, and rejoiced as we passed to see that, around the stone tables and benches under the *pergola* of the *osteria*, a group of long-haired Germans were seated, with full flasks of his red wine before them, and drinking, smoking, and enjoying themselves, almost as much as if they were in Vaterland, and finding everything "*ausserordentlich gut.*"

A far better statue was lately unearthed in the grounds of the ancient Villa Livia, at Prima Porta, about nine miles beyond the Porta del Popolo. This villa, which was built by Livia Augusta, the wife of Octavius Cæsar, was formerly called *Ad Gallinas*, on account of a singular incident which happened to the empress on this spot, and in commemoration of which the villa was erected. Before she was married to Augustus, as she was sitting here one day, an eagle overhead dropped into her lap a white hen, with a branch of laurel covered with berries in its beak. An augury so striking as this could not fail to make a deep impression. The hen and its offspring were ordered to be religiously kept and tended, and the branch and berries of the laurel to be planted and carefully set apart. The branch of laurel took root and throve, and from it grew a grove, from which, ever after, the wreaths worn by the Cæsars at their triumphs were woven. But more than eighteen hundred years have passed since then; the imperial figures that walked there have fallen to dust and been

scattered to the winds. The grove has left not a trace; and goats and sheep have for ages browsed over the green slopes which cover the ruins of the country-house. Suddenly, one summer day, the pick of the excavator breaks through the roof, and we enter the silent chambers where Livia and Augustus may once have lived and loved. The walls of these subterranean rooms are decorated with paintings which, despite the damp and dirt and rubbish of centuries with which they were found crammed to the ceiling, are almost as fresh in colour as if they had been painted but a year ago. On them may be seen green palms and pomegranate trees, that mingle together their intertwining foliage. The pomegranate trees are covered with blossoms and fruit in every stage of their growth, from the green bulb to the ripe and rose-stained shell; some of which are split open to show the carmine seeds. One little group of this fruit in the perfection of its ripeness is painted with remarkable freedom, truth, and brilliancy, and so vivid are the colours that it is scarcely possible to believe that they are not of this century. The chambers are small, without light and underground, and each visitor carries a little waxen taper, and examines with wonder these ancient paintings, while his imagination runs back to the long-vanished days.

Last spring (1863), all the world was flocking out to see these excavations, and the road was covered with long lines of carriages. As we drew up at Prima Porta, the first thing that met our eye was a colossal figure of Augustus, which had just been dug out of these grounds, and was lying on tressels in the shed of a little farm-house, facing upon the road. This statue, which is eight feet in height, is remarkable not only for its perfect preservation, only having lost the fingers of one hand, but also as being the most highly finished portrait-statue of the Roman school which has come down to us: indeed, both the paintings and the statue give us a high notion of the Roman art of that period. The emperor wears a cuirass, which is covered in front with beautifully-executed figures and groups in basso-relievo; over the loins and shoulders hang the fringed straps which usually decorate the Roman armour. He carries on his left arm a scarf, and in this hand he probably once held a sceptre—though it is now gone. The fringes on the loins and shoulders are finished with an elaboration and detail without parallel in any antique work; and the figures on the cuirass are beautiful in design and workmanship. In the centre of the cuirass, Cœlus is represented under the aspect of a majestic and full-bearded old man, surrounded by clouds, and overarched by a mantle blown out by the wind; beneath him, the charioteer of the sun, with flowing mantle dress, is driving forth his galloping steeds—and before him float

two female figures, representing probably Herse and Aurora; one with wide-spread wings, and the other with a veil streaming behind her and bearing a lighted torch in her hand. At the base of the cuirass is the goddess Tellus, in a recumbent attitude, her head crowned with leaves, her right hand resting on a cornucopia, and with two children standing near her. On one side above is Apollo with his lyre, seated on a winged griffin; and behind him, Diana, with her quiver and torch, who rests upon a stag which she embraces with her arm. Both of these figures are beautiful in composition and execution. On the opposite side are the figures of two youths in tunics and mantles, one of whom carries a musical instrument, shaped into the head of a dragon; and in the centre, between the Cœlus and Tellus, are two figures, representing, the one, a bearded barbarian, probably a Parthian, and the other an emperor or Roman general.

The nude parts are treated with equal care and finish. The head, which bears a very striking resemblance to the bust of the young Augustus in the Vatican, is wrought in a separate block of marble, and inserted into the statue at the junction of the cuirass. It does not seem to be of the same workmanship, and probably is by another hand. Indeed, it would seem questionable whether it originally belonged to the figure. The cuirass has been tinted with a roseate hue which still remains in many places, while the nude portions of the figure bear no such indications, and were evidently not coloured.

Here, too, in this same villa, other excellent works have been discovered, among which may be mentioned three busts—one of Septimius Severus—one of a female—and one of a youth of the imperial family.

At the western verge of the Campagna, at Ostia, they are now unearthing the antique city, opening its paved streets, and disencumbering its ruined houses and villas of the accumulations of ages under which they have lain so long concealed. Many of the streets are already cleared, and the pavement, worn into ruts by the ancient *biga*, with its high *trottoirs*, is exposed to sight. In some respects this disinterred city is even more interesting than Pompeii, where everything is on so small a scale that it seems almost like a collection of baby-houses. At Ostia, on the contrary, one gets a notion of space and size; and one great palace which has just been opened comes fully up to our notions of the magnificence of Roman life. Wide corridors and galleries, adorned on either side with columns and marble statues, lead into a spacious *atrium* paved with a mosaic floor, that is wrought into a beautiful and graceful design,

The rooms are large, and portions of the rich and rare marble casing with which they were veneered still cover the base of the wainscot. The bath is luxurious, consisting of a deep basin of some thirty feet in length, surrounded by niches, in which still stand one or two of the marble statues with which they were once filled; and in an adjoining room are the conduits, pipes, and other arrangements for heating the water. Here, under the long, shaded porticoes, one could walk in the summer, and, gazing out between the marble columns and statues, see the blue Mediterranean; and here we can well fancy a worthy senator, trailing his *toga*, and discoursing with his friends, or reclining at his banquet and quaffing his cool Falernian, with ample room and verge enough.

Knowing that there are things like this in the dead city under your feet, it is impossible to walk over them in the upper air "without some stir at heart." A pensive, melancholy pleasure steals into the thoughts—you slide into the world of dreams, as you kick over the bits of marble with which the grass is strewn, or pluck the wild flowers that picture the sod and glow among the ruins. If you speak English, you quote Byron, and mutter to yourself, "Oh, Rome, my country! city of the soul!"—all of which will seem "quite absawd" to you when you are walking again in Regent-street.

Various as the Campagna is in outline it is quite as various in colour, reflecting every aspect of the sky and answering every touch of the seasons. Day after day it shifts the slide of its wondrous panorama of changeful pictures—now tender in the fresh green and ower-flush of spring—now golden in the matured richness of summer—and now subdued and softened into purple browns in the autumn and winter. Silent and grand, with shifting opal hues of blue, violet, and rose, the mountains look upon the plain. Light clouds hide and cling to their airy crags, or drag along them their trailing shadows. Looking down from the Alban Hill one sees in the summer noons wild thunder-storms, with sloping spears of rain and flashing blades of lightning, charge over the plain and burst here and there among the ruins, while all around the full sunshine basks upon the Campagna and trembles over the mountains. Towards twilight the landscape is transfigured in a blaze of colour—the earth seems fused in a fire of sunset—the ruins are of beaten gold—the meadows and hollows are as crucibles where delicate rainbows melt into every tone and gradation of colour—a hazy and misty splendour floats over the shadows, and earth drinks in the glory of the heavens. Then softly a grey veil is drawn over the plain, the shadow creeps up the mountain side, the purples deepen, the fires of sunset fade away into cold ashes—and sunset is gone

almost while we speak. The air grows chill, and in the hollows and along the river steal long white snakes of mist—fires from the stubble begin to show here and there—the sky's deep orange softens slowly into a glowing citron, with tinges of green, then refines into paler yellows, and the great stars begin to look out from the soft deep blue above. Then the Campagna is swallowed up in dark, and chilled with damp and creeping winds.

Such is the Campagna of Rome: to me it seems the most beautiful and the most touching in its interest of all places I have ever seen; but there are those who look with different eyes. One Frenchman I knew who, on his return from a visit to Naples, was asked if he had seen the grand old temples at Pæstum. "*Oui, monsieur*," was his answer, "*j'ai vu le Peste. C'est un pays détestable; c'est comme la Campagne de Rome.*" It is quite natural, however, that any one who has lived the greater part of his life in Paris, and only visited the country in its vicinity and formed his taste and patriotism there, should object to the Campagna. After that military landscape where low bounding hills are flattened like earthworks and bastions, and stiff formal poplars are drawn up in squares and columns on the wide parade of its level and monotonous plains, it is no wonder that the ever-varying graces of the Campagna, its rolling hills and vales and sheer mountains, should seem too free and unformalized, too wild and uneducated in their beauty. It is also a peculiarity of a Frenchman that he underrates everybody and everything except himself and his country. If, as is universally the case, he sneers at the Romans because they do not speak French well at Rome, though he himself speaks Italian not worse, but not at all, how is it possible that he should admit the beauty of the Campagna, it not being at all French? Let us be just, however, and admit that we also—we English and Americans—but too often call the Campagna by bad names, and speak of it as desolate and deserted, if not ugly. Others, however, are fairer in their estimate of things at Rome. I know one gentleman who had the liberality to say, "I do not *object*, sir, to the Carnival," and several who are equally liberal to the Colosseum and St. Peter's.

Really to see the beauty of the country about Rome, and the noble remains of its ancient grandeur, the traveller should go far out from the city into places not trodden to death by the regular tourist. Rome has now become a watering-place; and the stream of strangers that pours annually into the hotels and fills the streets, and overflows the houses, has washed away much of its original character. In the cities, the Italian is bastardized by foreign habits and customs. In the mountains, off the dusty highway of travel,

he retains the hereditary qualities of his ancestors, and wears the ancient costume of his people. The occupation of the French soldiery has not improved the morals of Rome: the Gallic hat and bonnet and the curse of crinoline have invaded its streets; and the Rome of fifty years back scarcely survives even in the Trastevere quarter. Day by day, the sharp Roman traits are wearing out; and within the fifteen years that I have known it, much that was picturesque and peculiar has been obliterated. The costumes which Pinelli etched are fast going, but in the mountains there is no change. The habits, customs, and dresses which charmed the traveller centuries ago, still survive to delight the artist and form subjects for his canvas.

So, too, in the mountains may be seen some of the grandest and most affecting remains of ancient days. At Aquina, for instance, which is seldom visited, one may pass a charming day. This old city, the birth-place of Juvenal and the "Angelic Doctor," St. Thomas Aquinas, exists only in fragments and ruins, but they are all beautifully picturesque. The present village does not occupy the site of the ancient city; you turn off a few miles before reaching it, and drive or walk along a level valley girdled by magnificent mountains, over which at intervals are scattered the broken columns, arches, and ruined temples. There is the ancient gateway, and triglyphs, fragments and cornices, and huge blocks of stone and masonry everywhere strew the ground. Where once a noisy population thronged the busy streets with sacrifices, festivals, and triumphs, are now peaceful fields of grain, where only the *contadino* is seen as he drives his plough, or reaps his corn.

> "Nunc inter muros pastoris buccina lenti
> Cantat, et in vestris ossibus arva metunt."

Here, too, on the site of the ancient temple of Hercules, and built out of its ruins, stands the interesting old church "della Madonna Libera," itself now a deserted ruin, going rapidly to decay —weeds choke up its nave and aisles, the roof has fallen in, and the tower partially crumbled away. The very floor of the church is a cemetery, where you stumble over old sarcophagi, modern gravestones, and whitening human bones. The steps which once led to the ancient temple still remain in tolerable preservation, and on them you ascend to the church—and everywhere worked into the façade are antique fragments and cornices, and bits of sculpture worked into its walls.

But the most striking thing of all is the antique Arch of Triumph with its ornate Corinthian capitals, through which went the great

processions of its glorious days. Half-choked up with débris and weeds, it now forms the sluice-way and dam, over which runs the mill-stream that turns the wheels of a factory a few paces beyond. Tall reeds and flowers nod and bend over the clear water that rises nearly to the cornice from which the arch springs, and the whole forms a strange, beautiful, and touching picture.

The system of agriculture differs in different parts of the Roman States. The long low district of the Maremma extending along the coast from the Tuscan frontier to Naples, the low marshy lands around Ferrara and Ravenna, and the Campagna in the immediate vicinity of Rome, known as the "Agro Romano," are divided into very large farms, owned by a few wealthy proprietors. The remainder of the Roman territory is for the most part subdivided into small farms, and cultivated on the *mezzeria* or *métayer* plan; the landlord furnishing the land, capital, and farmhouses, and making all necessary repairs, and the tenant giving his labour and supplying all the agricultural implements. The cattle, also, are the property of the landlord; the price of the seed for planting is equally borne by both; and for all extra labour in making improvements, such as building dykes, or cutting canals, or reclaiming waste land, the tenant receives wages. The net product of the farm is equally divided between them. This old system is destructive of all agricultural progress. The tenant lives from hand to mouth, and from season to season. His object is, by exploiting the land, to get from it its utmost every year; and having no capital, and being dependent for his living on the season's crops, he cannot afford to make experiments which look to the future, or to expend money upon betterments, though they promise to quadruple the value of his labour hereafter. Each season must pay for itself. He distrusts new courses, and becomes stolidly fixed in the old way; and his method of cultivation is precisely what his ancestors' was a thousand years ago. Of course the land, rich as it is, revenges itself upon the farmer by producing comparatively small crops; and, unable to support himself and his family on the fair profits of his industry without the closest economy, and sometimes not even then, he falls in debt to his landlord and is driven to dishonest courses in order to make up the deficiency. This same system prevails in Tuscany; but after a careful observation of it for years, I am persuaded that it is injurious to the landlord, the tenant, and the land. The proof that the system does not work well is clearly shown by the fact that, while land on lease returns generally five per cent. on the capital, land farmed out on a *mezzeria* contract rarely yields more

than two and a half per cent. The result of this system is that the tenant spends as little as he can, allows no fallow time, scarcely manures at all, and impoverishes the land by his processes of exhaustion.

The plan of leases on fixed rents prevails on the Agro Romano; but the advantages which might thereby accrue to farmers are in great measure frustrated by the fact that the farms are so immense that only a wealthy agriculturist can afford to hire them. The Agro Romano is reckoned to contain about 550,000 English acres, and is divided into farms varying from 1,200 to 3,000 acres: some are, however, very much larger; and the famous farm of Campo Morto numbers no less than 20,000 acres, and is rented at some fr.25,000 a year. Of course such farms as these can only be hired by persons of large fortune; and accordingly we find that the vast Agro Romano is rented by only about 40 farmers, who, under the name of "*Mercanti di Campagna*," form a corporate body protected by government, and favoured by monopolies and special privileges. Meantime the smaller farmers, whose means do not enable them to pay such heavy rents, are forced to betake themselves to the marshes and the mountains, where they adopt the *mezzeria* system, and are crushed by it.

A curious crop of figures grows on the dominions of the Pope, at which it may be interesting here to give a glance before we look at the material products of the Campagna. The population of the Roman States is 3,124,668, and of these no less than a third part are cultivators and shepherds, while there are only 258,872 engaged in manufactures, and 85,000 in commerce, and affairs, and banking. That would look as if the great interest of Rome was agricultural, and, in fact, more than a million are shepherds and persons connected with farming. The *Catasto* of 1847 values at 870 millions the rural property under the Papal rule, without calculating the Province of Benevento; but the *Ministro dei Lavori Pubblici*, noting the fact that they cost less, values them at 610 millions. If this capital returned a good income, as it might under proper cultivation, there would be no need of great state loans; but in point of fact we find that the *gross* product of this capital is only fr.272,847,086, or ten per cent.; while in countries far less rich in soil and natural advantages, as in Poland, the gross income of the agricultural interest is at least double, or 20 per cent. on the capital. The consequence is that the state is saddled with a heavy public debt, on which the annual interest is 25 millions of francs: that debt, too, is constantly increasing. In 1857 a loan was negotiated with Rothschild of fr.17,106,565, and between '51 and '58, the

government issued fr.3,000,000 of consolidated funds. It is a curious fact also, that may be noticed in this connexion, that the cost of foreign occupation by the French troops during the last ten years has exceeded the total expenses of the administration of justice by some 5,000,000 of francs, and amounted to more than six times the sum expended upon public instruction during that period.

The total number of landed proprietors in the Roman States is reckoned in the Census at 208,558. The Agro Romano, however, is held by 113 families and 64 corporations; six-tenths of it are in mortmain of the Church, three-tenths belong to the princely houses, and only one-tenth is the property of all the rest of the state. In the Province of Rome there is reckoned to be a population of 1,956 proprietors to about 176,002 inhabitants; that is, about one in ninety. Of the 550,000 acres of the Agro Romano, then, it seems that the corporations and princes, 177 in number, own 495,000 acres, or an average of 2,800 acres each; while all the remaining proprietors, amounting to 1,779, own only 55,000 acres; which gives to each an average share of about 3 acres. The mortmain of the priests gradually absorbs the free lands of the state at the rate of about 400,000 *scudi* a year.

In the provinces distant from Rome, and more out of reach of the Church, the proportion of landed property held by the people is far greater. Macerata, for instance, counts 39,611 proprietors in a population of 243,104; but here the farms are divided and cultivated on the *mezzeria* system. It is, however, only directly beneath the influence of the Church that agriculture languishes and dies.

The "*Mercanti di Campagna*," who are generally men of large fortune, hire the land of the Agro Romano from the Church and the princes. The Church, of course, does not pursue agriculture. The strong, able-bodied, fat, and healthy *frati*, numbering in the Roman State no less than 21,415, are an army of idlers, not of labourers; they do not spade and dig the earth, and plant and reap —"they toil not, neither do they spin"—nor probably was Solomon ever arrayed like one of them; but they carry round a begging basket to the farm-houses, or lounge through the vineyards and fill it at the expense of the owner, or lend the assistance of their countenance and conversation, and proffer a pinch of snuff to the hard-working mountaineers who live by the sweat of their brows. They give assistance after the fashion of one of the coast-guards of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who in a written report of a shipwreck which had occurred during the night close to his station, stated: "I lent every possible help to the vessel with my speaking-trumpet, but, nevertheless, many corpses were found dead the next

morning on the shore."* As the fashionable regiment of light-horse in the English service was reported to have once said, "The Tenth don't dance"—so "The Church don't work." It amuses itself with letting others work. It will not even dig up its own convent cabbage garden, but hires this labour to be done while it looks on. It naturally follows that it does not devote itself to the cultivation and tillage of its great Campagna farms.

The princes are a little in advance of the Church in their attention to agriculture. Some of them raise herds of cattle, breed horses, and pasture flocks of sheep on a part of their great domains. But the greater portion is let out to the "*Mercanti di Campagna*," who take it on long leases, pay good rents, hire companies of *contadini* from the mountains to plough, till, sow, and reap, and finally, despite the taxes, put a large overplus into their pockets at the end of the year, and rapidly amass great fortunes. When the lease is long, the *mercante di Campagna* introduces reforms to some extent; builds barns, cuts canals, and drains and improves the land. Sometimes he visits the estate, but he never lives on it or personally superintends operations. This duty is left to his steward or *fattore*, who oversees everything, keeps the accounts, hires the peasants, and conducts the entire business of the farm. He is the "*imperium in imperio*," and his word is law. He sometimes inhabits the great, grim, solitary *casale* with the head herdsman, who takes charge of the flocks of sheep or droves of cattle and horses, and they both almost live in the saddle. In the stable are generally a number of horses, ill-curried and rough-looking enough, but gentle, strong, and capable of enduring great fatigue, which are kept solely for their use. Armed with a musket or long-pointed pole, with a great green-lined cloak swinging from their shoulders, or buckled to their antiquated high-peaked saddle, the *buttero*, herdsmen, and cattle drivers may be seen galloping here and there over the plains with the *fattore*, and driving before them herds of cattle, their heads surmounted by a peaked black felt hat, their legs cased in solid leathern gaiters or leggings extending to the knee, and their iron-nailed shoes armed with long-curved rowels, that they plunge into their shaggy horses. Left to himself for the most part to organize affairs on these great farms, to make up accounts, and to purchase and sell, the *fattore* has a large liberty, and the *mercante's* eyes must be sharp indeed, or the *fattore's* skill slight, if he be easily detected in lopping the profits off at both ends for his own private behoof.

In like manner the Church leases to the *mercante di Campagna*

* "Ho prestato tutto l' aiuto possibile colla tromba marina—ma però, molti cadaveri erano trovati morti sulla spiaggia la mattina seguente."

the vast plains and valleys belonging to its various convents and ecclesiastical corporations. He takes the land naked, and supplies tools, cattle, labourers—in a word, everything needed for agriculture. But the Church is suspicious, and adheres to the established orders of things. It will not allow pasture land to be broken up into tillage and sown with grain, for fear that the land may be thereby impoverished; and the consequence is that the same ground is continuously subjected to the same treatment. As a general rule the arable land never goes to fallow grass; the pasture land is never broken up by the plough. Besides this, there is another great difficulty. By the canonical law leases of land belonging to the Church are prohibited for a longer term than three years. The *mercante*, if he could take the land on a long lease, would willingly lay out his capital on betterments of every kind, which would in the long run be advantageous to him and to his landlords: but on a lease of only three years he cannot afford to lay out much money in this way; for not only would his immediate profits be thereby diminished, but his subsequent rent would be increased. Most of these ecclesiastical lands are without the necessary barns and outhouses for the protection of cattle or the storing of hay and grain. These, of course, the *mercante* cannot afford to build on a three years' lease, and the good *frati*, penny wise and pound foolish, absolutely refuse to do this for him on the ground that they must look out for themselves and not for their successors. "We have no children to inherit from us," they say; "we are only a corporation of celibate priests. If the profits feed us during our life-time it will suffice us; and after us, chaos." This lack of proper barns for the cattle exposes the tenant to constant loss. Against the snows and icy blasts of winter, the rains of late autumn, and the fierce heats of summer, there is no refuge for his herds. They deteriorate, grow thin and sick; the cows yield a milk which is inferior in quality as well as quantity; as beef they are injured for the market, and many die in consequence of exposure. The hay, too, with which they are fed in the winter, must be carried to them and heaped upon the ground, and much is therefore trodden under foot and wasted.

A system like this is fatal to agriculture. It is like attempting to carry water from the fountain in a leaky bucket. Nothing is done on large principles; everything is effected by temporary expedients, and hand-to-mouth contrivances. No new inventions are introduced, no new experiments are tried, but all drags on in the old rut. The priests are so stupidly wedded to their system that it is impossible to change it, and so ignorant and bigoted in their dogged-

ness, that they are open to no reasoning and argument. If the tenant desire to open canals for irrigation during a dry season, the priests cry out that this is flying in the face of Providence, who sends all the rain that is needful; and if the harvest be ruined in consequence of their obstinacy, they look upon it as a penance which it would have been irreligious to attempt to avoid. In the ten years previous to 1855, from want of proper shelter on the Campagna, it is estimated that the loss of cattle was from twenty to forty per cent.

Nothing can be ruder than the agricultural implements used by the Romans and Tuscans. The ploughshare is a triangular block of solid wood, pointed at the end and generally, though not always, armed at the point with a sheathing of iron. To compare it with the antique plough as described by Virgil would be an insult to the latter. In construction it is evidently more primitive and simple even than that of its antique progenitor. Two huge grey oxen, on whose yoke a heavy stone is hung to counteract its false strain and jerking leaps, slowly tug it along over the soft loam, the surface of which it scarcely scratches, while the *contadino*, blazing and dripping with perspiration, hangs all his weight on to the tail, and is knocked here and there sideways and sprung into the air constantly by its awkward and jerking plunges when it meets a root or stone. Slow enough is the progress of the plough and poor enough the result. One horse with a good American plough would do more and better work in an hour than this will do in three. As for a subsoil plough, the Roman agriculturists know as much about it as they do of the implements used in the planet Jupiter. All their tools are equally bad. Their spade is a triangular blade of iron with a long straight pole set into it without a handle, with which they can make little entrance into the ground. For all deep digging they employ a heavy mattock, shaped like a large blunt adze, which they use like a pick, wasting three-quarters of their force and their time in raising it over their head. It is melancholy and ludicrous to see them toiling with these wretched and inefficient implements, when they might save so much time, money, and strength by the use of tools which are universal in America. But in Rome there is no knowledge in respect of agriculture and no desire for improvement; nor do I believe there is a single utensil employed, even on the farms of gentlemen, that would not be jeered at by the most ignorant American labourer. As for sowing, and reaping, and mowing machines, the knowledge of their existence has never penetrated into the Papal States—agriculture has made no progress there since the days of the Georgics. The same usages, the same superstitions, the same imple-

ments still exist. Throughout Tuscany and Rome, little basket-carts, woven of stout osiers, and mounted on low wheels which turn upon wooden axles and scream as they go, may be everywhere seen, identical with the "*plaustra*" represented in ancient *bassi relievi*. It is not surprising that the ignorant *contadini*, who have no knowledge of what is going on in the world beyond the narrow limits of their own district, should adhere blindly to the old customs which have been transmitted from age to age; but it is amazing that the "*Mercanti di Campagna*," who are generally men of energy, ability, and education, instead of seeking to enlighten their minds, and of introducing proper agricultural implements and insisting upon their use, should make common cause with the *contadini* in their ignorance. This at least was not to be expected of them.*

I am well aware of the steady face which the Papal government sets against all improvements; but this is not a sufficient excuse for the continued use of tools and methods of cultivation rejected by all intelligent farmers. Efforts have, however, within a few years, been made to turn the public attention to agriculture as a science. Animated by a good spirit, certain landed proprietors demanded permission of the government to found an Agricultural Society; but it was refused, and their only method of arriving proximately at their end was by appending an agricultural branch to an already existing Horticultural Society. Under cover of this they have instituted an annual show of cattle and horses in the Borghese Villa, for the best of which they distribute medals of gold and silver. This is certainly a step in the right direction.

The principal products of the Campagna are hemp, grain, oil, wine, silk, and cattle. The vineyards are cultivated with care, but the crop is doubtful and the wine ill made, and in the best seasons the returns are inadequate. Within the last few years the grape malady has been felt very severely, and many a small vinegrower has been utterly ruined. But behold how this paternal government cares for its children! While the people are groaning under this

* In Tuscany an effort has been made of late years to introduce improvements in farming utensils, and to promote the study of agriculture. Societies have been formed for this purpose; and among the gentlemen who have taken a lead in this direction may be mentioned the Marquis Luigi Ridolfi, Count de Cambray Digny, Prof. Cuppari, Dr. Gustavo Dalgas, and Dr. Francesco Carega. Under their supervision, and edited by Dr. Carega, an "Annuario Agrario" is now published, full of instruction: but as yet little impression has been made on the country by their labours and counsel. The *mezzeria* system is repugnant to all improvements.

misfortune, Cardinal Antonelli seizes the occasion to lay a tax of 1,862,500 *lire* upon the grapes; and in default of payment by the vine-growers, this heavy tax is inflicted on the Commune. The wool being short, the shepherd shears into the skin.

The taxes upon agricultural products are heavy: all grain harvested from the Agro Romano pays 2½ *scudi* the *rubbio;* which, as the *rubbio* is worth from 8 to 10 *scudi,* averages about 22 per cent. on its value. Everything grown upon the land pays an export duty of 22 per cent. and an import duty of 16 per cent. Cattle also are taxed to from 20 to 30 per cent. on their value, and 28 *lire* per head is demanded when they are driven to market. Horses also pay 5 per cent. of their cost every time they are sold, and this tax is paid by the buyer unless there be a special agreement to the contrary. Besides this, a regular tax of half a *scudo* a month is exacted upon all horses kept in the city.

Strange as it may seem, though nearly one-third of the population is engaged in agricultural pursuits, yet the government steadily discourages agriculture. By monopolies, improper privileges, heavy taxation, short leases, and dogged opposition to all improvements, it oppresses the farmer and peasant, and by the reaction of this oppression, injures itself. But it is upon the poor that this unwise policy lays the heaviest weights. Were a stimulus given to agriculture, were the lands of the Campagna under full cultivation, wages would rise, the people would begin to prosper and grow rich, the products of the country increase, and the state be lifted at once out of debt. But could the influence of the priest make head against the education and prosperity of the people? That is the vital question.

One of the most striking features of the Campagna is the herds of cattle which are bred there, and roam over its hills and valleys. The oxen are estimated to number about 150,000, and magnificent beasts they are, with their soft greyish-white skins that, when well cared for, shine like silk, their enormous spreading horns measuring five and six feet in width, and their large soft eyes that Homer thought it no shame to give to Boöpis Here. They are as docile and obedient as they are majestic and powerful; and adorned with scarlet ribbons or bands, as they slowly drag along the heavy wains, no one could fail to notice them for their beauty. The *contadini* are very proud of them and treat them with the utmost kindness. With their natural love of colour they twine around their horns the wild flowers they pick along the road, and on *festa*-days deck them in wreaths and scarlet tassels and ribbons. The cows, when well stabled and protected from the weather, give abundant and rich milk; and the

bulls, prodigious in their massive shoulders and knotted knees, would be no easy victories in a Spanish arena. Their horns, polished carefully, are sold in Rome as ornaments, to be placed over the doors as a protection against the evil eye; and, whether they subserve this purpose satisfactorily or not, they are beautiful enough in themselves to need no excuse of utility.

Buffaloes may also be seen in herds here and there. These beasts are still more powerful than the oxen, and are used to do all the hardest work. With their brutal low heads and turned-up snouts, their short-angled legs, wiry coats of shaggy hair, and rugged semicircular horns, they present a very savage aspect; but, though sulky, they submit to training, are very sagacious, and will drag enormous loads. Their eye is strangely melancholy and pathetic, and has the look of a creature which mourns over its unhappy lot, and sorrows at its own ugliness. But, though ugly, they are eminently picturesque; and tugging along through the hoof-deep sand of the coast, their rude carts laden with marble, travertine, or stone, under tall stone-pines that lean back from the constant strain of sea gales,—or wallowing up to their belly through the grass of the Pontine marshes —they form a very striking feature in the landscape. In these marshes they are used at certain seasons to clear the canals of the reeds, flags, and aquatic plants with which the summer has choked the stream. Driven into the water and urged on by drivers on either bank, who goad them with long poles, they stumble through the weeds, tearing them up with their breasts and hoofs, and sometimes with only their head and snout above water they snort along, blowing like hippopotamuses, and dragging with them tangled masses of grass that cling around their horns and broad black noses.* But though generally under control, their original savagery will sometimes break out under great irritation, and they will attack their drivers and trample them to death if they can get at them. All along the outer walls of Rome, at regular intervals, little pens are railed off with strong beams to afford refuge to any pedestrians in case they may chance to meet a drove of buffaloes or of oxen.

The flocks of sheep on the Campagna are estimated to amount to some 600,000. They are tended by shepherds, who, in their pointed hats adorned with gay cords and tassels or the eye of a peacock's feather—their short jacket of undressed sheeps' wool—their red waistcoasts patched and faded—their breeches of goats' skin with the long shaggy hair hanging from them—their skin

* Mr. Rudolph Lehmann has made this scene the subject of a very clever picture.

sandals and *cioci*, laced over cloth under-leggings, which serve instead of stockings, are the modern type of old Pan. At their side they carry a yellow gourd of water, and in their pocket is stuffed a black wedge of bread and a few onions to lunch upon. All day long, leaning upon their poles which they plant diagonally before them, and spreading out their legs so as to form a tripod, they stand watching the herds, or gazing vacantly into the air, or going fast asleep. A great white dog of the St. Bernard breed always accompanies them. He is as intelligent as his master, thoroughly knows his business, and does all the active duty; keeping guard over the sheep, driving them here and there, preventing them from straying, and directing them in all their courses. So savage are these dogs that it is always well to be armed with a good stick in one's excursions off the main roads into the heart of the Campagna; for, in case the shepherd be out of the way, or asleep, they will instantly attack any one who approaches too near the flock. The sheep follow after the shepherd, and are not driven before him; and at nightfall, after his dog has gathered them all together, he leads them to their fold. It is a picturesque sight to see them then, all flocking along over the Campagna, with the shepherd marching gravely at their head. The fold, which is moveable, and pitched now in one spot and now in another, is made of a network of twine, stretched upon stakes planted at equal distances in the ground, and about three feet in height. It is the same sheepfold as that which was used in the Cæsars' time, and in an ancient *basso relievo* at Ince Blundel one of these "*retia*" may be seen inclosing some goats and pigs. The dormitory of the shepherd is a rude *capanna*, made of thick matted straw and sticks, just high enough for him to creep into on his hands and knees. There, on a straw bedding, over which he spreads his blanket, he sleeps. Sometimes, in case there are several shepherds, these *capanne* are built into a lofty cone, and here they cook their food and live together in a manner ruder than the American Indians. If you visit them you will find the warmest hospitality, and a native courtesy and good-breeding, without loss of independence of character, which no amount of oppression has been able to crush out of them. They are very ignorant, but delighted to learn, and look with wonder on all you say. Cicero they know by name; Julius Cæsar is an established fact; they are acquainted with St. Ovid, and they swear by Bacchus; but France, America, and England are nowhere in their imaginations, or loom vaguely up out of the distance like misty dream-lands. Rome is to them the world, the Tiber the king of rivers, and the Gran Sasso d'Italia their topmost Himalaya peak. They are glad, however, to hear that

in England and America there are cities, and always ask whether there are mountains and rivers, with a certain air of patronage.

Some influence certainly falls upon them from the outward world in which they live; and they both love and appreciate the beauty of their own Italy. They will point you out the best views, freely criticise your work if you happen to be an artist, and often use poetic and imaginative phrases in speaking of nature, which show their native susceptibility to fine impressions. The old Roman pride, all overgrown with superstition and the rank growths of ignorance, still shows itself in their characters, as the cornices of the old temples peep out from the grasses and acanthus leaves and weeds in which they are buried. They would not change their country for any other in the world, and they look upon us as barbarians, or, at least, as coming from a barbarous, insignificant, and inferior world. Two of the *contadini* of one of the mountain towns near Rome, seeing an artist at work painting a picturesque lichen-covered rock, came up to him, and quietly looked over his shoulder. From his dress they took him for an Englishman, and, after having satisfied their curiosity as to his painting, one of them broke silence by saying to his friend, "*Non ci hanno sassi in paesaccio loro?*" (Have they no rocks in their miserable country?) "*Sassi ci sono, ma non c'è il sole*" (Rocks there are, but there is no sun), was the contemptuous answer.

The shepherds who come from the mountains are a very fine race of men, physically, and make admirable soldiers or bandits. In the army of Napoleon they were among his best troops—firm and courageous in battle, and faithful and enduring under the severest trials. Marco Sciarra, one of the most famous banditti chieftains of modern days, was an Abruzzese, and so was the well-known "Fra Diavolo."

As the summer comes on, the great heat renders the Campagna unhealthy for man or beast, and the sheep are driven to higher levels and cooler pastures among the mountains. Those who remain pay for it by the fever, and their flocks suffer even more than they.

A very considerable number of horses are also bred on the Campagna, and it is not unusual to see as many as three hundred collected together on one farm. Of late years much attention has been paid to their breeding, and attempts have been made to improve the breed by crossing them with imported horses; but thus far the result has not been satisfactory. The Roman horse is large, sturdy, and capable of enduring great fatigue; and in their power of withstanding the heat of the climate they are vastly superior to the

English horses, which it has lately become the fashion to import. Crossed with the English horse, the mixed breed becomes lighter and slenderer of figure, and therefore better for the saddle; but in harness it loses some of the best qualities of the native race. It deteriorates in stamina and endurance, becomes more fastidious in its feed, lengthens in the loins and fetlocks, and loses the iron hoofs which are the priceless gift of the real Roman horse. In this last particular the Roman horses excel all others, and such is the hardness of their hoofs, that it is the universal custom in Rome to leave the hind feet unshod, and only to shoe the fore feet with *demi-lunes*. As the pavement of Rome is made of a very hard volcanic stone that easily polishes, and as the city is built upon hills and declivities, a horse which is ironed on all his feet is liable constantly to slip and fall, and his value is greatly diminished if his hoofs will not resist the pavement without irons. For this reason alone the English horses are of less value in Rome than the native breed, and no one who does not wish to risk a sudden fall will trot an English horse, shod on all his feet, round the city.

Several of the Roman princes have interested themselves of late years in the breeding of horses, and among them may be named the Princes Doria, Borghese, Piombino, and Rospigliosi. Their breeds are, however, for the most part a cross of foreign and native horses, and, though handsome in figure, do not enjoy so high a reputation for strength and stamina as the pure Roman horses bred by some of the principal *mercanti di Campagna*. Among those who have been most successful in producing vigorous and noble native animals are the Signori De Angelis, Floridi, Piacentini, Serafini, Senni, and Titoni, and the Societies of Cisterna, San Pietro and Viterbo. Of the horses of mixed breed, those of Polverosi and Silvestrelli are considered as the best. The horses bred by Prince Borghese and Prince Piombino are gray in colour and of an average size; but the huge black horses which are used by the cardinals and *monsignori* to drag their lumbering gilt coaches are native horses, chiefly bred by Signori Floridi and Senni, and by the Society of San Pietro.

The Romans leave their horses entire, and have not the barbarous and absurd practice of docking the tail that is so frequently seen among the English and Americans. On the contrary, their massive tails and manes are left of their full length, and are esteemed as a great beauty. It is a universal practice here to brand the horses on the thigh, and sometimes on the shoulder, with the initials of the breeder's name, and, if he be of a noble family, with a coronet, so that the horses may be always identified.

The horses seen in herds on the Campagna are for the most part

the mares—unbroken colts, or *poledri* as they are termed. The latter are generally left wild to roam about over the plains, all summer and winter, without shelter of any kind except what they can find under the trees. A huge *pilone* or receptacle for water is alone provided for them, and sometimes when the rains or the cold has utterly destroyed the grass, hay is scattered here and there in heaps for their sustenance, one half of which at least they tread into the mud and destroy. In this wild state they see nobody save the *buttero* or driver with his long pole, who visits them to guard against accidents. On the principal farms some fifty colts are bred every year. When their third year is past, the drivers go out together to catch them, as if they were wild animals. Approaching as closely as they can, and driving another horse with them as a decoy, they endeavour to drop over their heads a stout simple head-stall, which they extend on a long pole, and which is so constructed as to adjust itself at once and entrap them. This process is, however, often unsuccessful, and in case the horse they wish to catch is wild they have recourse to the lasso, which they are skilful in flinging over their necks. The colt thus caught is now dragged or driven home, and fastened to a stout pillar in the centre of a field, and his training begins; often, however, the colts are brought into the city and there broken.

I have never seen horses better trained than those at Rome—more completely in hand, more thoroughly docile and obedient—and I have almost never been eyewitness during many years' residence to any cruel treatment, or immoderate and passionate punishment of them. On the contrary, I know of no country where, on the whole, they are so well cared for or so kindly treated. The ferocious and unmanly beating to which they are often subjected in America and England is here almost entirely unknown. A "*mozzo*" always sleeps with them to guard against any accident at night. The stables are generally well ventilated and large, and they are never boxed up in narrow stalls to stifle with stench and heat as in that purgatory of horses an American livery stable. The Romans are never guilty of over-driving their horses. They are satisfied with a slow sure pace, and value bottom far above speed.

The goats are also a peculiar feature of the Campagna. These beautiful animals with their long white silken hair, yellow slanting beady eyes and snowy beards, may everywhere be seen leaping about among the ruins, mounted on broken walls, or cropping the hedges, and peering through them at you as you pass. They are large and generally of a yellowish white, though occasionally you may see black ones mixed among them. Every morning flocks of

them are driven or led into the towns, where they may be seen crouching in the streets, while the goat-herd sells their milk fresh from the udder to his various customers, who come to the door and call for him. By ten o'clock they are all driven back to the Campagna, where they stray about all day long, forming picturesque groups among the ruins for the foreground of pictures.

Beautiful as is the Campagna, one cannot but mourn over the losses it has suffered. The great mother of nations has many dead children. The ancient cities and towns which once were scattered about on the plain around the eternal city have all vanished. Etruscan Veii, the great rival of Rome, was obliterated even in the days of Hadrian, so that its very site was forgotten, and only a few fragments and ruins show where it once flourished. Where, too, are Gabii, Fidenæ, Antemnæ, Sutri, Laurentum?—

> "Scis Lebedos quid sit? Gabiis desertior atque
> Fidenis vicus."

Where are the fifty nations which Pliny enumerates as belonging to early Latium, thirty-three of which were within the compass of the Pontine marshes? These vast meadows and grassy slopes now pastured on by cattle and sheep, and waving here and there with grain, were once thronged by cities, towns, villages, and villas. "And these," says Dionysius, "were so closely compacted together that if any one looking towards Rome should estimate its size with his eye he would be greatly deceived, nor would he be able to distinguish how far the city extends or where it ceases to be city, so are the buildings of the city and the country linked together without a break, and stretching out to an infinite length."*

There are great differences of opinion as to the population of Rome during its imperial days. According to Dionysius, it amounted to 84,700 in the time of Tullus Hostilius when the first census was taken. The population of Rome was, however, largely increased by the Albans, when Alba was conquered by Tullus Hostilius; and under Ancus Martius the cities of Medullia, Politorium, Tellinæ and Ficana, with all their inhabitants, were annexed. The census, it must be remembered, excluded from its total sum of *capita*, every slave, "*filius familias*," single woman and orphan—besides a large number who were struck from the register for unworthy conduct of any kind, and only included freemen who were Roman citizens. The numbers given on the tables of the censors therefore afford us only a proximate estimate of the real number of people in

* Dion. Halic. Antiq. Rom., lib. iv. ch. 13.

Rome. The city vastly increased during the period of the Republic and under the Cæsars, swollen by streams of people who poured into it from all sides as to a centre; so that, according to the estimate of Tacitus, the Roman citizens in the reign of Claudius amounted to no less than 6,000,000.

This, of course, embraced the whole number of Roman citizens existing throughout the provinces as well as in Rome. Taking this as a basis, and "after weighing with attention every circumstance that could influence the balance," Gibbon comes to the conclusion that there must have been in the Roman Empire "about 120,000,000 of persons,"—a degree of population which possibly exceeds that of all Europe, and forms the most numerous society that has ever existed under the same system of government. If we accept this statement and admit that the centralization of Rome was anything like that of London in 1820, we shall have as a result, that Rome and its suburbs contained about six millions. Whether, therefore, the statement of Tacitus be taken as applied to the total inhabitants of Rome and its suburbs, or to the Roman citizens throughout the world, the conclusion is about the same. But when this census was taken the population was by no means at its height in Rome. It continued to increase to the days of Aurelian. If, therefore, we reduce this calculation one-third, we still have no less than four millions of inhabitants in Rome and its suburbs; and this is the number at which, among others, the learned Justus Lipsius estimates it, after a long and learned examination of the question. It can scarcely be deemed that the centralization of the city of ancient Rome was extreme: it was as Athenæus calls it, an "Uranopolis," containing entire nations; into it the whole Empire poured; the walls of the ancient city were so embedded in it that they could scarcely be traced; and Pliny and Dionysius state, for a length of from ten to fifteen miles the Campagna was covered with so dense a mass of buildings that the city could not be distinguished from the country, the whole shore being crowded with houses. Let us add to this that the term Rome was applied, like that of London, not only to the city itself, but to all the adjacent towns which it had swallowed up; that the streets were very narrow and the houses of an extreme height, rising six and seven stories and perhaps more, so that Augustus was forced to fix 70 feet as a limit, above which they should not, for the future, be built; or to use the words of Cicero, "*Roma cœnaculis sublata et suspensa, non optimis viis, angustissimis semitis;*" and if we then take into consideration also the statements of Athenæus, of Vitruvius, Lampridius, Varro, Lucan, Claudian, and many others who speak of the size of Rome—or merely that of Pliny, who

after describing Babylon, Nineveh, and Thebes, says that "if any one considers the height of the roofs, and forms a just conception of its size, he will confess that no city in the whole world could be compared to it in magnitude"—we shall perhaps come to the conclusion that this population of four millions, enormous as it seems, is not an exaggerated number to be contained in a city called by Martial—

"Terrarum dea et Gentium, Roma,
Cui par est nihil et nihil secundum."*

Within a century of the conversion of Constantine, Alaric swept down with his desolating hordes from the north. Genseric followed him, and then came Ricimer, Vitiges, and Totila; and not only no grass grew under their feet, but palaces, temples, houses, villas, aqueducts, crumbled to ruin and dust before them. The whole northern portion of the Campagna, over which the stream of barbarians poured, is utterly razed of its buildings, so that scarcely a vestige now remains of those closely populated streets described by the ancient historians as extending even to Ostia. Here and there is still to be seen a broken bridge tangled and buried in luxuriant weeds and ivy, or the shattered foundations of some ancient villa, but these are rare. Over their ruins the dust of centuries has gathered, and they are hidden from sight beneath smoothed mounds of grass. The old Etruscan cities along the coast are utterly gone; and the Roman cities founded on their ruins have also so entirely disappeared that their very sites are now disputed by antiquarians.

After the irruptions of the barbarians, Rome sank into desolate silence. Then Nature itself frowned upon her in her degradation of Popes and Anti-popes, and scourged her with calamities. Earthquakes shook over the plain, the Tiber rose not to "mantle her distress," but to increase it with destructive inundations. Famine and pestilence depopulated her more than even the sword of the barbarian. The Popes and Anti-popes, fighting for supremacy with the German emperors, or disputing with each other for their succession, had no time to lend her a helping hand. Everything rotted rapidly and crumbled away. Then came the bitterest of all her scourges, the Normans under Robert Guiscard, who ruthlessly laid waste the city itself with fire and sword, demolishing the splendid remains of antiquity, and carrying ruin everywhere. What was left undone by them was completed by the soldiery under the Constable De Bourbon in 1527, whose ravages were worse than those of Genseric and

* See Appendix for a fuller discussion of this question.

Totila. Desolation followed his footsteps over the Roman ground, and monuments of his barbarity stand everywhere on the southern side of the Campagna. The great Roman families made fortresses of the tombs and monuments of their ancestors, and the Popes tore down the splendid remains of Roman Empire to build out of their *débris* hideous churches. Adrian I. destroyed the Temple of Ceres and Proserpine to erect the ugly church of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin. Paul V. overthrew the entablature and pediment of the Forum of Nerva to make a fountain on the Janiculum, and took the last column of the Basilica of Constantine for the statue of the Virgin in the Piazza Sta. Maria Maggiore. The Colosseum was used as a quarry for the stones of the Barberini Palace. The brazen plates of the Pantheon were melted into the grotesque *baldacchino* of St. Peter's. The Farnese Palace was built by plundering and destroying the Theatre of Marcellus, the Forum of Trajan, the Arch of Titus, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, and the Colosseum; and Urban VIII. threatened to tear down the tomb of Cecilia Metella because he wanted its blocks of travertine. The church and the nobles vied with each other in the work of destruction, and Rome suffered more from them than from the barbarians.

After such treatment as this the only wonder is that anything now remains. That the splendour and size of Ancient Rome was not a boast, the fragments and bones of her gigantic skeleton still existing on the southern side of the Campagna is an ample proof. Wherever we step a ruin arrests the eye; wherever we dig we strike the foundations of villas and tombs.

The destruction of the villas and habitations about Rome, the desolation of fields and gardens, and the annihilation of agriculture entailed a terrible evil upon Rome. The malaria stalked in the footsteps of ruin, and rose like a ghoule out of the graves. Looking at the ruins which are scattered everywhere about, and considering how thickly the Campagna was once populated, it is impossible to believe that in the early days of its prosperity it was stricken by this malady, which now renders it unhabitable. Why should these noble villas have been built there if the malaria then existed? Is it possible that the wealthy Romans should have chosen the Campagna in preference to all the mountain districts as a site for their country-houses if in so doing they risked their health and lives? Or it is not more probable that the fever which now threatens it is an evil spirit evoked in later days by neglect and abuse?

Listen to Pliny. "Such," says he, "is the happy and beautiful amenity of the Campagna that it seems to be the work of a rejoicing nature. For truly so it *appears in the vital and perennial salubrity*

of its atmosphere (*vitalis ac perennis salubritatis cœli temperies*), in its fertile plains, sunny hills, *healthy woods*, thick groves, rich varieties of trees, breezy mountains, fertility in fruits, vines and olives, its noble flocks of sheep, abundant herds of cattle, numerous lakes and wealth of rivers and streams pouring in upon it, many seaports in whose lap the commerce of the world lies, and which run largely into the sea as it were to help mortals."

Compare this picture of the Campagna with its present condition. Nature is beautiful as ever, but the healthy forests are gone, and no one can now praise "the vital and perennial salubrity of its atmosphere."

As late as the middle of the 14th century, if we may trust to the expressions of Petrarca, the scourge of the malaria was unknown in some places which are now wasted by it. In a letter to the Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, written from Capranica, a little town some thirty miles from Rome, where he was detained by the dangers of the road for sixteen days, he says, "*Aer hic, quantum breve tempus ostendit saluberrimus.*" Yet this air now is very far from perfectly salubrious—what has brought about this change?

Cicero in his "Republic,"* speaking of Rome, says that Romulus chose a place for the city abounding in fountains, and healthy in a pestilent region. (*Locum delegit et fontibus abundantem et in regione pestilenti salubrem.*) In this passage he apparently refers to the Palatine, for there Romulus founded the city. But in point of fact the Palatine was in the days of Cicero not accounted peculiarly healthy, and was certainly less so than the surrounding hills, of one of which, the Esquiline, Horace speaks as "*Esquiliis salubribus.*" Indeed, it was on the Palatine that a temple was consecrated to the Goddess of Fever, which plainly indicates that it did not enjoy the reputation of being peculiarly healthy. He must, therefore, probably have intended to refer to the whole city as it existed in his day, and to have meant by the pestilent region about it the Pontine marshes. This is rendered probable also by a previous passage in the "Republic," in which he says that the position of the city was selected "*incredibili opportunitate*," a phrase he would not probably have applied to a city immediately surrounded by a pestilent plain, into which it could not extend itself.

Besides, we have every reason to believe that the Agro Romano was not in his time pestilential. Strabo, who wrote in the reign of Tiberius, speaks of the delight with which the Romans frequented the Latian coast, and of the many villas they built there for summer residence, and cites as unhealthy places only the suburbs of Ardea, Lavinium, Antium, and a part of the Pontine marshes. Yet this

* De Rep. lib. xi. s. 6.

unhealthiness could not have been very great, for we know that Antium was a most important town, and that the whole district around it, and down as far as Ostia, was covered with villas, where the Romans of wealth and position went to pass their summer months. Here were the famous villas of Mæcenas and Cicero, and, in a letter to Atticus, Cicero says that he finds his residence here delightful, and that the inhabitants are men of cultivated minds and prefer their native city to the metropolis. Here, too, Lucullus, Lucretius, and Atticus often resided. Augustus was living here when he received his title of "*Pater Patriæ*." Here Nero was born, and here, after his return from Greece, he insisted on first celebrating his triumph before going to Rome. The importance of the place, and the class of persons who lived along this shore, is attested by the remarkable remains of art which have there been discovered, among which may be mentioned the Fighting and Dying Gladiators, the Apollo Belvidere, and a noble statue of Esculapius. Agrippina the younger had a villa here, with delightful gardens extending down to the sea. Hadrian, too, had a magnificent palace here, as well as on the plain under Tivoli; and here came Antoninus Pius, Vespasian, Commodus, Septimius Severus, and, in a word, nearly all, if not all, the emperors up to the time of Constantine. It is difficult to believe that "with all the world before them where to choose," they should have voluntarily selected a spot to live in which was peculiarly unhealthy; and we are forced to the conclusion that this coast, now so stricken with malaria, must once have been wholesome. As it is now, who would pass the summer months there?

There is not, perhaps, a more pestilential spot anywhere near Rome than the neighbourhood of Ostia, where stretch the grand pine forests of Castel Fusano. The place is now almost uninhabitable. Yet here, or in this vicinity, Pliny built his famous Villa Laurentina, where he sometimes spent the summer, and of which he says, "*Hæc jucunditas ejus hyeme, major æstate.*" Nor was he alone in this taste. The shore was crowded with villas, so as to present the appearance of a series of cities: "*Litus ornant varietate gratissima, nunc continua nunc intermissa tecta villarum, quæ præstant multarum urbium faciem, sive ipso mare, sive ipsò littore stare.*"* Indeed, it was to Laurentum that the emperor was counselled by his physician to betake himself during the summer, so as to avoid a pestilence then raging at Rome—a plain indication that this was then considered as a peculiarly healthy place.

Alsium (now Palo), again, is now so desolated with fever that no

* Letter to his friend Gallus.

one who could avoid it would willingly pass a night there. Yet this was precisely the spot where Julius Cæsar, Pompey, and Marcus Aurelius built their villas and passed the summer months, and Fronto speaks of it as a place of delights.*

In face of these facts, it is difficult to contend that the Campagna of Rome was considered by the ancient Romans to be unhealthy. Fever and ague there undoubtedly were in some places, but not to such an extent as to render even these uninhabitable; and in general the very fact that the Campagna was covered with villas and houses of the rich seems clearly to show a different condition of healthiness from that which now exists.

There can be little doubt, also, that the climate of Rome has greatly changed since its ancient imperial days. Snow, which now very rarely falls at all on the Campagna, and never in such quantity as to cover it, or to be visible for more than an hour or two, used formerly to fall to a considerable depth, and to remain long on the ground. Pliny† speaks of the long snows as being useful to the corn, and Virgil, Livy, and Horace mention the freezing of the rivers, a phenomenon now unheard of.‡ Pliny also says that the bay would rarely live without shelter through the winter, either at Rome or at his villa at Laurentum.§ Nor, if we may trust Fenestrella, was the olive cultivated until the time of Tarquin.‖ This seems surprising and almost incredible, when we think that now the olive and bay are everywhere seen; and that so far from their not being able to resist the climate, even roses bloom in the open air all the year round in Rome. It becomes, however, quite intelligible, when we read of the severe frosts and snows of ancient times, and hear that in the winter of 355 the Tiber was choked up with ice, the snow lay seven feet deep where it was not drifted, and many men and cattle perished in it; and that not only the fruit-trees were destroyed, but many houses were crushed by the weight of the snow upon them.¶ St. Augustine also gives us an account of another year when the snow remained forty days on the ground, and trees perished, cattle died of hunger, and wolves, emboldened by famine, came into the streets of the city, and dragged a dead body out in the Forum, where the snow was very deep. Martial also mentions that in his time a child was killed by a piece of ice which fell from the portico of Agrippa. These, of course, were exceptional winters

* Fronto, i. 179.

† Hist. Nat. xvii. 2.

‡ See Daines Barrington, 58 vol. Philosoph. Transact.; Gibbon's Miscel. Works, vol. iii. p. 246; Livy, v. 13.

§ Epist. ii. 17.

‖ Plin. Hist. Nat. xv. 1.

¶ Livy, v. 13; Dionys. xii. 8, Fragm. Mai.

even then, but it may be fairly said that they would be unheard-of phenomena now.

Many are the theories propounded to account for the malaria which now prevails over the Campagna. It is asserted by some to result from want of ventilation: the mountains shutting off the wholesome northern winds which would purge the dead air of the plains, and blocking up the exit of the *scirocco* which blows over it from the open sea. But this was always the case. Some attribute it to the exhalations and miasma generated from the ground itself; but it is difficult to understand how this can be, since the land is by no means low and marshy, but, on the contrary, rolling, hilly, and dry in the greater part of its extent. Others, again, allege that the great forests, which were held sacred by the Romans, and served as a barrier to the Pontine marshes, being now destroyed, the miasma generated there is blown by the winds over the healthy portions of the Campagna, and infects it with contagion. But even here on these very marshes Pliny tells us that there were once no less than twenty-three cities, and we learn from Livy that they were portioned out to the Roman people and cultivated by them, and looked to as the resource of Rome in times of scarcity. Camillus, too, fixed his camp on these very plains in his war with the Arunci in B.C. 405. These facts prove that the Pontine marshes, now considered so deadly, were then so innoxious that an army could with impunity encamp upon them. An army which should try the same feat there at present would be decimated in a day. How did it then happen that the Romans could do this? Simply because the plain was populated and cultivated. Wherever there is a thick population, and the air is well stirred and beaten, the malaria disappears. In the low, dirty, damp Ghetto, which the Tiber inundates on the least rise of its waters, fever and ague are rarer than in any other part in Rome, simply because the people are more crowded together. Great grain fields feed upon miasma—it is their sustenance. The beaten-up ground becomes purified by tillage; it is only when left utterly to itself, encumbered year after year with dead and rotting vegetation, that it generates miasma.

But these great Pontine swamps, which cover no less than 13,000 acres, are now left to stagnate in the sun. Over their soft slimy bottoms herds of buffaloes, stags, wild boars and porcupines run, and their green and "gilded pools" are only troubled by wild ducks and geese, marsh birds and water snakes. Here and there are solitary pot-houses, and around them groups of fever-stricken *contadini*, gaunt, sallow, and shaking in the sun, tell the sad tale of the malaria. Yet the road lies over a beautiful country. Grand moun-

tains look softly down upon it. Tall poplars stretch out and out for miles, and this infected air is sweet to breathe as if it had the very elixir of Hygieia in it.

The restoration of the Pontine marshes to their pristine condition now looks hopeless. They can only be conquered by the united assault of a mighty army of labourers, backed by government and enforced by millions of money. It is of no use to attempt reclamation on a small scale. Those who attempt it will be sacrificed without any beneficial result. But if any army of 100,000 labourers could be turned into it together, and directed by science, without regard to the prime expense, the foul fiend who shakes his foggy mantle of fever over the country might be driven out of his stronghold. But the first efforts should undoubtedly be made on the Agro Romano, for then the result would be quicker and surer.

Despite all the different theories by which the malaria has been accounted for, it seems to be agreed on all sides that the true remedy is cultivation, drainage, and population. The Church, persuaded of this, has at divers times made short and efficient efforts in this direction. Boniface VIII. in the 13th century made the first attempt to restore health to Rome by draining the Pontine marshes. His example was followed by Martin V. and Sextus V., but it was not until Pius VI. put his hand to this good work that anything effectual was accomplished. He laid out on the canals and drainage no less than 1,622,000 *scudi*, and certainly vastly improved by these noble labours the health of all the adjoining districts. The Campagna also felt the beneficial influence; fever manifestly decreased, and has ever since continued to retreat with every new step towards cultivation. Pius VI., not satisfied with his work, ordered somewhat arbitrarily, but with a clear understanding of the case, that 20,000 *rubbie* should be annually cultivated on the Agro Romano, intending to bring it all by degrees under tillage. In this design he found a worthy successor in Pius VII. This Pope traced around Rome a circle of one *kilomètre*, which he commanded the proprietors to cultivate. Beyond this, another and another circle was to be made, until the whole Campagna, brought into complete cultivation, should "blossom like the rose." Groves and woods were to be here and there laid out to render the air wholesome and fend off the bad winds. But he died before the second circle was drawn. The marsh of bigotry and ignorance is not so easy to drain, and his great project was never advanced a step by his successors. The 16,000 *rubbie* he reclaimed have shrunken under Pius IX. to 5,000, and everything is going the old pig's way—backward.

Leo XII. also laid out a vast plan of operations, which, had it

been carried into operation, would have changed the whole aspect of the Campagna and of the Roman world. He proposed to transport into this uncultivated district a population of 100,000 labourers, who were to be divided into a hundred bands. The proprietors of the Campagna were then to be ordered to deliver over their lands to a company, on long leases, the government guaranteeing the revenue thereof. But this scheme met with violent opposition, and sectarian fears and jealousies rendered its adoption impossible. One part of the state could not be depopulated to furnish labourers for another portion. The import of a hundred thousand Protestants was not to be thought of, and the difficulty was to find such a number of voluntary emigrants from any Catholic country. They might perhaps have been collected from France, Germany, and the Swiss cantons; but diplomatic jealousies intervened, and this great enterprise was abandoned.

The present condition of the Campagna finds favour, however, in the eyes of some Catholics. The Abbé Gerbet, in the introduction to his elaborate work, "Esquisse de Rome Chrétienne," in speaking of these noble efforts of Pius VI. and Leo XII., finds consolation for the failure of their schemes in words which deserve quotation:— ". . . Je crois qu'il est moralement utile que des foyers de population avec tous les mouvements qu'ils entraînent, surtout dans notre siècle, ne se multiplient pas aux portes de Rome. . . . Il ne faut pas raisonner de Rome comme d'une autre ville; les convenances sont d'un ordre tout à fait à part. La ville théologique a besoin comme un monastère d'avoir autour d'elle un enclos paisible; la ville hospitalière qui tient à offrir à toutes les grandes infortunes, à celles du cœur comme à celle du trône, une retraite pleine de majesté et de tendresse, la ville des ruines, qui n'a pas seulement des musées, mais qui elle-même est un musée gigantesque, serait très-mal à l'aise, très-sottement assise dans l'atmosphère enfumée et bruyante de Birmingham ou de Manchester. . . . Il ne faut pas tout mesurer de l'utile matériel, même dans l'empire de la matière. L'industrie qui a le globe devant elle pourra bien se passer de bouleverser, d'une manière irréparable, le parc de Rome. Le monde est grand—et Rome est unique."

Such is the poetry with which learned abbés settle the great question of the industry of a people.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARKETS.

UNDER the shadow of the Pantheon is the principal market of Rome. It is held chiefly in the open streets leading from the Piazza della Rotonda to the Piazza St. Eustachio, the meats being exposed for sale in little booths planted against the walls of the houses, or a little in front of them, where they are swung upon hooks under their awnings or spread upon sloping counters. These are generally made of wood, though marble slabs are now beginning to take their place. All the arrangements are shabby in the extreme, and there is not much picturesqueness to make up for the want of nicety. The boards on which the meats are laid are swashed constantly with water, and swept with wet brooms, so that all "above board" is really clean, however it may look; but below, the booths are grimy with a thick paste of water and dust, and floating down and feathers scattered by the wind about the market here find a resting-place, and lie heaped in the corners or plastered on the posts. Yet under these most uninviting benches beggars at night make their bed upon these feather couches—nay, more, this was the familiar resting-place by night of a "holy man" who, within a few months, has received the honours of beatification in the Catholic Church. I beheld the splendours of that ceremony in St. Peter's, when thousands of candles were lighted, and prayers were said, and masses were chanted, and books were circulated in his praise; and in answer to my inquiries as to his history, I learned that he was remarkable for a most amiable and charitable disposition, and for extreme personal filthiness; that he never changed his clothes, and generally slept under the benches in the market; that he begged all day in the street, gave the money to the poor, and never washed; and that if the "odour of sanctity" was in his person it was not an agreeable odour.

Until within a few years there was no special place set apart for

shambles in Rome. The cattle were driven into the city in herds, and slaughtered by the butchers at their shops. The Campagna oxen and buffaloes are not a gentle race of beasts, and driven along by the *butteri*, who pricked and goaded them on with long pikes, they sometimes became enraged and made fierce onslaughts upon persons who happened to be passing. Inside the city every one retreated into some shop or *portone* when he heard the ringing of the *bufaluro's* bell announcing their approach; but outside, under the walls, there was no resource but to turn on your heels and flee, unless you chose to run the risk of your life. The *mandriani* and *butteri* who guided them did their best with long poles and pikes to protect the unfortunate passer, but the herd, irritated by dust, heat, and fatigue, and pricked by pikes, sometimes lowered their horns and made furiously at him. To afford a refuge for those who were thus caught, pens of stout planks were set at intervals around the walls, and herein one could be safe from their attacks. Any one walking round the walls will still see them, and sometimes even now will gladly avail himself of them when an accidental herd is driven by. Pope Leo XII., among other admirable works for the improvement of Rome, prohibited herds being driven into the city or slaughtered there, and established public shambles outside the Porta del Popolo, where all the cattle are killed to supply the market. But this enlightened Pope was cut short in his career, with many noble projects unfulfilled, and the circumstances of his death, to say the least, arouse very ugly suspicions. Certain it is that Monsignor Peraldi, in view of those circumstances, proposed that henceforward, upon the death of any Pope, a thorough examination into its causes should be made obligatory on the government, adding, that by this means the sacred college of cardinals would avoid the necessity of so frequent elections.

But though living cattle are not now driven into the city to be slaughtered, their carcases, piled into carts, are to be frequently seen passing through the streets. Generally, however, they are brought in a covered cart, not particularly inviting in its aspect, and driven by a butcher in a dirty frock stained shockingly with the colour of his trade.

In the market itself you will see the carcases of pigs, calves, goats, and sheep, strained across the door of the butchers' shops in all their ghastliness, and these are often spotted here and there with fragments of gold leaf and tinsel to attract purchasers. The shambles outside the walls are only for cattle, smaller animals being frequently killed in the interior of shops, almost within the reach of any eyes that pass.

In the market, no attempt is made to keep the disagreeable parts of the animal out of sight. The Italians do not seem to think any part is disagreeable. Horrible scarlet blood puddings, enough to frighten a delicate stomach out of a week's appetite, are ostentatiously exhibited to catch the eye, and all the insides are hung about the market, or grouped together, as if they were the most attractive of things. There is in their minds nothing which is refuse. Every part is kept and finds its purchaser. The subdivision of even the poultry is also a curious feature of the Roman market. You need not buy the whole even of a chicken, but any part you like will be sold separately, be it liver, gizzard, breast, wing, leg, or head. Even the combs of the poultry are sold by themselves; and when cooked whole or cut up in pieces in little *vol-au-vents* form a constant dish on the Roman tables.

Through all the streets of the market you hear the cackling, gabbling, crowing, and screeching of cocks, hens, turkeys, ducks, and geese: some of these are kept in pens, some packed in great baskets covered with net-work, some run about and guzzle in the gutters, or step daintily round to pick up what they can find. Beside the booths are seated men and women who are busy plucking these unfortunate creatures, and cramming their feathers into a great basket. As soon as one is thoroughly plucked, he is blown up so as to look of an amazing obesity, swung on the hook for sale, and another unsuspecting victim is seized from his companions, and at once converted by a summary process into meat.

The Roman market is rich in game of all kinds. Here may be seen the brown rough hide and snarling snout of the wild boar, the smooth "leathern coats" of slender deer, and the black and white quills of the "fretful porcupine." Here too are many varieties of feathered game—brilliant pheasants, partridges and ducks, hundreds of woodcocks, quails, thrushes, larks, sparrows, ortolans, *beccafichi*—in a word, flying creatures of every size and appearance, from the wild goose to the smallest and most familiar garden bird; for there is nothing an Italian will not shoot, and nothing he will not eat. In the latter respect he is the very cousin of "Poor Tom"—not even despising such cheer as the combs and legs of cocks, and even cats, frogs, "rats, and such small deer."

You fear that I am stretching a point—but I am not. The cat is here esteemed a delicacy among the lower classes; and if you happen to own a particularly large and fat one, you must keep a sharp look out, or you will lose it. Entering the studio of an acquaintance once, I found his workmen in an excited state gathered about the corpse of an unfortunate cat, which had paid the penalty

of its life merely for indulging a natural curiosity to behold the interior of a sculptor's studio. An animated discussion was going on as to which of the hunters should have the body after it had suffered the fate of Marsyas. "But what do you intend to do with it?" I innocently asked. "*A mangiarlo, sicuro*" (To eat it, of course), was the instant answer. "*E un cibo eccellente*" ('Tis an excellent dish).

But to return to the Roman market. At a few paces from the streets where meat is sold, you will find gathered around the fountain in the Piazza della Rotonda (for so the Pantheon is called by the people of Rome) a number of bird-fanciers, surrounded by cages in which are multitudes of living birds for sale. Here are Java sparrows, parrots and parroquets, grey thrushes and nightingales, redbreasts, yellow canary birds, beautiful sweet-singing little goldfinches, and gentle ringdoves, all chattering, singing and cooing together, to the constant plashing of the fountain. Among them, perched on stands, and glaring wisely out of their great yellow eyes, may be seen all sorts of owls, from the great solemn *barbagianni*, and white-tufted owl, to the curious little *civetta*, which gives its name to all sharp-witted heartless flirts, and the *aziola*, which Shelley has celebrated in one of his minor poems:—

"Sad Aziola! many an eventide
Thy music had I heard
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain-side,
And fields and marshes wide,
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
The soul hath ever stirred:
Unlike them, and far sweeter than them all.
Sad Aziola! from that moment, I
Loved thee and thy sad cry."

And many a night listening to them, as they called plaintively to each other over the Sienese slopes, have we all remembered Shelley, and quoted his words.

The principal fruit and vegetable market of Rome is held every Wednesday and Saturday in the Piazza Navona, and on these occasions it presents a most animated, picturesque, and characteristic scene. Hundreds of booths and stands of every description are then erected, and into the lap of this capacious piazza the Campagna and kitchen gardens pour their treasures. The way is everywhere blocked up. Heaps of delicate crisp lettuces and celery, enormous cabbages and pumpkins big enough to make Cinderella's carriage, creamy cauliflowers, bristling artichokes, clusters of garlic and onions, red tomatoes, and monstrous red and yellow fingers of beets and carrots, are tumbled on to the pavement. Huge baskets run

over with potatoes, yellow *cocuzzi*, and infant pumpkins or *zucchette*, and, in a word, with every one of those vegetables of which Cav. Marino proposes in his Fischiata to weave a garland in honour of Murtola.* In some of these baskets may be seen dried mushrooms, of which the Italians make great use in the winter, and excellent truffles to cause the epicure's mouth to water. These grow in great quantities in the country round Rome, and especially at Spoleto, and used to be very cheap before the French bought them up so largely for the Parisian markets. Here and there great cauldrons, where one or more of these vegetables are boiling, pour forth their unsavoury steam; and beside them heaps already cooked are lying for sale. At certain seasons, these cauldrons bubble with hissing oil, into which chopped vegetables and fritters are dropped and ladled out all golden, and garnished with fried pumpkin flowers, upon shining platters. Here, too, sacks gape with wide mouths, and show within them thousands of the great brown Roman chestnuts. All the winter long little portable furnaces smoke wherein they are roasting, to be sold at twenty for a *baiocco*, and many an old wife sits by "with chestnuts in her lap," whose husband, perhaps, has "to Aleppo gone, master of the Tiger." If you would really know how good these roasted chestnuts are, split them and eat them hot with a little butter and salt.

In the summer, as we pick our way along, we run constantly against great baskets of mushrooms. Here are the grey *porcini*, the

* "Honor dell' insalata, inclite herbette,
Rose vivaci, cavoli fronzuti,
Lupin, poponi, baccelli gusciuti,
Finocchi forti ed acetose agrette,
Rustiche e grosse rape, alme zucchette,
Porri ritorti, carcioffi barbuti,
Agli spicchiuti, torti e ben gambuti,
E carote vermiglie e ritondette,
Tartuffi incitativi e signorili,
Radici lunghe, branche e tenerelle,
Spinaci oscuri, e capperi gentili,
Melon a volta, malve e mercorelle,
Ceci, baccelli, e voi cicerchie umili,
E tremule e crinite pimpinelle,
Voi saporite e belle
Mente, scalogni, cipolle scorzute,
Voi crispe indivie, e lattughe costute,
E voi zucche panciute,—
Tessete voi la laurea trionfale
Onde ne faccia il Murtola immortale."

foliated *alberetti*, and the orange-hued *ovole;* some of the latter of enormous size, big enough to shelter a thousand fairies under their smooth and painted domes. In each of these baskets is a cleft stick, bearing a card from the inspector of the market, granting permission to sell them; for mushrooms have proved fatal to so many cardinals, to say nothing of Popes and people, that they are naturally looked upon with suspicion, and must all be officially examined to prevent accidents. The Italians are braver than we in the matter of eating, and many a fungus which we christen with the foul name of toadstool, and ignominiously exile from our tables, is here baptized with the Christian appellation of mushroom, and eagerly sought for as one of the cheapest and most delicious of vegetables.

The fruits are as plenty as the vegetables. Apples, pears, plums of every size and hue, nectarines and freckled apricots, peaches, lemons, and oranges abound. Early in the spring you will find baskets heaped with green almonds, which are to be eaten, shell and all, and great quantities of the little high-flavoured wood strawberries, which are brought in fresh from the gardens morning and night, and are sold at from five to six *baiocchi* the pound. The apricots, cherries, and plums, too, are particularly good, and are very cheap. Here, late in the winter, hang great clusters of delicious grapes strung on a thread, and all the late summer and autumn loll out of over-heaped baskets to tempt the eye and the palate. But the most popular fruit is the water-melon. As long as it lasts, in every piazza in Rome, you will see dripping wedges of it ranged along on stands and sold for a half-*baiocco*. The Piazza Navona is its head-quarters. Here heaps of water-melons are piled up on all sides, like great green bomb-shells, and near by each is a bench, behind which, flourishing a long sharp knife, and shouting "*Belli cocomeri—cocomeri belli, chi vuole*," at the top of his voice, stands a man who tosses them in the air, raps them with a sharp fillip, and then slicing them into even wedges, spreads them on his bench. Who can refuse them as they glow there, fresh and juicy, the black seeds spotted on their rosy flesh? Flies, bees, and wasps pursue them with pertinacious avidity, and in the intervals of sale the *bagarino* has his hands full in driving away these creatures with his busy wisp. Around the bench are constant customers—thirsty, heated men, who wipe away the perspiration from their foreheads, and seizing the rosy wedges, plunge their faces into them, until the juice spurts and drips over the pavement. Flinging the rind to the ground, he seizes another, while a dirty little scamp secures it, and gnaws away the faint pink edge he has left down into the green.

The people care far more for the water-melon than for the grape. They make parties out of the gates to eat them, and cannot restrain their appetites at the sight of them. At the time of the cholera, several years ago, when the government prohibited them from being brought within the gates, for sanitary reasons, the Romans murmured and growled more than if a tax had been laid upon them. One remedy there was—they could eat water-melons outside the city, and there they poured in crowds to devour their favourite fruit. In one of the companies of "come outers" was a stout athletic carter, who, as soon as he had left the Porta Portese, bought two water-melons and sliced them up, and slipping one wedge into his mouth, cried, "Sir Cholera, will you let me eat this slice of water-melon? *Via, via*—Come, come, Sir Spiteful, this one slice?" This finished he seized another, and cried, "Just one more, Sir Cholera, and long life to you! And this one more still because, '*sai*,' it's so particularly good—and this one more for the sake of your beautiful phiz—and this, for the whiskers of the doctors who have given you your passport for Rome." And thus with a new salutation to each slice, and amid the laughter of his friends, he ate the whole of both the water-melons. But that night he was carried to the *lazzaretto*, and the next day to the cemetery.

The next greatest favourite to the water-melon are figs. Of this luscious fruit, which grows in great quantities all around Rome, there are many varieties—green, yellow, purple, hyacinthine, and almost black. They are brought into the market heaped up in baskets, and set out on the benches of the Piazza di Navona for sale. There you will see the *zuccaiuoli, garaoncini, calavresi, brogiotti, castagnuoli, pisinelli, grasselli, zuccherini, lardaiuoli, verdini*, and *dottati;* and of these the best are the *brogiotti*, a large purple fig; the *dottati*, a long, light-green fig; the *zuccherini*, a small, flat, and very sweet fig; and the *verdini*, which is a late fig with a green skin and carmine in the inside.* There are two crops of figs on each tree. The first, which ripen in July, and are called *fichi-fiori*, or flower figs, are little esteemed and have not much flavour; but the second figs which ripen later, though smaller, are far richer and better. When the latter are ripe, in September, the Roman people gather in the evening in the Piazza Navona to enjoy their fig-feast, or, as they

* The ancient Romans knew many other figs; and in his Saturnalia, Macrobius, on the authority of Cloatius, enumerates no less than twenty-six different kinds,—called *Africa, albula, arundinea, asinastra, atra, palusca, angusta, bifera, carica, caldica alba, nigra, Calphurniana, Chia, cucurbitina, duricoria, Herculanea, Liviana, ludia, leptoludia, Marsica, Numidica, pulla, Pompeiana, precox, Tellana*, and *atra*.

call it, the "*Magnata de' Fichi.*" Parties of five or six unite together, purchase one of the great baskets, and, seating themselves round it, make very short work of its contents. First they select the ripest fruit, the thin silken skin of which looks as if it had been scratched by a cat, and is sticky with the rich juice oozing through its rents. These they swallow at a mouthful without peeling them. Then come the poorer figs in succession down to those which are young, thick-skinned, and milky round the stem. After this a glass of *aqua vitæ*, or a *fiasco* of red wine, is taken "for the stomach's sake." It is wonderful what quantities a true Roman will eat at one sitting. A not uncommon meal for a peasant is his hatful, and on these special occasions more are eaten than I should like to say. Of all fruits, however, there is none more easy of digestion than figs, and the *magnata* is seldom followed by any after-pangs under the ribs.

And here let me advise travellers, and particularly invalids, who come to Rome to pass the winter, to have their cooking done in their own houses, and not to live on dinners sent in from *trattorie*. The market itself is capital. Mutton is not esteemed by the Italians, and is not generally good; but lamb is excellent, and so are kid (*capretto*) and beef; and no better pork and veal can be found in the world. Rome has been always celebrated for its game; wild boar (which should be cooked with an *agro dolce* sauce), woodcocks, hares, snipe, and quails (which in the season cost only five *baiocchi* apiece), not to speak of thrushes, larks, and *beccafichi*, are very plentiful and cheap. *Capriuole* (roebuck) are also to be found, and there is no better eating. Nor is there lack of fishes; as, for instance, the *spigola*, mackerel, and red mullet, lobsters, and crawfish, as good as can anywhere be found; very fair shad from the Tiber, fresh delicious sardines, millions of little *alicetti* which closely resemble whitebait, and are nearly as good; and *sepie*, which are not to be scorned when well-cooked; and besides, there are legions of the fish that Cleopatra put on the hook of Anthony, of the first quality. I know that it is the common talk of the English, that there are no fishes worth eating in the Mediterranean; but I am not of that opinion; and I remember, only a short time since, hearing one ruddy Englishman at dinner deliver a long discourse on this subject, during which he declared that the finest fish, in his opinion, in English waters was the red mullet, "which is not to be found in the Mediterranean," he added; and at that very moment there was a dish before him filled with red mullet, which he had refused to take because it was only a "Mediterranean fish." He who would eat a truly Roman dish of fish, should go to the Palombella, or some

other *osteria* in the Trastevere, and order a "*Zuppa alla marinara.*" When it comes on to the table he will scorn it, and with a laugh, will timidly taste the first spoonful; but, fifty to one, he will send back his plate to be helped a second time, admitting that, "after all, it is not so bad." In this connexion let me also recommend the little salted anchovies, called "*alici*" or "*acciuge*," which—split, cleaned, and put for an hour or two under oil and vinegar—are an excellent whet to the appetite, and are eaten by the Italians immediately after soup.

But whoever has regard for his palate or his health should not for a long time live on dinners furnished from *trattorie.* It is undoubtedly less troublesome and cheaper to have one's meals sent in than to cook them at home. The first week they will seem excellent for the price. Then they will begin to fall off in quantity and quality. You will complain to the *traiteur*, and he will promise to do better. Gradually, however, you will lose your appetite, and nothing will taste good to you; and, finally, your stomach will be out of order, your system in general not quite right, and you will begin to accuse the climate and the market, when the fault is really in the *trattoria.* My advice, then, is not to depend on a *trattoria* for any length of time; and you can follow it or not, as you please. How is it possible that a dinner can be furnished from a cooking-house, which shall at once be cheaper and better than that which you can cook at home, and also give a profit to the *traiteur*? The meat, though it may be good, can never be of first quality; but the sauces, the soups, the gravies, the condiments, what must they be? This is an unpleasant question to ask; but after three months' experience your stomach will answer. You will be a less agreeable person than you were when you first came to Rome; will enjoy the churches, ruins, galleries, and climate less, and will probably betake yourself to blue-pills if you are English, and think it necessary to go to Naples for a change of air. What you really want, however, is not a doctor nor a change of air, but a cook and a change of kitchen.

Besides the booths of vegetables and fruits which are to be seen on market-day in the Piazza Navona, there are many others on which are spread old books, the off-scourings of libraries and auction-rooms, among which may sometimes be found very curious and valuable works. Mostly, however, they consist of old theological works in folio and quarto, bound in vellum and well-thumbed and greased; odd or imperfect volumes, school-books with which the fingers of dirty boys and girls have had more to do than their eyes, pamphlets, effete treatises on scientific subjects, old prints and designs torn from books, histories of the wars of Napoleon, and

sheets of costumes and outlines of Roman history by Pinelli. Around these are groups chiefly composed of fathers of families, who come to purchase the second-hand school-books, and priests who pour over the others by the hour. If there happen to be a curious or rare book, it is snapped up early in the morning by the priests, antiquaries, and proprietors of old libraries, who regularly come to market for this game, and have a keen scent. It is, however, quite common to find here copies of the classics and of quaint old Latin treatises of the 15th century, printed in the Italic type by the Venetians, which can be purchased for a *paul* or two.

In other booths there are all sorts of woollen and cotton cloths for sale, where women of the city or country are for ever chaffering with the Jewish seller and beating down his prices. In the winter all the market-women carry a *scaldino*, or little earthen pot filled with burning charcoal, which they place under their dress when they sit down, or carry about in their hands to keep them warm; and gathered round the booths they gesticulate violently with one hand while they grasp their *scaldino* with the other. Hats, too, of every kind may here be bought, and brilliant stamped pocket-handkerchiefs; and the *contadino* may be seen bearing his newly-purchased hat mounted on top of the old one, while his wife sturdily tramps at his side with a great new glaring handkerchief folded over her neck or worn as an apron.

More curious than these booths are the old rickety benches strewn with riffraff, which are planted here and there in the piazza. A miserable shaky old man generally tends them, and occupies himself in placing and replacing his wretched store of wares so as to attract purchasers. He has odds and ends of every kind for sale—old brass buttons, broken knife-handles, scissors ground down to almost nothing, odd steel forks, dirty old beads, bits of smashed cameos, old glass phials, rusty nails, fragments of locks, brass plates for keyholes, shattered candlesticks, old tooth-brushes—in a word, all the dirty, wretched riffraff which has been thrown away as useless. Among these things is always a little plate, on which are huddled together a quantity of old beads and fragments of cornelian. Look well at that, for in it you may find an antique *intaglio* of great value. You will not find it the first nor second time; but if you have patience and go as the antiquaries go, every market-day early in the morning, you will be sure, sooner or later, to be rewarded. The wretched old man who stands shaking behind the bench, with a bead-like drop at the end of his nose, does not know the value of his *intaglio* if he have it, and will willingly sell it to you for a *paul*. He has bought it of some ignorant peasant who

found it in the Campagna, and was glad enough to turn it into a half-*paul*, or perchance he purchased it among a quantity of rubbish into which it had fallen. Some years ago, a poor priest was looking over one of these benches, and saw a large cut-glass bead which pleased his fancy, so he bought it for a few *baiocchi*, carried it home, and placed it among other little nicknacks on his mantel-piece: one day a friend came in and, looking over these things, he took up the glass bead.

"What is this?" he said, after carefully examining it; "and where did you get it?"

"Oh!" answered the priest, "that is a glass bead I bought some time ago at the Piazza Navona. It belonged to a chandelier, I suppose. Pretty, isn't it?"

"Glass bead!—chandelier!" cried his friend. "Why, *caro mio*, it's a diamond."

And so it proved to be, not only a diamond, but one of great value. If you wish to see it, you must ask the Emperor of Russia, to whom it now belongs, to show it to you. And I wish at the same time you would inquire what became of the priest, for I have been unable to learn his history subsequent to the discovery of the diamond. As he was in orders, he could not have married the emperor's daughter; otherwise that would have been the natural finale of his fortunes.

The time has gone by in Italy when masterpieces of Titian and Raffaelle, and gems and *intagli* of great value, were to be picked up for nothing. The world has opened its eyes, antiquaries and curiosity collectors swarm, and no little shop in the darkest street can conceal a curious or valuable relic for a long time from their prying search. Early in the mornings of *festa*-days, when the piazzas of Rome are thronged with peasants, they are to be seen slipping round in the crowd and inquiring for the *roba* that has been found by chance on the Campagna; and one must "get up airly," if he means to secure a prize without paying for it. There are doubtless opportunities for those who are on the alert, but they are not "plenty as blackberries." I am well aware that hundreds of "your Raffaelles, Coreggios and stuff" are annually purchased by my accomplished fellow-countrymen at a bargain, but clever men who have made Art the study of their lives, and who are "toiling all their life to find" them, rarely have the same good luck.

Gasparetto himself was something of an antiquary: he had rubbed against a good many foreigners, and was always on the alert to find some "curiosity" which should make his fortune. At last his time came. He was one day by chance in the palace of the Cæsars, when

one of the peasants, whose occupation it was to work among the cabbage beds, showed him a treasure he had just unearthed. It was a little pocket spy-glass, covered with rust and bearing evident marks of having lain who knows how long in the ground. It was summer time, the peasant wanted money and could not wait for foreigners. Gasparetto pooh-poohed the thing, of course, as valueless, though all the while his heart beat fast; but he managed well, and at length secured the prize for a matter of two or three *scudi*. Fired with joy, he ran at once to one of his antiquarian friends. His face was beaming with an air of importance as he entered the shop, where several experts happened to be present. "*Che cosa di nuovo?* What news?" cried his friend, for he saw that something of interest was coming. "Look," said Gasparetto, and showed his spy-glass. "Well?" inquired his friend, "what of it?" "That spy-glass," answered Gasparetto, "was found in the Golden House of Nero. Nero, as you know, set Rome on fire, and this may have been the very spy-glass he used to look at the flames of Rome. I will make my fortune out of it."

"Bravo! bravo!" was the shout of all present. "*Proprio un tesoro unico*—that is a treasure indeed!—the spy-glass of Nero! Don't sell it for less than a thousand pounds."

But do not laugh at poor Gasparetto—Jones himself was no better off. A short time ago he was remarking a singular mouthpiece, in which Mac, who is curious in such matters, was smoking his cigar. "It *is* singular," said Mac, wickedly, "and its history is wonderful. The original of this was found in an old Etruscan tomb on the mountains; it was made of gold, and probably was the mouth-piece in which some old Etruscan king once smoked his cigar."

"Gad! that is remarkable," said Jones; "what a wonderfully clever people those Etruscans were! they beat us at making everything! But how did you know it was a cigar-holder?"

"Oh!" said Mac, "we found the ashes in it."

If you wish to buy antiques or curiosities of any kind, it is as well to know something about them; so I would advise you to study up the matter before you trust your judgment. One other bit of advice I will give you—do your own bargaining, and don't trust your courier to speak for you.

"Bless me! that's a very fine picture, that Sibyl," said Robinson. "*Frangsaw*, ask the man there who painted it."

"He saysh it ish a Domenichino. You see von like him in Palazzo Borghese: dat ish copy, dis ish originale."

"It is a very fine picture, *Frangsaw;* ask him the price."

So *Frangsaw* turns to the dealer, and talks somewhat at length with him. The amount of the conversation is this:—

"Milordo wishes to know the price."

"Oh, the price? Tell him it's a very rare picture!"

"*Che! Che!* rare picture—what's the price?"

"Why, you see, I ought to have four hundred dollars for it, at least."

"Four hundred devils! I shall tell him no such thing. *Via*—what will you really sell it for? Don't talk nonsense to me; I know who painted it, and all about it."

"Well if you will get him to pay 300 *scudi*, I will let it go."

"And for me?"

"Well, for you—if you will get 300, I will give you 20 *scudi*."

So *Frangsaw* addresses his patron again:—

"He saysh, sir, he let him go, becaush you see he ish a friend of mine; he let him go for 400 *scudi*."

"But that's a very large price."

"Yash, sir, it ish; bot he rare picture—originale. I try make him give him 350 *scudi*."

"Yes, do, *Frangsaw*; tell him I'll give him 350 *scudi* and no more."

So *Frangsaw* turns again to the dealer:—

"He won't give more than 250, and thinks that is too much; but I can make him give that."

"*Troppo poco*—too little," says the rather depressed dealer.

"Nonsense, it isn't worth 100. Come, let us have it for that price. You never 'll get more."

"*Bene*—but you see then I only get 230, if I pay you the 20 *scudi*."

"Well, that's 130 more than it's worth."

So *Frangsaw* again comes to his master:—

"Well, sir; I beat him down to 350 *scudi*; he let him go for that."

"Tell him I'll take it, and tell him to send it to my house. Shall I pay him now?"

"No, sir; I come pay him when he give picture."

So *Frangsaw* makes out of both parties the little sum of 120 *scudi*; and Robinson is delighted to get possession of the original Domenichino, which a clever young Italian in the next street painted last year on an old canvas, and hung up his chimney to smoke and dry, and then ironed it out to sell; and Robinson says to all his friends who come to visit him in London: "Seen that Domenichino of mine? Magnificent picture! Got it at a perfect bargain. Came

out of Cardinal Fesch's gallery. Worth five hundred pounds at least. You see, if you're only up to the dodge of it, you can get jolly good things for almost nothing. No use to buy modern pictures, and that sort of thing. Costs such an infernal price. Don't catch me at that."

But in the meantime we have strayed round the whole piazza, and stumbled over the old iron that is strewn everywhere in heaps, and wound in and out among the crockery, and earthenware, and glass, and smelt garlic enough to suffice for a week. But before we go let me tell you of a curious custom of the place, which is called, "*Il possesso di Piazza Navona.*"

Before any one can be admitted to the high honour of *bagarino* of this piazza, which enables him to peddle and sell at retail within its limits, he must have so distinguished himself by his sharpness in bargaining as to be entitled to the degree of *Dottore di Piazza Navona.* Throughout Rome this title is given by general consent to any one who is particularly plausible and slippery; but before he can exercise the functions of *bagarino* there, he must formally graduate and receive the *possesso* or "freedom of the piazza."

His investiture is a solemn ceremony. First he must agree to surrender his real name, and accept a nickname, selected by the "*sensali e capoci di piazza.*" These names are always descriptive of some peculiarity, either of person or mind. For instance, one long, lean, dried-up fellow goes by the name of *Baccala*—salt fish; another rough-bearded fellow is called *Orso*—bear; another, with projecting teeth, *Cinghiale*—wild boar; another, with a great round head, *Cocomero*—water-melon; and another, a little hunchback, *Gobbetto.* The women also have their names. There is the *Bianca*, the *Rossa*, the *Sermolina*, who sells lemons; the *Fringuella*, who sells endive near the theatre; and the *Ciliegia*, who sells beans, peas, artichokes, and tomatoes; all of whom are only known by these nicknames.

The induction to the "*possesso*" takes place on a *festa*-day, when the piazza is crowded. There is a tumultuous rushing of the crowd to and fro, and then suddenly above their heads, lifted on the shoulders of stout porters, you behold the figure of the *bagarino* who is to receive the degree of Doctor. Amid roars of laughter, cries of salutation, clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs, he is borne along. After he has thus made the circuit of the fountain, two stalwart fellows leap on its rim, and one seizing the Doctor by the shoulders and the other by the feet, they give him three dips into the running stream, crying out, "*Cavaliere bagnato,*" while the crowd shriek and yell, and beat iron pans, and shake their

rattling balances, till the old piazza echoes with the din. This over, the dripping candidate for these high honours is placed astride the neck of one of the porters, who, holding him by the hands to steady him, bears him aloft in triumph, the crowd all whistling as he goes, to the steps of St. Agnese, where the senate of the Piazza Navona awaits him. A circle is then made about him, and the chief magistrate makes an oration to him, complimenting him in the name of his brethren, and finishes by saying:—

"The most noble order of go-betweens (*sensali*), pedlars, porters, fruiterers, vegetable sellers, ragmen, sellers of grain, old-iron mongers, earthenware sellers, and of all sorts of merchants of dried seeds and fruits, to-day, in their boundless magnanimity salute thee as their fellow-citizen, and establish and engraft upon thee the most exalted and praiseworthy appellation of 'Salt-fish.' Therefore be it known and ordained that henceforward, by all the matriculated order of the piazza, thou shalt be called no longer by the original name of Alessandro, but by thy substituted name of Salt-fish. In exchange thou shalt be Salt-fish; in all sales, Salt-fish; in all purchases, Salt-fish—and, *Viva* Salt-fish!" As he finishes, the cry of "*Viva* Salt-fish!" is taken up by the crowd and echoes all over the piazza.

Then comes the formal investiture of the *bagarinato*. One by one come forward the chief *sensali*, and present him in succession with a huge cabbage-head, a cauliflower, a bunch of endive, lettuce, celery, beets, and carrots; a handful of chestnuts, beans, lupine seeds, and chick-peas; a platter of pears, apples, grapes, prunes, oranges, figs, and whatever other fruits are in the market; and finally the bystanders scatter over him a snow and hail of grains, small seeds, flour, meal, and barley, till his shirt, pockets, and throat are filled with the dust, and his hair is powdered with white and yellow.

Two heralds then proclaim with stentorian voices: "Salt-fish now takes possession of the Piazza Navona—clear the way!" and in a twinkling "Salt-fish" is seated on the topmost step of St. Agnese, and pulled by his feet down from stair to stair until he is landed, thoroughly bumped and sore, on the pavement of the piazza; then he rises, makes a long salutation, receives a wild cry of applause, and in his new quality of *Bagarino, Dottore di Piazza Navona*, invites all his friends to drink with him at the Osteria del Pellegrino.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GHETTO IN ROME.

"Quid mercare Titus docuit, docuere rapinis
Pompeianæ acies, quibus extirpata per omnes
Terrarum, pelagique plagas tua membra feruntur.
Exiliis vagus huc illuc fluitantibus errat
Judæus—postquam patria de sede revulsus
Supplicium pro cæde luit, Christique negati
Sanguine respersus commissa piacula solvit,
Ex quo priscorum virtus defluxit avorum."

Prudentius, Apotheosis, line 538 *et seq.*

WHEREVER the stranger takes his lodging in Rome, he will scarcely have unpacked his trunks before his ears are saluted by a peculiar cry, not frank, open, and given with the full force of Southern lungs, like the usual street cries, but suppressed, sorrowful, and seeming almost as if it came from some one in pain. It is a human voice, uttering some indistinct words in a high, monotonous, veiled tone, prolonged at the close, and dying down through a mournful chromatic into a final squeak or sigh. Vainly he endeavours to catch the words. He cannot match the sounds to any of the articles enumerated in his conversation phrase-book, which he has been steadily studying all the way from Genoa. Melancholy as the tones are, the voice at times seems to be calling out "*Appe ve*"—as if some sad and exiled cockney were announcing the fact that he (in the plural) is not so wretched as you might imagine,—and at times to be struggling to cry "*Roma Vecch*—," as clearly as is consistent with a violent cold in the head and a decided thickness of enunciation which always cuts him short in his attempts.

"What's that?" cries our English friend; "I say, by Jove, there's a man crying out *Roma* something. I shouldn't wonder if that's a poetical way of offering models of the ruins," for he has heard a good deal of the poetical forms of speech used by the

Italians. Pleased with his own ingenuity, he rushes to the window to verify his supposition. Alas! the mystery vanishes, the poetry dissolves into very flat prose, the picturesque incident which would have made such a pretty text for the private journal he is writing for his friends is not at all worth recording. He sees below a very shabby, ill-dressed, and unpoetic person; sometimes with a superabundance of hats, and always with a lean gray sack slung over his shoulder, who slowly slouches and shuffles along the pavement, looking inquiringly up and down at all the windows. Now and then he pauses to utter his painful cry, straining out his head and neck, then stares at the houses on either side from garret to ground-floor, and if no responsive "*Pst*" is heard, indicating the possibility of a bargain, shifts his sack higher on his shoulder and shuffles on again. It is only a wretched old Jew such as you have seen a thousand times in London. But what is he crying?

Did you think, oh my friend, that he could not see you behind your half-closed blind? Those black, long-slit eyes were made to peer through crevices. They note you at once—an unmistakeable nose turns up (if such a nose can be ever said with propriety to turn up) in your direction, an interrogative finger is lifted, and a low, snuffling, submissive voice solves the riddle for you, and acquaints you at once with his profession, as he says clearly enough now, and rather confidently too, "*Roba Vecchia?*"—old clothes?

You are rather fierce at first, and answer the descendant of Moses with as much of a scowl as you can induce your curved eyebrows to make; but Mary Anne, who when this incident occurs is engaged in writing a long letter home full of hard statements against the Italians as a "nasty, dirty, cheating, miserable set"—her opinions being founded upon an extended acquaintance of three or four days with her courier "*Frangsaw*," the porters at Leghorn, the postilions and beggars at Civita Vecchia and along the road, and the snuffy old servant of her *padrone di casa*—has a good laugh with you afterwards over the old Jew, and adds the incident to her letter in a postscript as characteristic of the stupidity of the Italians, "who really think that we have come abroad to sell our old clothes. Just fancy!" Let me, however, do Mary Anne justice. She does think Rome is "*so* nice," though it is "*so* nasty," and says it is "so jolly to have such lots of picture-galleries and churches to see, and the models on the steps are so nice, and it's so nice to have so much sun, and the ruins are so nice too, and everything is so nice, excepting, of course, the people, who are not nice at all: John says they are all 'a rotten old lot of beggars' here, and you know, Byron says, that art and men, and all that sort of thing (I don't exactly

remember what the words are) fail, but nature still is fair. And so it is, to be sure. Just fancy!"

The poor old Jew meanwhile goes down the street. Shall we follow him into the Ghetto, where he will empty his sack of all the *roba vecchia* he has gathered, and after cleansing, scouring, shifting, turning, sewing, patching, changing, brushing, and renewing, will finally expose it again for sale, at a hundred times its cost, and twenty times its value. Shall we beard the Hebrew in his den?—the Moses in his stall? It is a curious place, I assure you, and well worth looking into.

The way is plain. You live in or near the Piazza di Spagna, of course. Take the Corso and go straight to the Capitol, thence through the Via de' Cerchiari to the Piazza Montanara, and you are on the very confines of the Ghetto. Let us pause here before entering. It is useless to hope to go straight to any place in Rome without being drawn a little out of the path we have proposed to ourselves, or stopped on the way by some object of interest which we cannot pass by,—and in going to the Ghetto you can scarcely avoid lingering a few minutes at least in the Piazza Montanara. Every Sunday you will find it thronged with peasants from all the mountain towns in the vicinity, who come down from their homes to labour on the Campagna. As they are generally hired by the week, they return to the city every Sunday to renew their old engagements or enter into new ones. This piazza is one of their chief places of resort, and Sunday is their day of 'change. Here they make their petty purchases, transact their small business, make merry together in the pot-houses, lounge about in the streets and sun themselves, and go to the puppet theatres, where there are at least two performances every day. Men, women and children, in every variety of costume, crowd the place, some with their rude implements of husbandry, some with the family donkey, on which they will return, "ride and tie," to the Campagna towards nightfall, making very picturesque "flights into Egypt" along the road, and some carrying their whole wardrobe on their head in a great bundle. Most of them are stalwart, broad-shouldered, and bronzed with the sun, but here and there may be seen the bleached, saffron face of one who has been stricken down by the fever and whose smile is pale and ghastly. The men are dressed in home-spun blue cloth, and wear on their legs long white stockings and small-clothes, heavy leathern gaiters strapped up to the knee, or the shaggy skins of white goats. As the cold weather comes on, a huge blue cloak with a cape is flung over the shoulder, and the peasant, firm as an old Roman, stands like a statue for hours in the piazza. The

women are dressed in the vivid colours of their town, with scarlet bodices and snowy cloths on their heads, broad-shouldered, full-bosomed, straight-backed, large-waisted, and made to bear and to endure. Their faces beam with health like russet apples glowing in the autumn sun, and the circulation is decidedly good. So, too, is the digestion, if one judges from the appetite with which they eat their raw onions and salads, and bite great curves out of their wedges of black bread.

Here, seated in the open street, you will see a peasant holding under his chin a basin with a curved notch to fit his neck, from which the piazza barber is rubbing lather over his face with his hand, preparatory to reaping the thick black stubble of his beard. On the opposite side you will hear the snapping of scissors, where sits another peasant, whose round bullet-head has just been cropped close to the skin; or another, on whom the operation is now completed, and who, as he rises from his chair, passes his hand over his head with a grin of satisfaction, and puts on his new hat that he has just bought in the piazza.

At the corner of the piazza, in the open air, with a rickety table before him, on which are a few sheets of paper, and an inkstand, sand and pens, is the *scrivano* or letter-writer, who makes contracts and writes and reads their letters for them. He is generally an old man, bearded, and with great round iron-rimmed spectacles on his nose. Ah! into his ear how many confessions have been made, how many a declaration of passionate love has been whispered, how many a tender and affectionate phrase has been uttered for the ears of distant friends and lovers! Italian letters are almost invariably expressions of feeling or sentiment, and not, like English letters, filled with news and incidents, and descriptions of persons and places; and the memory of this old man has many a love romance hung up within its secret chambers that we shall never know. Look at that peasant girl, who, leaning on both her hands over the table, is dictating to him in a low voice, while a group out of ear-shot stand behind her patiently awaiting their turn. See! how the blood mantles in her rich brown face as she utters words which are to pass through his ears into the heart of her lover, far away in the mountains. Her heavy braids of blue-black hair shine in the sun, her great gold earrings shake against her neck, her bosom throbs against the stiff scarlet bodice, her lips are parted with an eager expression as she watches the trembling hand of the letter-writer (trembling from age, not passion), who mysteriously conveys to paper "the perilous stuff that weighs upon the life." An open letter on the table under her hand shows that she is dictating an answer to that.

What a picture it is, out there in the open air! what colour! what light and shade! what expression!

Or look at that young peasant behind, who turns over and over the letter he holds, vainly endeavouring to decipher the black mysterious lines that the old man will interpret for him into heart-beats from home as soon as he has finished the letter in hand. His face now illuminates, for the old man's task is done—he has folded the letter, sealed it with a wet red wafer, directed it, and given it to the girl, who pays him two or three *baiocchi*, and, saying to her friend "*A te*," turns away with a contented smile to run and drop it in the post.

Nor only this will you see. Sometimes, instead of smiles, tears—hot, burning tears—drop on that old rickety table. Death has been busy, a life's hope crushed,—and the old man's spectacles are dim with mist. He places his hand gently on the shoulder of the writer and says—"*Pazienza! Cosi vuole Iddio. Come si fa?*"

What a magic lantern that old man's memory would be to peep into! what comedies, farces, and tragedies, one might see on its shifting slides! Even the table itself, could it but speak, might thrill us with many a strange story and drama that has passed over its boards.

But our way lies towards the Ghetto, and we must not linger here too long. Look up! There are the giant remains of the once splendid and still famous Theatre of Marcellus, built by Augustus, and dedicated to his youthful nephew, "*Heu! miserande puer*," whom Virgil has immortalized in his verse. There still stand some of those magnificent Doric and Ionic columns, which Vitruvius and Palladio considered as worthy models of the best style of their orders. But a terrible change has come over them since the Augustan times. They are all built into the walls of the Orsini Palace, a huge, ugly, characterless structure, that frowns over the Piazza Montanara, and darkens along the narrow street. Half-buried under ground are the Doric columns of the lower story, and the rude doors of dark dirty shops, in which all sorts of riffraff are sold, reach nearly to the crumbling cornice. Windows, pierced here and there irregularly, mere holes in the wall, look out between the upper columns. The middle ages have overgrown and defaced the antique beauty. The theatre of the brilliant days of Augustus, has, in turns, become a feudal fortress and a barricaded palace, and finally yielded its lower stories to miserable shops and shabby lodgings. Yet even in its degradation it is one of the most imposing and picturesque of the Roman ruins.*

* Among the admirable photographs of Mr. Macpherson, of Rome, none is more striking than that of this Theatre of Marcellus.

Let us pass round this gigantic hulk that towers and glooms over the low, miserable houses near it, and we are in the Ghetto. We have entered, appropriately enough, into the Piazza del Pianto—the Place of Weeping—for sorrow and tears have been the heritage of the children of Israel ever since their splendid city was destroyed, and they were scattered to the four winds of heaven. On the very spot where we now stand, or within a short distance from it, this Roman colony of Jews have lived for more than eighteen centuries, despised and degraded—the pariahs of Europe and the Church. Through all the sad vicissitudes of these ages of ignominy, here they have clung with a pertinacity which is unaccountable. No savagery of persecution has been able to drive them away from the place where they have suffered most. Enslaved, and thrown to the wild beasts of the arena as sport for the imperial populace, outlawed and denied all intercourse with Christians by the Popes, branded with infamy, oppressed by cruel laws, irritated by constant insults, banned from the city, and crowded in wretched and unwholesome houses, they have hovered about Rome as moths round the lamp that burns them, and are now the oldest unbroken colony of Jews in Europe. Close by the side of the Papal Church, which claims to have been instituted by Christ, the Jewish Church, dedicated to Jehovah, has stationed itself, and maintained the laws of Moses with unflinching faith. Persuasions and threats have been tried on it in vain. Under the unremitted burden of their woes, the Jews have obstinately resisted conversion, and on the ruins of the Pagan temples, and within the precincts of the city dedicated to Jove, the two churches of Moses and Peter have held their hostile camps. In the temples of Jove and Juno the Catholic priest has preached in vain for centuries to the disbelieving Hebrew. There is something sublime in this loyalty of allegiance. While the descendants of the poor fisherman have made broad their phylacteries, sat in the high places and glorious temples, and given law to the world, the chosen people of God have herded like swine in the Ghetto. Yet, despite the enormous temptations held forth to seduce them from their faith, instances of conversion have always been rare. The history of such a colony cannot but be interesting, and I propose to set down a few notes thereupon.

But first let us take a glimpse of the Ghetto. Its very name is derived from the Talmud Ghet, and, signifying segregation and disjunction, is opprobrious, and fitly describes the home of a people cut off from the Christian world, and banned as infamous. Stepping out from the Piazza di Pianto, we plunge at once down a narrow street into the midst of the common class of Jews. The air reeks

with the peculiar frowsy smell of old woollen clothes, modified with occasional streaks or strata of garlic, while above all triumphs the foul human odour of a crowded and unclean population. The street is a succession of miserable houses, and every door opens into a dark shop. Each of these is wide open, and within and without, sprawling on the pavement, sitting on benches and stools, standing in the street, blocking up the passages, and leaning out of the upper windows, are swarms of Jews—fat and lean, handsome and hideous, old and young—as thick as ants around an ant-hill. The shop-doors are draped with old clothes and second-hand *roba* of every description. Old military suits of furbished shabbiness—faded silken court dresses of a past century, with worn embroidery—napless and forlorn dress-coats, with shining seams and flabby skirts—waistcoats of dirty damask—legs of velvet breeches—in a word, all the cast-off riffraff of centuries that have "fallen from their high estate" are dangling everywhere over-head. Most of the men are lounging about and leaning against the lintels of the doors or packed upon benches ranged in front of the shops. The children are rolling round in the dirt, and playing with cabbage ends and stalks, and engaged in numerous and not over-clean occupations. The greater part of the women, however, are plying the weapon of their tribe, with which they have won a world-wide reputation—the needle—and, bent closely over their work, are busy in renewing old garments and hiding rents and holes with its skilful web-work. Everybody is on the look-out for customers; and, as you pass down the street, you are subjected to a constant fusilade of "*Pst, Pst,*" from all sides. The women beckon you, and proffer their wares. At times they even seize the skirts of your coat in their eagerness to tempt you to a bargain. The men come solemnly up, and whisper confidentially in your ear, begging to know what you seek. Is there anything you can possibly want? If so, do not be abashed by the shabbiness of the shop, but enter, and ask even for the richest thing. You will find it, if you have patience. But, once in the trap, the manner of the seller changes—he dallies with you as a spider with a fly, as a cat with a mouse. Nothing is to be seen but folded cloths on regular shelves—all is hidden out of sight. At first, and reluctantly, he produces a common, shabby enough article. "Oh, no, that will never do,—too common." Then gradually he draws forth a better specimen. "Not good enough? why a prince might be glad to buy it!" Finally, when he has wearied you out, and you turn to go, he understands it is some superb brocade embroidered in gold—some gorgeous *portiere* worked in satin—some rich tapestry with Scripture stories—that you want, and with a sigh he opens

a cupboard and draws it forth. A strange combination of inconsistent and opposite feelings has prevented him from exhibiting it before. He is divided between a desire to keep it and a longing to sell it. He wishes if possible to eat his cake and have it too,—and the poor ass in the fable between the two bundles of hay was not in a worse quandary. At last, the article you seek makes its appearance. It is indeed splendid, but you must not admit it. It may be the dress the Princess d'Este wore centuries ago, faded but splendid still—or the lace of Alexander VI., the Borgia—or an ancient altar cloth with sacramental spots—or a throne carpet of one of the Popes. Do you really wish to buy it, you must nerve yourself to fight. He begins at the zenith, you at the nadir; and gradually, by dint of extravagant laudation on his part, and corresponding depreciation on yours, you approach each other. But the distance is too great—the bargain is impossible. You turn and go away. He runs after you when he sees that you are not practising a feint, and offers it for less—but still the price is too high, and he in turn leaves you. You pass along the street. With a mysterious and confidential air, another of the tribe approaches you. He walks by your side. Was it a gold brocade you wanted? He also has one like that which you have seen, only in better condition. Would your Signoria do him the favour to look at it? You yield to his unctuous persuasion and enter his shop; but what is your astonishment when, after a delusive show of things you do not want, the identical article for which you have been bargaining is again produced in this new shop, and asserted stoutly, and with a faint pretence of indignation, to be quite another piece! This game is sometimes repeated three or four times. Wherever you enter, your old friend, Monsieur Tonson like, makes its appearance,—and you are lucky if you obtain it at last for twice its value, though you only pay a twentieth part of the price originally asked.

All the faces you see in the Ghetto are unmistakeably Hebraic, but very few are of the pure type. Generally it is only the disagreeable characteristics that remain,—the thick peculiar lips, the narrow eyes set close together, and the nose thin at the junction with the eyebrows, and bulbous at the end. Centuries of degradation have for the most part imbruted the physiognomy, and all of them have a greasy and anointed look. Here and there you will see a beautiful black-eyed child, with a wonderful mass of rich tendril-like curls, rolling about in the dirt; or a patriarchal-looking old Abraham, with a full beard, and the pure Israelite nose hooked over the moustache, and cut up backward in the nostrils. Hagars, too, are sometimes to be seen, and even stately Rebeccas at rarer inter-

vals, stride across the narrow street, with a proud, disdainful look above their station; but old Sarahs abound—fat, scolding, and repulsive—who fill to the extreme edge the wide chair on which they sit, while they rest their spuddy hands on their knees, and shake all over like jelly when they laugh. Almost all the faces are, however, of the short, greasy, bulbous type, and not of the long, thin, hook-nosed class. No impurity of breed and caste has sufficed to eradicate from them the Jewish characteristics.

As it is with the faces, so it is with the names. The pure Hebrew names have in great measure disappeared, or been intermarried with Italian surnames. These surnames are for the most part taken from some Italian city, or borrowed from some stately Italian house, with a pure Jewish prefix; as, for instance, Isaac Volterra, Moses Gonzaga, Jacob Ponticorvo. So also their speech is Roman, and their accent thick and Jewish. It is seldom that one hears them speak in their original Hebrew tongue, though they all understand it and employ it in their religious services.

The place and the people are in perfect keeping. The Ghetto is the high carnival of old clothes, the May-fair of rags. It is the great receptacle into which the common sewers of thievery and robbery empty. If a silver salver, a gold watch, a sparkling jewel, be missed unaccountably, it will surely run down into the Ghetto. Your old umbrella, your cloak that was stolen from the hall, the lace handkerchief with your initials embroidered in one corner, your snuff-box that the Emperor of Russia presented you, there lurk in secret holes, and turn up again after months or years of seclusion. In this *columbarium* your lost inanimate friends are buried, but not without resurrection.

Crammed together, layer above layer, like herrings in a barrel, the Jews of Rome are packed into the narrow confines of the Ghetto. Three of the modern palaces of Rome would more than cover the whole Jewish quarter; yet within this restricted space are crowded no less than 4000 persons. Every inch has its occupant; every closet is tenanted. And this seems the more extraordinary in spacious and thinly-populated Rome, where houses go a begging for tenants, and where, in the vast deserted halls and chambers of many a palace, the unbrushed cobwebs of years hang from decaying walls and ceilings. With the utmost economy of room, there is scarcely space enough to secure privacy and individuality; and, herded together like a huge family, they live in their sty. The street is their saloon, where they sit and talk, in loud snuffling voices, across from shop to shop, and from pavement to the opposite garret. The houses are all connected together on the upper floors;

so that, in case of inundation, the inhabitants may freely traverse the place without setting foot in the street. Dr. S—— assures me that, when called to visit professionally one family in the Ghetto, he has repeatedly been conveyed from chamber to chamber, from one end of the street to the other, giving advice all the way, and receiving pay as for one visit; and he also added that the best houses of the wealthiest Jews were never free from a certain odour abhorrent to the Christian nostril. Were you transported blindfold to this place, you would at once recognize it by this sign. Fortunately the level of the Ghetto is so low that, whenever the Tiber rises and overflows its banks, as is frequently the case in the autumn and winter, the whole quarter is under water. This is inconvenient perhaps, but the inhabitants owe a deep debt of gratitude to old Father Tiber, who thus washes out at intervals this Augean stable. At times the waters rise so as nearly to fill the lower stories in the Fiumara, and in 1846 the houses were inundated even to their ceilings.

Despite this purgation the place reeks with foul odours. But if confidence can be placed in the statements of some old authors, there is no remedy for this defect so long as the Jews adhere to the faith of their forefathers.

It is, however, an extraordinary fact that, despite the filth and bad drainage of the Ghetto, it is on the whole one of the healthiest places in Rome. The average of deaths is small, fever is rare, and in the year 1837, when the cholera raged in Rome, fewer died in the Ghetto than in any other part of the city. This is certainly a corroboration of the prevalent idea in Rome, that fever avoids places where the air is much beaten by a constant concourse of people, and that the denser the population the safer the residence.

The method of cleansing the Ghetto indicated by the learned authors just quoted is not, I fear, a very available one. The Jews pertinaciously resist it, despite the tender invitation held out constantly before their eyes every time they issue from the Ghetto by the Ponte Quattro Capi, where they may read in Latin and Hebrew text this sentence from Isaiah (ch. lxv. ver. 2), inscribed in large letters over the portals of a little church: "I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walked in a way which was not good after their own thought." This inscription was the happy idea of a converted Jew, who thus showed his zeal for his new religion. Its results have not, however, been as yet very striking, and perhaps, *Chi sa?* the Jews apply it to the Christians and not to themselves.

Once a year the papal Church, on the Saturday before Easter,

baptizes into the Christian faith a recanting Jew, giving him with one sprinkle salvation and the "odour of sanctity;" but a certain extraordinary resemblance of features is often to be marked between the converts of successive years, and it is to be feared that the holy Church is sometimes deceived, or—is not:—

"Lo! Micah—the self-same beard on chin
He was four times already converted in."

When this ceremony does take place, it is performed in the Church of San Giovanni in Laterano with great ceremony. The proselyte, covered with a white veil, and holding a burning wax candle in his hand as a symbol of enlightenment, is anointed on the neck and head, and sprinkled with holy baptism from the great porphyry vase, in which Rienzi bathed in rose-water. The procession then returns to the church, the cardinal blesses the convert at the altar, and then makes a long sermon at the expense of the new Christian and his old friends in the Ghetto. This concluded, he retires, extricated from the claws of the devil, and, if Fortunatus be correct, "surpassing ambrosial dews with the sweetness of his breath."

At earlier periods there have not been wanting converts of eminence at rare intervals, and it has even happened that a regenerated Jew has seen his son admitted to high honours in the Church, and, had his life been sufficiently prolonged, might in his old age have beheld him in the chair of St. Peter wielding the thunders of the Vatican. This was the case of a certain Pietro Leone, who in the eleventh century renounced Judaism, and together with his son was baptized by Leo IX., and assumed his name. Both these Jews were most honourable and excellent persons. The father was very rich and learned, and was held in high consideration by Pope Leo. His son also enjoyed the favour of Paschal II., and was made governor of the Castle St. Angelo. The son of the latter devoted himself to literature, and seems to have been much esteemed in his first years of manhood. He was made Cardinal by Calixtus II., and sent legate to France; but here, on the death of the Pope and the election of Cardinal Gregorius under the title of Innocent II., he was seduced by the party opposed to this election, and was elected Anti-pope under the title of Anaclet II. After this, his conduct seems to have been far from satisfactory. He despoiled the churches, drove Innocent II. from his seat, which he held to his death despite of excommunication, and at last, abandoned by nearly all his partisans save Ruggero Duke of Sicily, to whom he had given his sister in marriage, he died in 1138.

But let us continue our walk through the Ghetto. Passing down the Fiumara and turning at a sharp angle to the left, we enter the Piazza di Santa Maria in Pescheria, and see before us the church from which it receives its name. This uncouth structure occupies the site of the ancient temple of Jove or of Juno (there is some doubt which), and is barnacled upon the ruins of the once splendid Portico of Octavia by which these temples were surrounded; a few of the beautiful Corinthian fluted columns of its vestibule are still standing, cracked and crumbled by fire, and defaced by time and abuse. Some of these are built into the walls of the wretched houses. One or two stand alone, braced by iron bars and supporting fragments of the old cornice, and the two centre ones fronting the piazza are connected by the lofty brick arch which Septimius Severus threw between them to support the entablature after the fire by which the portico was injured in the reign of Titus.[1] Within the enclosure stands the church, and on the arch are the peeling frescoes of a Christian age, dropping daily with the decaying mortar. Nothing can be more melancholy than this spectacle. Everything has gone to ruin. Low miserable houses surround this splendid relic of antiquity. The noble columns are broken, stained, and walled up. The splendour of imperial Rome has given place to the Pescheria—the fish market. Step under this arch and look up that narrow, dirty, but picturesque street on the left—that is the Pescheria. Stone slabs, broken and grappled by iron hooks, stretch out on either side into the street, and usurp it so as to leave no carriageable way between them. If it be market-day you will see them covered with every kind of fishes. Green crusty lobsters, squirming crawfish all alive, heaps of red mullet, baskets of little shining sardines, large *spigole*, sprawling, deformed cuttle-fish—in a word, all the inhabitants of the Mediterranean are there exposed for sale; while the fisherman, standing behind them, slashes now and then a bucket of water over the benches and cries out his store. Is the market over—the street is deserted, the marble slabs are crusted with scales of fish, the purchasers and the purchased are gone, but the "ancient and fish-like smell" remains, a permanent bequest, to haunt the place, and mingle in companionship with the other odours of the Fiumara. Great dark holes open into the houses behind, begrimed with dirt and smoke. Above stretches an arch supported by black beams, over which is reared a series of chambers; here juts out on its iron arm the lantern which illuminates feebly the street at night; and here, in a grimed corner, is placed a Madonna-shrine with an onion-shaped lamp burning before it. Do what the Jews may, they are

forced to accept the Virgin. Here, reposing from his labours, sits a Jew behind one of the stone slabs. He tends the empty bench, with a green cravat on his neck, and a huge gold watch-chain hanging out of his waistcoat pocket. Behind him, grim with filth, is a great square door. Look at it close—it is antique, of the age of Septimius Severus; its lintels are carved in the egg and cup pattern, and it now serves as the door of his shop, unaltered save in its use. Everywhere crop out of the walls fragments of columns, architraves, and defaced capitals, and from the windows old petticoats dangle and flap about among them.

Please to remember that this place which I have been describing was once the Portico of Octavia, and then shut your eyes a moment and let your fancy carry you back to the ancient days. Here on this very spot where we are now standing stood the Cupid of Praxiteles, the Diana of Ciphesiodorus, the Ludovisi Mars, the Phidian Venus; just behind us rose the Temple of Juno; and here the Romans of the Augustan age sauntered between the acts at the Theatre of Marcellus. This was the spot whence Titus and Vespasian led forth their splendid triumph after the destruction of Jerusalem. Through these very columns that stink with fish passed their glittering train, gorgeous with gold, gems and ivory, flaunting Syrian robes of purple embroidered with gold, with richly-caparisoned elephants and dromedaries, then new to the Roman eye; bearing hundreds of statues of every metal, and the "*spolia opima*" torn from the great Temple of Jerusalem. Yes, over this very ground, where the sons and daughters of Zion drive their miserable trade in old clothes, and where the Pescheria breathes its unsavoury smells, were carried in pomp the silver trumpets of the Jubilee, the massive golden table of shewbread, the seven-branched candlestick of gold, the tables of the law, the veil itself from behind which sacrilegious hands had stolen the sacred utensils of the altar—and in their rear, sad, dejected and doomed, followed Simon the son of Gorias, loaded with clanking chains, and marching in the triumphal train of his victors to ignominious death at the base of the Capitol. Shut your eyes and see the procession go by—statues, crowns, elephants, purple robes, flashing figures, laurel-crowned legions, and at last, the chariots, with four milk-white horses abreast, bearing the Emperors Vespasian and Titus, stained vermilion, and dressed in purple and gold tunics, to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus;—and when the last robe has fluttered away, and the last brazen clang echoed through the double rows of marble columns, open them again, and behold the Fiumara and the Pescheria, and listen to the strain taken up after seventeen cen-

turies. It is no longer "*Io triumphe*," but "Ogh clo'"—*Roba vecchia*. "To what base uses we may return!"

Shut then your eyes again. Thirteen centuries have passed since that vision of triumph. Under the temple of the Jews, close by the spot on which you stand, a boy has been born, and grown to man's estate. To the walls of the little church of St. Angelo in Pescheria he has affixed an allegorical picture, and you hear his voice describing it. There is a great fire, with kings and subjects burning therein; and among them a matron (who represents Rome) dying in the flames. On the right is a church, from which issues an angel in white robes, bearing a naked sword in one hand, while with the other he drags the matron from the fire. High above on the church tower stand St. Peter and St. Paul, and cry, "Angel, angel, succour our protectress!" Descending from the sky many a falcon (which are barons) has fallen into the flames, while others are pouncing upon a beautiful white dove that bears in his bill a myrtle crown. The dove gives it to another bird hunted down by the falcons, that he may place it on the matron's head. Beneath is written: "I see the time of the great judgment, and do thou expect that time." The voice which speaks and explains the picture is that of Cola di Rienzi. You open your eyes to catch a glimpse of the last of the Romans. There is no one near but an old Jew, and by no means the last of them, who shows you a bad mosaic of which he wishes to make a dispensation to you, "for a consideration," and looking on the walls for the picture, you only see a marble slab forbidding the playing of any game in the piazza.

But shut your eyes again, and you will hear a trumpet sound, and see Rienzi marching out of the church clad in armour, with his head uncovered, and surrounded by the papal vicar and a goodly retinue of followers with allegorical standards of Peace, Liberty, and Justice. They are going to establish the "good estate," for which he paid with his life.

Brushing away these cobwebs of the fancy, you open your eyes again. The church is still there, but Rienzi has gone, never to reappear. It is not worth while to enter the church,—there is nothing of note in it; or, if there be, any Jew boy about the place will be your Murray. He will also tell you, if he happen to know the fact, that for many years the Jews were forced to listen therein, once a week, to a sermon delivered by a Christian upon the text of their perversity. It was of course a converted Jew, named Andrias, who first conceived so happy a thought; and Pope Gregory XIII. was well pleased to carry it at once into execution. He therefore ordained that at least 100 men and 50 women, which number he

afterwards raised to 300, should attend this Christian service. Every Sunday came the *sbirri* into the Ghetto, and drove the wretched inhabitants with the crack of their whips, like veritable overseers of a slave plantation, into the precincts of the church. Guards stood at the door to make sure that the appointed number were there; and the *sbirri* within, if they caught a poor devil of a Jew asleep or inattentive, brought him to his bearings at once by a lash of the whip over his shoulders. The sermon was delivered by a Dominican priest, upon the very text which had formed the theme of Jewish discourse the previous day in the synagogue. The effect does not seem to have been satisfactory, for very few of the Jews were whipped into Christianity, though the lashes were laid on with an unsparing hand. Nevertheless, this practice lasted for more than two centuries and a half, and was only abandoned within the reign of the present Pope. The sermon was at first delivered in the church of San Benedetto, but at a later date St. Angelo in Pescheria was substituted.

Passing through the Pescheria and turning to the right we enter the Via Rua, which is the Corso of the Ghetto. Here a better set of shops may be found, for here are established those of the Jewish colony who have amassed a fortune, or at least are on the way to do so. Everything here is shabby enough, but far better than those of the lower part of the Ghetto, and here you will find all kinds of linen, cotton, and woollen cloth piled away on the shelves.

Crossing again the Piazza di Pianto, we pass into a little irregular place called the Piazza della Scuola, where the synagogue stands. The building is very simple, and offers a special contrast in this respect to every other church in Rome. It is rather singular in its architecture, and in front there are two ugly pillars, and a golden inscription in Hebrew, by which you know it to be the synagogue. All synagogues have a striking family resemblance internally; and I shall not occupy your time and mine with describing the seats below for the men who always honour God by keeping their hats on during their religious ceremonies, nor the seats far above in the well-like cupola, where the daughters of Israel look down through a grating upon the altar below. When you are in it you feel that the Romish Church has had no hand in making it, and that quite a different worship takes place there on its hard regular benches. However, if you are not satisfied without a full description of it, I refer you to a most interesting chapter on the Jews in Rome in the "Figuren" of Ferdinand Gregorovius, where you will find considerable information on the subject.

One bit of information I may be permitted here to give, inasmuch

as the stranger will not find it in the pages of Murray. The piazza receives its title della Scuola from the fact that the synagogue unites in itself five *scuole* or schools; namely, of the Temple, Catalana, Castigliana, Siciliana, and of the new school. Each of these represents a parish or ward, which is devoted to a particular class of Jews, according to their nationality, and each has its school in which children are taught to read and write and reckon (the last being of special importance to a people whose law is Numbers).

I the more readily ask you not to linger in the synagogue, for there is matter much more attractive in that great irregular building, half-palace, half-barracks, which stands over opposite to it, and has already attracted your attention. That is the famous Palazzo Cenci. Can anything be more appropriate than that the Palazzo Cenci, which, being interpreted into the vernacular, signifies "the Palace of Rags," should crown the highest ground of the Ghetto. There it stands, lifted on a rising mound, which is formed of the *débris* and ruin of the Theatre of Balbus, now only an informal mass of rubbish, and looking down over the Piazza di Pianto. Yes! the Cenci Palace most fitly looks down into the Place of Weeping. The very name has already awakened in your heart a confused feeling of sorrow and indignation. The painful, melancholy, terrible story we all of us know has risen like a nightmare before your imagination. The place is hideous to you, for it embalms the most tragical of all earth's tragical histories. Shall we ascend the slope that leads to its *cortile*? This is the back entrance. The scene has strangely changed since Francesco Cenci, like a demon, ranged its rooms. One now sees French and Roman soldiers looking out of its windows, where they have their barracks, and hears the discordant trumpet-practising that echoes through its halls and shakes the rattling panes. Through that door we used to ascend to Overbeck's studio, which was open to the public every Sunday; and as if the spirit of contradiction possessed the place, it was here that he created his outlines of the New Testament history, and gave all his genius to the adoration of the Madonna and the saints. A ghost-like man he was, ascetic and dry in his manner and look, with long hair piously combed behind his ears, solemn in his voice and gesture —a sort of outline himself with almost no flesh and blood in him, who walked about his studio in a long priestly sort of dress, and explained his charcoal outlines. His figure was in form like one of the dryest of the early Siena school, without any of that gorgeous colour in which the primitive painters loved to indulge, but which Overbeck considers to be too sensuous for spiritual art. He is no

longer to be found in the studio which he occupied here for so many years; and the pencil has given place there to the musket.

This is the back of the palace; it fronts on the Piazza Cenci, a dreary and deserted place enough. Look up at it. Over a high narrow archway juts out an iron balcony, from which Beatrice may have looked with those sad eyes, that were friends with grief. It is easy enough to see her there still, if one have a lively imagination. Underneath her gapes the great black hole of entrance, looking like a fit vestibule to some horrible inquisition, or even, if possible, to some worse place. *Per me si va nella città dolente* might be inscribed over it, so grim and ugly is its aspect. Sooty, grimed with the dirt of ages, and doorless, it seems like the passage to Acheron; nor is the illusion dispelled as you ascend its ruinous slope of brick stairs, and pick your way along its filth and ordure; for, glancing down doorways on the right, you see long black passages leading down and down into subterranean depths, that stretch out of sight into darkness. Glad enough are you when you have passed the obscenity and stench of this passage to issue into the light of day in the *cortile*, and see the sunshine playing on the granite columns, and antique friezes, and open corridors of arches. But on the pavement here are open gratings, through which you look down into subterranean *oubliettes*, the caverns probably of the old Theatre of Balbus, where God knows what crimes may have been perpetrated in barbarous ages. A sort of ugly horror seems to possess the whole place, which even the sunshine cannot quite dispel.

As you stand in this *cortile* you see directly before you a little church, founded in 1113 by Cencio, Bishop of Sabina, and rebuilt by Francesco Cenci in expiation of his atrocious crimes, or rather as a bribe to the church for absolution. Let us read its inscription: "*Francescus Cencius, Christopheri filius, et ecclesiæ patronus templum hoc rebus ad divinum cultum et ornatum necessariis ad perpetuam rei memoriam exornari ac perfeci curavit—anno Jubilei MDLXXV.*" Think what the church must have been of which Francesco Cenci could dare to call himself "patron." It is fitly dedicated to the unbelieving St. Thomas.

We have now gone through the Ghetto; and it remains for me to set down a few notes relative to the history of this little colony of Jews, and of the oppression under which they have suffered.

Among the heathen Cæsars the Jews had been forced by imperial decrees to perform three sacrifices for every new emperor. First on his installation; then on the occasion of any illness; and third, in case of any war undertaken by him. These it was not only incumbent upon the Jews in Rome to perform, but,

after the taking of Jerusalem, upon the whole people wherever it might be.

When the Popes took the place of the emperors, and Christianity assumed the purple robes, the forms of sacrifice were changed, but the homage was exacted. Upon the installation of the Pope a deputation of Romish Jews were obliged to present themselves to his holiness on the public way of his triumphal procession, singing songs in his praise, and carrying on their shoulders a copy of the Pentateuch written on parchment, bound in gold, and covered with a veil, which on bended knees they offered to him, beseeching his protection. The successor of Peter took the book, read a few words from it, and then putting it behind him said, "We affirm the law, but we curse the Hebrew people and their exposition of it." Having thus graciously accepted their homage, he proceeded on his way; and the deputation, full of fears for the future, retired to their humble quarters in the Ghetto, saluted on all sides by the cries and scoffs of the populace.

It was Calixtus the Second who revived the old usage, and recreated it in this form in the year 1119; and his successors were so much pleased with it that they continued it thenceforward for nearly four centuries.

The spot on which this homage was generally offered was at the Bridge of Hadrian, the second destroyer of Jerusalem, but sometimes it was performed on Monte Giordano. The ill-treatment to which the Jews were subjected by the mob in these public places at last became so excessive, that in 1484 Innocent VIII., taking compassion on them, received them in the enclosure of the Castel St. Angelo. Burkhard, the master of ceremonies of the Pope, gives us the address of the Jews, and the response of the holy Father, in these words. Extending the copy of the Pentateuch, the chief of the deputation said, in Hebrew, "Most Holy Father, we Israelites beseech you, in the name of our synagogue, that the Mosaic law given by Almighty God to Moses, our priest on Mount Sinai, may be conceded and allowed to us, as by other eminent Popes the predecessors of your holiness it has been conceded and allowed." To which the Pope replied, "We concede to you the law, but we curse your creed and your interpretation; for he of whom you said, 'he will come,' has already come, our Lord Jesus Christ, as is taught and professed by our Church."

On one occasion Pius III., in the year 1503, being ill, received this deputation in a hall of the Vatican. But Julius II. immediately remanded the ceremony to the Bridge of Hadrian, where he made a long sermon on the occasion, and his physician, the Spaniard

Rabbi Samuel, also spoke with eloquence. His successor, Leo X., received this homage with still greater pomp and circumstance, as is evident from the description of the occasion by his great master of ceremonies Paris de Grassis. This worthy person tells us that the Jews stood before the door of the Castel St. Angelo on a wooden scaffold covered with gold brocade and silken carpets, and bearing eight burning wax candles. There they held up the tables of the law, and while the Pope rode by on his white horse, fat, sensual, and repulsive (for surely, if the portrait Raffaelle has left us of this voluptuary be faithful, nothing could have been less spiritual than his appearance), the Jews made their customary humble appeal, and this holy figure, differing somewhat from that of the chief of the apostles, made the usual response. What a picture it must have been! Perhaps Adrian saw it with a satirical eye, thinking little better of the Pope than Mosheim, who places him in the list of atheists, or than the Venetian ambassadors, who give accounts of his gross excesses and vices of a nature to scandalize the lowest rake of this century. However this may have been, certain it is that the ceremony was discontinued by honest, pious, and ascetic Adrian, and was not again renewed.

Yet it was not to be permitted to the Jews to be absolved from humiliations, and, though the homage was not exacted, they were obliged to cover with costly stuffs and carpets a portion of the street over which the papal procession took its way. At the installation of Gregory XIV., the steps of the Capitol and the Arch of Septimius Severus were adorned by them; but by a refinement of annoyance worthy of a papal court, they were subsequently bound to decorate with their richest tapestries, silks, and embroideries, the detested Arch of Titus, built to commemorate their own degradation and the destruction of their holy city, as well as the whole road leading thence to the Colosseum. These tapestries and hangings bore upon a gold ground embroidered emblems designated by the Pope, with Latin texts taken from the New and Old Testament. The emblems, generally twenty-five in number, and expressive of every sort of fantastic allegory, were woven by the Jews themselves in their dirty Ghetto, and doubtless had hatred and indignation enough wrought into their texture to give a *jettatura* to the Pope who passed over and under them. In course of time these scriptural allegories became confused with pagan devices. The Old Testament and Roman mythology intermarried and gave birth to designs absurd in sentiment and *barocco* in style,—Apollo, Moses, Minerva, the Virgin, Popes, donkeys, and heraldic animals, grouping amicably together, to illustrate texts from the Bible—somewhat after the fashion of

"Bould Homer, Venus, and Nicodemus" in the famous gardens of "the groves of Blarney." Some of these very tapestries, I doubt not, might even now be raked out of hidden chambers in the Ghetto, if any one had the will to purchase them.

At a later period Pius VII. (Chiaramonti), at the beginning of the present century, exempted the Jews from this tribute, and in place of it allowed them to present a book, bound in costly style, and with emblems exquisitely painted in miniature, which was dedicated with Latin verses to the Pope. One of these books was presented to Gregory XVI. It was painted by Pietro Paoletti of Belluno; that painter being selected in honour of the Pope, whose native town was Belluno; and was sent by his holiness to the cathedral there, where any one who is curious may examine it. To Pius IX. a similar book was presented, which cost no less than 500 *scudi*.

Let us now retrace our steps to the thirteenth century, when Innocent III., in the year 1215, re-enacted the decrees of the council ordering the Jews to wear badges of their degradation From this time forward, for more than two centuries, they were alternately favoured and oppressed, according to the character of the Pope—generally, however, being admitted to a certain position in case of eminent qualities and acquirements. Thus, John XXII. (1316), being averse to them, prohibited the use of the Talmud and ordered it to be publicly burned. Benedict XIII. (1394), on the contrary, being favourable to them, allowed a Jewish woman to take the care of his wardrobe, and a Jewish physician to take care of his body. This worthy leech, whose name was Joshua Halorki, was converted by him to the Christian faith, and, under the new title of Hieronymus de Sancta Fide, wrote certain works against the Talmud and on the perfidy of the Hebrew nation, for which service he received high honours from the Pope and as deep curses from the Jews.

Innocent VII. (1404) was also propitious to them, and among other privileges he granted to some of the Jewish physicians the freedom of the city, and exempted them from wearing the ignominious badge of their people. Martin V. (1417) showed a like graciousness, and did them the honour to select his favourite physician from among them.

But these sunny days now came to a close. The Papacy grew strong, and its enemies felt the weight of its hand. In Eugenius IV. (Condolmieri, 1431), the Jews found a cruel master. He banned them from the city, forbade them to hold any public office, and decreed that their testimony should not avail in a court of

justice against that of a Christian. Besides loading them with taxes and tributes, he first conceived the happy thought of making their degradation subservient to the festivities of the Carnival. With this view he mulcted them of an annual fine of 1130 *scudi* in order to defray its expenses. This seed of sorrow took root at once and bore bitter fruit. From this time forward, one of the principal amusements of the Carnival was to maltreat the Jews; and the sport proved so excellent that cardinals and *monsignori* freely took part in it. It was Paul II. (Pietro Barbo), however, who in 1468 first ordained the races of this wretched people in the Corso, and gave form and law to the cruelty of the mob. The programme of ignominy was this:—First, a body of Jewish elders, clothed in a shirt or doublet, preceded the cavalcade of the senators who opened the Carnival. They were then obliged to run races every day; and it was the custom to give them a rich dinner beforehand so as to enable their bodies and spirits to sustain the trials they were to undergo. There were two classes of races; the one comprising old men, young men, and children, without reference to their nation; and the other being of horses, asses, buffaloes, and Jews. While it was optional with the former to race or not, it was compulsory with the latter—Jews and asses being treated as belonging to the same category. The racing by the Romans was soon abandoned, but the Jews had not the privilege of refusal, and the sport was too good to be foregone.

The course was from the tomb of Domitian, close by the Porta del Popolo, to the church of St. Marco, in the Piazza di Venezia; and amid the howls and shrieks of the delighted bystanders, who showered upon them as they passed the most insulting and disgraceful epithets, the poor old Jews, a little drunk with their repast and the liquor with which they tried to drown the sense of their ignominy, stumbled along the crowded Corso. Noble ladies and purple-robed cardinals and *monsignori* applauded this degrading spectacle, while the Pope himself looked down from his decorated balcony, and smiled his approval or shook his holy sides with laughter. If, after the dragoons have cleared a path for the horse races of the Carnival in the present day, you have ever seen an unfortunate dog endeavour to make his way down the Corso through the opening, and heard the screams and laughter, the scoffs and shouts of derision which urge him on in his affrighted course, you may have an inkling of the horror of that race of old Jews. But this spectacle, as we have described it, bad as it was, did not satisfy the greedy demands of the populace or the Pope, and a piquancy was afterwards added to it by forcing the Jews to run with a rope round their necks and entirely

naked, save where a narrow band was girt round their loins. This brutal exhibition, more disgraceful to the Pope than to the Jews, was annually repeated during every day of the Carnival for more than 200 years; and it was not until the year 1668 that Clement IX. (Rospigliosi) absolved the Jews from its performance on condition of their paying a tax of 300 *scudi*, and also relieved them from accompanying the cavalcade of senators, they agreeing in compensation to furnish the prizes for the races.

Besides this, on the first Sunday of Carnival, a deputation from the Ghetto, composed of the chiefs of the Jews, were forced to go bareheaded to the palace of the Capitol, where were the *conservators* of the Roman senate. Here they threw themselves on their knees, presenting to the *conservators* bouquets of flowers and twenty *scudi*, which they prayed him to apply to the decoration of the balcony of the Roman Senate in the Piazza del Popolo. They then proceeded to the *senator*, and kneeling, besought his permission to reside in the Ghetto during the ensuing year. The *senator* placed his foot upon their brows and commanded them to rise, saying, after an appointed formula, that although they were not acceptable in Rome, yet out of pity they would be allowed to remain. This humiliation is not now required; but the Jews are still obliged to come to the Capitol, do homage, and pay tribute to purchase the prizes for the races, but (thank God!) it is horses and not Jews that are compelled to run in them.

In the mean time, between the institution of these races and their discontinuance, this much-abused colony was destined to be trodden down by one of the most bigoted, fanatical, and cruel princes who ever sat in the chair of St. Peter—the Neapolitan Caraffa, who in 1555 was made Pope under the title of Paul IV. To him the Christians owed the establishment of the Censorship and the Inquisition at Rome, and the Jews the revocation of all their privileges by the bull "*cum nimis absurdum.*" Hitherto the better class had preserved certain privileges in the midst of their disabilities and degradation. But this bigot, with one blow, sheared them all away. He prohibited Jewish physicians from practising among Christians; he disabled them from carrying on any trade or handicraft, and from the purchase and sale of merchandize; he imposed upon them heavy tributes, and prohibited them from all commerce with Christians. Even the title of Don, to which some of the highest Spanish Jews were entitled, he disallowed. Perfectly to separate them from all other classes, he ordered that they should not enter the city without bearing a badge of Hebraism; the men a yellow hat and the women a yellow veil; for, he says, "it is truly too shameless and unseemly that Jews, whose guilt has precipitated them into eternal slavery,

under the pretext of receiving Christian compassion, should insolently assume to dwell among Christians and take Christian servants, and even to purchase houses, without bearing a badge."

Hitherto, certain Jews had for a long period been silently permitted to reside within the walls of the city, despite all the laws to the contrary, though for the most part they congregated together on the further side of the Tiber to avoid close contact with a people who hated and despised them; but Caraffa now imprisoned them within the narrow limits between the Ponte Quattro Capi and the Piazza del Pianto, now known as the Ghetto, though it formerly bore the name of the Vicus Judæorum. But Ghetto is its true name—the place of ban—the place for outcasts—as deeply they must have felt when, on the 26th of July, 1556, they were driven sorrowing into this pen and walled up there like beasts. From that time forward to the present day, more than three centuries, they have lived crowded together in its narrow confines, overflowed by every rise of the Tiber, and only by the utmost economy of room making space for the necessary separations into families and individuals. On one occasion, when the quarter was overflowed, they begged permission to come out of it temporarily, until the waters should abate, but it was answered that water would not hurt them.

But now that they were segregated in the Ghetto certain questions arose. The fourth part of the houses belonged to Romans, and there were even distinguished families residing there, among whom may be mentioned the Boccapaduli and the Cenci. It was impossible for the Jews to live in the houses without the consent of the proprietors, who might keep them roofless and houseless, either by refusing to let their houses at all, or by demanding exorbitant rents from a people who had no choice of place. To guard against this a law was passed, called the "*Jus Gazzaga*," which was to this effect—the Roman proprietors should retain the title to their houses, but should be required to make a perpetual lease of them to the Jews for a small annual rent, which by the terms of the contract should never be increased. The tenant was to be entitled to make such repairs and changes in the house as should seem to him proper, and was also permitted to sell and even to devise his interest; the landlord having no power to dispossess his grantees or devisees. This "*Jus Gazzaga*" is still in force, and the old leases made three centuries ago are still sold and devised as they then were with the same limited rents.

Banishment into the Ghetto was not the only evil the Jews suffered under Caraffa. The Inquisition did its holy office unto them, and many a one was burnt in the Campo dei Fiori and the

Piazza di Minerva. But the reign of Caraffa was short. Four years had scarcely elapsed when he died; and, when the Inquisition was plundered and the church of the Dominicans stormed, the Jews obtained a temporary relief. At least they had the satisfaction of pelting the monument of the Pope with mud and his memory with curses, and one of them even drew over its hand a yellow glove. At this the people laughed, fortunately for the audacious individual, considering the joke a good one, and Jews and Christians for once united in tumbling down the statue, and dragging through the mud its head with the papal crown upon it.

Their relief was, however, short; for in 1566, Paul V. (Ghislieri) confirmed the bull of Caraffa, and ordained that the gates of the Ghetto should be closed at Ave Maria, after which hour no one should be allowed to pass out or in. Any poor wretch of a Jew belated in Rome was therefore obliged to pass his night under the open sky beside his prison walls, unless he could make interest to open the gate with a silver key.

Foot-ball still to the Popes, their fate again changed when Sixtus V. (Felice Peretti), who has inscribed his name on so many of the public monuments and pedestals of Rome, issued in 1586 his bull, "*Christiana pietas infelicem Hebræorum statum commiserans,*" a monument itself to his humanity and truly Christian spirit. This bull threw open the doors of the prison built by Caraffa, and enabled the Jews not only to reside at their pleasure within any walled city or castle in the Roman territory, but also reinstated them in their privileges of carrying on all trades, except the retailing of wine and the sale of grain and meat. Through its provisions their intercourse and commerce with Christians was renewed, and they were allowed to become their servants, though not their masters. It even went so far in its humanity as to improve their habitations, to establish schools and synagogues among them, and to permit them to form a Hebrew library. It prohibited the summons of Jews to Court on their Sabbath, forbade their baptism by force, the imposition of improper and extraordinary expenses on such of them as were travelling, and reduced their tribute money to a reasonable poll-tax. Sunshine for once streamed in upon them. Their lot had never been so easy. But fortune is a wheel, and to the Jews for the most part a torturing one. In less than ten years it gave a violent turn. Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini) came to the throne, and they were again remanded to their prison and shorn of all their privileges.

In this wretched state of impotence and disgrace the Jews remained for two centuries, now and then experiencing a slight relief, as when Clement IX. abolished the law requiring them to run

races in the Corso at Carnival, but still occupying a wretched and ignominious position.. In the beginning of the 18th century, Clement XI. and Innocent XIII. (the names somehow terribly jar with the facts) renewed Caraffa's bull, forbidding the exercise of all trades to them, with the exception of the traffic in old iron and old clothes, "*stracci, ferracci.*" But it was not till 1740, under Benedict XIV., that they were allowed to sell cloth that was new.

How strangely their fate had changed since they were the chosen people! Then, by the law of Moses, agriculture was their occupation, and traffic was given over to strangers. Now they were only too happy to be allowed to exercise the humblest trades, and were not allowed to own or hire an inch of land, nor to cultivate an inch belonging to a Christian.

Thus driven to the wall by the Christians, what, then, was the occupation of this people during these long centuries of disabilities? Somehow they must live. The exceptions, as we have seen, distinguished themselves by the practice of medicine, and were received at intervals into the household of the Pope. But the masses earned a miserable livelihood by the most disreputable means, glad enough to earn it in any way. They continued to do what they had done in the time of Juvenal. They told fortunes, they dealt in magic, they made potions, they went about among the people professing mysterious powers, and extorting money from the fears of the superstitious. Here you have the two sides—the science of medicine, and its obverse, the practice of witchcraft. Besides this, they lent the money they scraped together at usurious interest. Their forefathers had invented bills of exchange; and they certainly took advantage of this invention, revenging themselves on the Christians for the shabby way in which they were forced to accumulate their golden heaps, by exacting an exorbitant interest on every loan which the necessities of the Christians forced them to demand. But in these cases—

> "We still have judgment *here*; that we but teach
> (Cruel) instructions, which being taught, return
> To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
> To our own lips."

The Church by its edicts had demoralized the Jews to the utmost. It had left them no reputable means of acquiring property. The curse reacted. They took to disreputable methods of securing their livelihoods, and in turn demoralized their persecutors. The remarkable bull of his holiness Pius V., issued in 1569, "*Hebræorum gens*

sola quondam a Domino electa," gives us a curious glimpse into the habits of the Roman colony of Jews in his day. By the provisions of this bull they were banned from every spot in the Roman States with the exception of Rome and Ancona, and as a reason for this harshness the following statements, among others, are therein made: "For not to mention the various methods of usury, by which the Jews entirely consume the means of needy Christians, we also believe it to be clearly established that they are the protectors of robbers and thieves, whom they conceal, as well as receivers of stolen goods, not only of a profane class, but also appertaining to our holy worship, either for the purpose of hiding them awhile, or of carrying them to other places to change their form so that they may not be recognised. Very many of them also steal, under the pretence of carrying on a proper business, into the houses of honest women, precipitate them into the abyss of shameless indecency, and, what is most corrupt of all, they lead astray imprudent and weak persons, with Satanic practices, fortune-telling, wonderful remedies, and the practice of magic arts and witchcraft, into the belief that they can predict future events, and discover treasures, stolen and lost articles, and pretend to powers of divination in other ways which it is given to no mortal to possess."

There is little doubt that these same practices are continued to a certain extent even to the present day; and it is said that the Jewish women still go about the city secretly selling love potions, interpreting dreams, and lending their aid in most disreputable ways to the superstitious and lustful. For the most part, the women, however, exercise the art of the needle, and if there be a carpet to be sewn together, or a rent in one's coat to be repaired, their efficient aid is invoked by all. Their speciality is sewing and mending old and new clothes. The men go about the streets by day buying cast-off garments and rags, or any depreciated article on which the proprietor wishes to raise money. At every public auction their greasy faces, hooked noses, and black eyes are to be seen, and their thick voices to be heard bidding low sums, and appropriating every article which sells at a sacrifice. By night, with their basket on their back and a lantern in their hand, they rake over the refuse heaps in the streets, picking out from them bits of broken glass, rags, paper, and silver spoons if they have the luck to find them, and not till dawn breaks over the housetops do these night-birds return to their roost in the Ghetto.

Under the reign of the Cæsars, and at the age of Claudius, the number of Jews in Rome is stated at 8,000; but this number was diminished under the Popes to about one half, and has since but slightly

varied. If we may trust the statements of a work published in Rome in the year 1667, under the title "Stato Vero degli Ebrei in Roma," there were then 4,500 Jews in the city, some 200 of which were respectable and well-to-do persons. At the present day they number 4,000. As they become rich, they generally change the Roman Ghetto for some city where they may live in a manner conformably to their wealth. For the most part they go into Tuscany, where they are entitled to equal rights with the other inhabitants, and chiefly congregrate at Leghorn, where they form a large proportion of the population, and engage in commerce. At Genoa, there are, on the contrary, very few Jews; the cause of which is popularly attributed to the superior shrewdness of the Genoese in bargaining, according to the following equations:—

Three Christians = 1 Jew.
Three Jews = 1 Genoese.
Three Genoese = 1 Sciote.

The same author also tells us that, despite the disabilities of the Jews in the Roman Ghetto, they had thriven and grown rich. After deducting all the tributes paid by them, which by his calculation amounted every five years to no less a sum than 19,470 *scudi*, he estimates their property at a million *scudi*. "235,000 *scudi* (he goes on to say) have the Jews extorted from the Christians by usury, and no evening passes that at least 800 *scudi* are not transferred from the pockets of the latter through the Ghetto doors into their houses." Indeed, these usurious practices became so excessive at last as to rouse the hatred of the Romans, and John of Capistrano once besought the Pope, Eugenius IV., to give him a fleet to carry away beyond sea the whole Jewish population. "Now he (the Pope) is dead," says our author, "it were to be wished that he would send from heaven a fleet to Clement IX. to transport all these thieves out of Rome." No love evidently was lost between the Christians and the Jews at this time.

When the French occupied Rome, the prison of the Ghetto was opened, and permission was given to its occupants to dwell in the city and to engage in trade. But on the return of Pius VII., in 1814, they were again imprisoned and afflicted with their old disabilities. Leo XII., however, was touched by an impulse of humanity, and gave them, besides their privileges under the "*Jus Gazzaga*," the right to purchase houses within the limits of the Ghetto, and hold them in fee. He also enlarged the boundaries of the Ghetto, so as to take in a portion of the Pescheria, and opened eight gates, which, however, were strictly guarded and closed at night.

When Pius IX. came to the papal throne in 1846, the Jews enjoyed the sunshine of his first liberal days. At the instance of Don Michele Caetani, Prince of Teano, always a sincere advocate of the cause of this unhappy colony, he confided to a commission the examination of its just claims, with authority to enforce them. The first step taken in these reforms was to exempt the Jews from the necessity of listening every Sunday to a sermon against their religion in the church of St. Angelo in Pescheria. The walls of the Ghetto were then levelled, no more to be raised, Ciceruacchio himself lending a hand to their destruction; and permission was given to the Jews to reside in the wards of the city adjacent to the Ghetto, and to exercise certain trades, before prohibited. Some of them gladly availed themselves of this privilege, and hired houses and opened shops beyond the limits of the Ghetto. But upon the return of the Pope from Gaeta, escorted by French bayonets, all the liberal decrees were at one blow struck away from the people, and the old tyrannous *régime* reinstated. Though the rights and privileges conceded to the Jews were not formally repealed, they were silently withdrawn, or so obstructed as to become inoperative. While those who had hired houses and opened shops in the city, and exchanged the squalid Ghetto for better dwellings outside its limits, were suffered to remain, a stop was put to further emigration.* The method adopted to secure this end was truly papal. The liberal decrees in their favour had delegated to the cardinal vicar the power to grant permissions to fix their domicile within the city. These permissions, granted freely at first upon petition, were now so obstructed by delays and difficulties of every kind, that the petitioner, wearied out by a long and fruitless struggle, at last abandoned the attempt. Many of the richest Jews then left Rome, and betook themselves to Leghorn, where they are affected by no legal disabilities of caste, diminishing thus the taxable property of Rome to the full extent of their fortunes, which in many cases were large. The ties of old habit bound some of them still to Rome, and they sought a compromise with the government, petitioning to be allowed to invest one-third of their property in the city. This was denied them. The result will be seen by the census. In 1842 there were 12,700

* Within a few weeks of the present time (Feb. 1860), a signal instance of the policy of the government towards the Jews has come to my knowledge. One of them having opened a shop just beyond the Ghetto limits, the *carabinieri* came and forced him to close it, under pretence of informality in the licence. In vain the Jew protested, having the misfortune to belong to his caste. The only reply to his expostulations was an order to shut up his shop.

Jews within the Pontifical States, and in 1853 this number was reduced to 9,237; 3,463, or more than a fourth of the Jewish population, having withdrawn.

What then is the present condition of the Jews in Rome? It is shameful, intolerant, and unchristian. A ban is upon these poor children of Israel, which is demoralising to them and unworthy of the century and of the Church. They are branded with ignominy, oppressed by taxes, excluded from honourable professions and trades, and reduced to poverty by laws which belong to barbarous ages. Shut up in their Ghetto, and forced to earn a miserable livelihood by the meanest traffic, they are then scorned as a filthy and dishonest people. Forbidden to raise their head, the Church that has crushed them under its decrees points at them the finger of scorn because they creep and crawl beneath their burdens. The favours granted them are hypocritical and visionary—the injuries alone are real.

That this statement is within bounds a few facts will plainly show. They are prohibited from holding any civil, political, or military office, and from the exercise of any profession or trade of public credit, such as that of advocate, notary, attorney, librarian, goldsmith, manufacturer, smith, stone-cutter, and the like; though, by a capricious exception, they have of late years been enabled to become carpenters, cotton-weavers, and cabinet-makers. No trade, in fact, is permitted to them, without clear proof that it has already been allowed in the past and consecrated by usage. While they are excluded from the right of taking part in the public works, ordered for the sole purpose of giving bread to the poor of the city, and from the right of embracing any of the fine arts or liberal professions, an exception is made in favour of the professions of physician, surgeon, and pharmacist. But even to the exercise of these there are certain grave obstacles and limitations. The public schools and gymnasia are all closed to them, and they are forced to depend upon their private means for all the preparatory and incidental studies imposed as conditions for such a career—such as the course of philosophy, Latin, mathematics, and physics. Admission to the university is only to be obtained by a special authorization upon supplication to the cardinal vicar, and the graduates are bound to take oath that they will exercise their skill only on those of their own religious creed. This limitation is even stated on the attestation which is given them in place of a diploma. Once, in semi-barbarous times, Jewish physicians prescribed for the bodily ailments of the Pope and the chief princely houses, but in these civilised days they are only considered worthy to cure each other.

They are also allowed to exercise the art of the apothecary or druggist, provided they can furnish documentary evidence of their education and skill; but it is not easy to procure a permission from the government, and cases are not wanting where the patent for free practice has been refused to applicants who have fulfilled all the requirements and conditions of the law, and have educated themselves specially to this end—the government, with a bitter irony, granting, instead of the required permission, an attestation of complete capacity, and there stopping.

But in Rome the Jews are not only excluded from all colleges and foundations of public education, except in the above-named case, but also from all institutions of beneficence and charity, such as hospitals, and houses of refuge and protection for poor and invalid persons; and this notwithstanding they are founded and maintained by funds of the public exchequer or municipality, raised by taxes which weigh as heavily on the Jew as on any other citizen.

Again, the Jews in Rome are not even permitted to hire a farm or a foot of soil, or to cultivate it either for themselves or even as labourers for others. If any one hire or cultivate land it is under the name of some Catholic who is the ostensible tenant, and if he be discovered he is subjected at once to pillage and punishment.

Prohibited thus from the exercise of honourable professions and trades, excluded from the colleges and hospitals, to the support of which they are forced to contribute, and oppressed by the heavy weight of ignominy which is cast upon them, the moral and material results need not be stated. They are demoralized in character, and beggared in purse. If, despite the restrictions and obstacles which everywhere oppose them, a Jew, by force of talent and energy, succeed in raising himself above the condition of the majority of his caste, and accumulate a little fortune, the government, never weary of oppressing him, denies him the common privilege of investing it in other real estate than the miserable houses within the Ghetto itself; and as the chief portion of these belong to Catholics or religious confraternities even this slight concession is little more than a mockery. This law, recalled into vigour in 1825, is also extended to all mortgages upon real estate in the city.

In the courts of justice, too, they are placed under a special ban. Their moral dignity not being sufficiently dishonoured by the humiliations already stated, their testimony is not admitted in civil questions, and all notarial acts and papers signed by them as witnesses are declared null. Yet, with an extraordinary inconsistency, they are accepted as witnesses in criminal cases, with this

proviso, that their testimony, however rich, able, educated, and honest the witness may be, cannot avail against that of the vilest Catholic.

The execution of all the restrictive laws against the Jews and the settlement of their religious questions are delegated to an exceptional tribunal under the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, and especially of the criminal tribunal of the cardinal vicar. What justice is measured out to them there may be easily imagined. It is all arbitrary, and according to the weight of the cardinal vicar's hand. In civil causes, not touching commerce, a decree was renewed in 1834, by which they were withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the ordinary civil tribunals and subjected to ecclesiastical tribunals, composed of a single judge in the first and second instance, who having rarely to do with civil causes was esteemed all the better for the settlement of Jewish questions.

Within the last year Pius IX. released them from the obligation of petitioning the cardinal vicar for a special licence, without which they had previously been denied the special passport enabling them to travel within the Roman States. But this alteration is unsubstantial, inasmuch as the bishop vicar or inquisitor of any place where they go may arbitrarily expel them at any moment, or limit their stay to one, two, or three days at his pleasure; or levy a tax upon their entrance, as is actually done in some cases; and may arrest or imprison any of them who may be induced by necessity or interest to overstay the licensed period for an hour.

Let us now see what is their burden of taxation. In 1554 Julius III. obliged the 115 Jewish universities which then existed in the Pontifical States to pay each an annual tribute of ten *scudi* to the "Casa dei Catecumeni." These universities being nearly all suppressed by Paul IV., and the Jews restricted to the three cities of Avignon, Ancona, and Rome, the community at this last city were forced to pay the tribute due from all the universities which were suppressed; and Clement VIII., having inflicted on them other burdens, fixed the annual contribution at 800 *scudi*, of which 300 went to the benefit of the Monastery of Converts. These 500 *scudi* destined to the Casa dei Catecumeni were afterwards increased to 1,100, in consequence of this singular fact:—an apostate Jew, named Massarano da Mantova, having written a book against the Hebrew religion, Urban VIII. ordered the Roman community of Jews to pay him an annual pension of 600 *scudi* as a reward for attacking their faith, and after his death this pension was decreed perpetually to the Casa dei Catecumeni as an appendix to the 500 *scudi* which it previously received. In addition to this it was

decreed that, if a Jew of any country should present himself announcing his intention of embracing Christianity, and before his baptism should withdraw, the expenses of his maintenance should be charged to the community of Jews at Rome.

Besides this, they are forced to pay to the surrounding parishes, as a compensation for the Christian population which might otherwise occupy the area of the Ghetto, the sum of 113 *scudi* annually. Being under the supervision of Catholic officials, they must also pay 205 *scudi* for presents to them at Christmas and in August. 109·92 *scudi* are also exacted for apparatus and boxes for the use of the public deputations in the Carnival. A regular tax on industry and capital now paid by 113 individuals, and varying in amount from 4 *scudi* to 150, is also required. 360 *scudi* are levied on them as salaries for the attorney, accountant and tax-collector of the Hebrew university, who are required to be Christians and Catholics. They are taxed one *baiocco* on every pound of meat they buy. And what is more preposterous than all, the secretary of the vicariat, who has special jurisdiction over the Jews, receives from them an obligatory stipend of 73·60 *scudi*, paid even now as compensation for the duty which formerly belonged to him of accompanying with carabineers the Jews who were forced to listen to the preaching against their religion in St. Angelo in Pescheria.

These extraordinary taxes are levied from a population so poor that it is estimated by candid and competent persons that, of the 4,000 now included in the Ghetto, more than one-half are entirely without property, and are forced to live from day to day upon what chance and begging may bring. All colleges, hospitals, and institutions of charity being closed to them, the expenses of education and the support of their own poor and sick fall also on the Jewish community itself. A serious illness of any one among half of the population throws him at once on the public purse. But under all these exactions the Roman Jews have established a church, a university, and good schools of instruction and elementary education, and tax themselves with 300 *scudi* to support the poor, in addition to all private charities. The Roman government and the Roman institutions do not even contribute a *baiocco* to charity or education; on the contrary, the financial administration of the university is subjected to a commission, the members of which are all Catholics, presided over by the minister of finance, and paid there for by the Jews themselves. In a people thus oppressed there must be immense vitality and energy, or they would long ago have ceased to exist. But, despite their sufferings, there are in this community persons of admirable education, liberal views, and perfect

probity. That a large portion is demoralized and degraded is not so much their fault as their misfortune.

The ordinance of Sixtus V., by which Jews are prohibited from employing Christians, is still in force, but it is permitted to Christians to make servants of them.

Not only as a class do the Jews suffer in Rome, but the Church, entering into their private households, violates the sacred rights of families. On a baptism effected either by force, or when the person is not of an age to be conscious of the value of the ceremony or to give an intelligent consent, they found a right to tear a Jewish child from his parents, and prohibit all future intercourse. The case of the Mortara child has justly moved the indignation of the world. It has been made public, but it is by no means an isolated case. Was there ever a sadder spectacle than that sorrowing mother following from town to town the child which had been ravished from her arms, and in anguish of heart praying at the feet of obdurate churchmen for her maternal rights—for the scant permission to see and embrace her child? There is nothing surely that steels the heart like bigotry. Yet the logic of the Church is terrible, and, granting its premises, its conclusion is inevitable. But suppose some fanatical Catholic should drive a watering-engine some summer day through the Ghetto, and, flinging the hose right and left, should scatter baptismal water on all sides, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—would it be any satisfaction to the poor Jews to be assured that, by irrefragable logic, the Church would then be bound to tear from every family their little children who had thus become Christians, and that it would be its duty to inflict sorrow and misery upon all those wretched families? Or is it completely satisfactory to know that the Church does not desire this, and would even punish the fanatic with the watering-engine who turned the hose of baptism on these unfortunates? Would it heal their wounds to know that the Inquisition had stretched him on the rack?

This unhappy logic strikes in another way. A Jewish father resolved on apostacy has the right to offer up to the Church his wife and children under age. Yet if he withdraw from his vows, he has no right longer to live with his family, in his first religion. Though the children and wife may refuse the apostacy, they cannot be given to the husband and father. Logic does its work. The canonical laws order every convert to Christianity to make an offer to the Church of his or her relations; and if in such cases, during the novitiate of forty days prescribed by law, the individuals thus offered resist all attempts at conversion, so that the priests are

compelled to send them back to their relations, the latter are forced to pay their expenses of maintenance during the forty days.

In the Pontificate of Leo XII., a fact somewhat similar to that of the Mortara child occurred. A servant was reported to have baptized a Jewish child who was dying; and thus by the sprinkling of a little water changed a condemned heretic into a redeemed Christian. The Pope therefore ordered splendid obsequies to be performed, and a long procession of priests, *frati*, and soldiers, entered the Ghetto, and with great solemnity bore the body to the near church of St. Angelo in Pescheria, where masses were sung for its soul. The next day the Jewish father received a bill of the whole expenses of this ceremony, which he was forced to pay.

During the past year, on the eve of Lent, a report was spread abroad among the common people of Rome that a little Catholic child, who was missing, had been seized and murdered by the Jews, in order, according to their alleged custom, to confection with his blood their unleavened bread. What was the action of the government? Did it attempt to allay the excitement of the ignorant classes, which was threatening violence and murder, by a public proclamation declaring such a report to be calumnious, and instructing the lower classes that the supposed custom was only a horrible superstition, and never existed? Oh no! Carabineers were sent into the Ghetto, violating the sanctuary of their temple, and hunting through the houses in search of the missing child. The honour of the Jews was left spotted, and their personal safety threatened, without a word to give the lie to this infamous calumny, which had its origin in the statement of an ignorant woman, who received it from a magnetic medium. The poor Jews, in fear of their lives, dared not for days walk in the city, and God knows where the affair might have ended had not the child at last been found, far away from Rome, in the Campagna.*

* I have taken pains in the above account not to exaggerate in any particular the burdens which weigh on this unhappy people in Rome. The facts are sufficiently strong in themselves to awaken pity on the one side and contempt on the other. But that the reader may assure himself of the truth of these statements, he is referred to the article "Ebrei" in the "Ecclesiastical Dictionary," compiled by Gaetano Moroni, under the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., who was his patron; to the admirable pamphlet, "Sull Emancipazione Civile degli Israeliti," by the Marchese Massimo D'Azeglio; to an elaborate article on the same subject, published in the journal "L'Educatore" in 1857, from the pen of the Abbé Zanelli; another, in the "Cimento," by Michele Mannucci; and still another, very carefully and candidly written, which lately appeared in the "Nazione," at Florence, on the 26th November, 1859. These among

But the air is thick and full of bad odours in this Roman Ghetto. Let us pass through it. A few steps lead us out of its precincts, and we stand on the banks of the Tiber, whose yellow waters, swinging round a curve, whirl turbidly along, and turn the slow wheels of great mills. The air breathes freshly on our faces,—and picturesque in the soft Italian light rise the towers, domes, columns, bridges, grey lichen-covered roofs, and crumbling ruins of Rome. The sun turns all to gold as it drops to the horizon. The round, broken, ivy-covered walls of the Golden Palace of Nero, that lift themselves before us, it regilds; the tall dark cypresses are hung with golden balls; the mediæval tower of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin is sheathed with flashing plates of gold; the yellow molten river of Midas sweeps along under our feet. Even in the windows of the Ghetto that look out upon it there are golden panes that dazzle the eye. Nature is as prodigal to their humble, wretched houses as to St. Peter's dome that towers against the evening sky. It gilds their roofs, and paints the flowers at their rickety lattice windows with dyes richer than Popes' tiaras and Cardinals' robes. It recognises no difference between Christian and Jew.

Look round. There, trembling behind its opal veil of air, rises the Alban Hill, and blushes soft and rosy as a dream. Villas and towns gleam out on those dim exquisite slopes, and a soft delicate air comes breathing over the Campagna and rustles through the trees that cluster at our feet, and bears its blessing, too, up to the Ghetto streets, where the breath of Christian charity is too dainty to enter.

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others have been my sources of information, which I have carefully verified by conversation with well-educated Jews, who themselves are members of the Roman community, and suffer under their disabilities.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIELD SPORTS AND RACES.

THE Roman Campagna abounds with all varieties of game, and offers a rich field for the sportsman as well as the ornithologist. Here fly birds of every size and plumage, from the tall stalking heron, who lifts himself from the banks of the Tiber and heavily drifts away as you approach, to the invisible lark that, far up in the blue, pours "his full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art"—from the long lines of wild geese, that wing their way in wedge-like ranks towards the Pontine marshes, to the smallest *beccafico* that fattens on the luscious figs of autumn. Wherever you go there are birds, twittering from the hedges, singing in the groves, or wheeling above to spy afar off their prey upon the earth. One English traveller has stated his surprise in passing through Italy to see so few birds, and to hear none of that warbling and twittering with which the English lanes are alive. To him the Campagna was silent—he saw and heard nothing. None are so blind as those who won't see, and none so deaf as those who won't hear. Of all the extraordinary statements made by travellers, this seems to me the most amazing. One has only to visit the market of Rome, and see the immense numbers of birds of every kind, to satisfy himself of its entire untruth. Where thrushes, nightingales, and larks are so common as to be an ordinary article of food, it is quite impossible to believe that Rome is deficient in singing birds. Perhaps this traveller was not aware of the fact that birds do not select the middle of the summer or the middle of the day to sing in hot climates.

In the marshy plains around Ostia are miles upon miles of half-submerged country where not a dwelling is seen. Here vast fields of tall *canne*, with their flags half-mast high, rustle in the wind—here long, exquisitely tufted grasses wave their plumes, and heavy bulrushes nod, and slender reeds wave in the wind,—on their crests

sings many a little bird, and from beneath their covert start into sudden arrowy flight hundreds of snipes with a shrill wailing whistle. Through the openings sportsmen may wade for a long autumn day and meet no living person; and if they do not fill their bags with marsh birds and snipes it is their own fault.

All along the coast, where the blue Mediterranean washes a low sandy country from Ardea round to Fumicino, there is excellent quail-shooting. These birds differ entirely from the American quail; they are smaller, have a uniform grey plumage, and their meat is brown. They migrate in the spring from Africa to Italy, flying by night across the sea in companies of thousands, and dropping all along the shore in the early morning. On the very skirts of the sea the *contadini* spread lines of nets upon poles, and the quails, exhausted by their long flight, and eager to gain an immediate resting-place, fly lower and lower as they approach land, and alighting on the first strip of the shore are at once caught in the nets. They are thus taken in great numbers, and it is not uncommon for tens of thousands to be brought into the Roman market in the course of a single day. There they are sold for a trifle, and are excellent eating. Those which have strength to fly over the nets seek refuge under the bushes and trees in the country around, where they are flushed by sportsmen and shot on the wing.

Woodcocks and various kinds of partridges are also to be found in the woods along the coast as well as in the interior. The woodcocks are remarkably large, and during the winter season the market is full of them. Ducks, too, are found plentifully in the lower marshes and pools towards the Pontine marshes, and there also alight flocks of wild geese on their way across Italy.

The season for quails is the spring. In May vast flights of these birds come over, and the sport is at its height. Then the inns at Fiumicino, Ostia, and all along the coast, are thronged with sportsmen. Everywhere you will see them in their long boots and rough homespun clothes, striding out on foot, their double-barrelled gun on their shoulder, and a couple of half-bred dogs leashed together and following at their heels. If the ground over which they are to hunt is distant, you will meet them rattling along in a low two-wheeled *carretta* with a rope bottom, their provisions and dogs lying under their feet, and one of the tough little Campagna horses harnessed into the shafts. All the summer long there is no shooting, except of little birds; but with October the sporting season again commences. Many a sportsman who has spent the summer in the city then makes an excursion into the country. The hunting *villeggiatura* commences, the villas are filled, and the crack of guns is

everywhere to be heard. From the city the little *carrette* set off early in the morning for the distant sport, and by sunrise they are at the huts of Norcini. Here sportsmen often spend weeks, hunting and shooting all day long, and gathering in companies around their rude tables at night to recount the day's sport, to boast of their skill, or lament their bad luck.

Some of these hunters seek the wild boars that frequent the thick forests of Cisterna and Nettuno, and most exciting and dangerous sport it is; others pursue the wild deer or *capriuole;* and others, the ducks, hares, rabbits, woodcock, and smaller game which abound. Most of them are ready to shoot anything and everything they see. Their bags, when they return are motley enough, and mingled with game birds is many a one which an Englishman or American would disdain to shoot, as beneath the dignity of a sportsman. Sportsmen and sailors are equally given to long yarns, and the wonderful stories which are told around the board at these nightly gatherings exceed sometimes those of Falstaff and "the misbegotten knaves in Lincoln green." If "confirmation strong" is not to be found in their bags, there is always an admirable reason at hand.

The foreigner who berates the Italians as a weak, cowardly set, with no love for manly sports, should take a trip with them for a week's hunting of the wild boar, and he will find the work quite as tough as deer-stalking in the Highlands, or even as shooting tame birds in an English preserve, with trained dogs to point game and his sisters to look on and applaud his skill.

Much of the game, however, which supplies the market is taken by the ignominious means of the net. Everywhere on the Campagna you will see them spread to snare the little birds. There is even a less manly way of securing them which deserves mention. A sort of green labyrinth of trees is planted in a circle on some height; through this are little alleys and openings, and in the centre is a leaf-covered hut. Here the sportsman carries scores of cages containing singing-birds of every description. Some of these he places in the hut, and some he hangs on the shrubby trees, the branches of which are smeared with bird-lime. The singing and twittering of the little prisoners attract the free birds flying over the trees, and down they drop into the green and inviting arbour. Here they are caught in the bird-lime, from which they cannot extricate themselves, and the guard, who keeps watch in his hut like a spider in the centre of his web, takes them by scores; sometimes even by hundreds in the course of a single day.

Another curious method of decoying birds common among the Romans is by the *civetta* and a bit of mirror. The sportsman pur-

chases one of the owls which are always to be found in the market by the Pantheon, and taking it out into the Campagna, plants a pole, and ties it securely to the top; on the ground he places his mirror, and then hides himself behind a bush, or tree, or rock near by. The owl fluttering on the pole, and the glitter of the mirror, attract scores of larks, for these are very curious birds, and they gather around over him to investigate matters. From his hiding-place the sportsman shoots one after another of them without scaring the rest, for their curiosity entirely overcomes their fear, and they return again and again, despite the direful experience of their companions.

There is no place in the world more admirably adapted to hunting than the Campagna. It abounds in foxes, and there are no fences and few hedges to stop the hunter or risk his neck. Of late years a subscription pack of hounds has been kept in Rome, to which most of the Roman nobility and many foreigners are subscribers. The annual subscription is 30 *scudi*, but those who follow the hounds, and are not subscribers, are expected to send in a donation at the end of the season towards the maintenance of the pack. They meet twice a week during the winter and early spring, at an appointed place on the Campagna. On these occasions the scene is very gay. For days before the hunt the talk of all the English is about the "meet," and the Italians, aping the English, call it the "*mita*." Scores of carriages thronged with foreigners and Romans, and multitudes on horseback, are then seen gathered together on one of the rolling heights; mingled with them are the red coats of the hunters. Horses are galloping over the green slopes; companies on foot are exploring the vicinity—lying in the shade of the ruins—talking and laughing round the carriages. It is a picnic of foreigners. Some bring out their hampers and spend the day in the ruins, and Spillmann has always a store of eatables for those who have not thought to supply themselves beforehand. Meantime the hounds arrive, and the group of hunters begin to straggle after them. Carriages follow as well as they can. Brown, Jones, and Robinson make little leaps over runnels and any impediments they can find, sometimes getting a tumble on the green sward for their pains, but always intent on showing to their admiring sisters what gallant horsemen they are. Wonderful riders and wonderful steeds make their appearance. Some turn out their feet as if they were dancing, and show the air between them and their saddle at every step in the most gallant way. At last the fox is found, and away stream the hunters, their red coats topping the knolls. The hunt sweeps off in the distance—now lost to sight, and now emerging from the hollows.

The volunteers soon begin to return, and are seen everywhere straggling about over the slopes. The carriages move on, accompanying as they can the hunt by the road, till it strikes across the country and is lost. The sunshine beats on the mountains, that quiver in soft purple; larks sing in the air; Brown, Jones, and Robinson ride by the side of the carriages as they return, and Count Silinini smiles, talks beautiful Italian, and says "Yas." He is a *guardia nobile*, and comes to the house twice a week, if there are no balls, and dances with Marianne at all the little hops. Signor Somarino pays his court meanwhile to Maria, who calls him prince —emphasizing the title when she meets her friends the Goony Browns. And so the hunting picnic comes back to Rome.

The last year we had no hunt, for, unfortunately, a young Roman was thrown and either seriously injured or killed; and the Pope declared hunting to be a dangerous amusement, which he could not permit. This broke up the whole sport. The hounds were obliged to be sold, and the English might grumble as much as they chose, and have reason on their side too, but *that* did not mend the matter. The hunt was over, and with it one of the pleasantest amusements for the foreigner in Rome.

The papal court had not always this objection to hunting. In the old times the hunt was joined in by cardinals and Popes themselves, and conducted with lavish luxury and expense. The Venetian ambassadors sent by the government to Rome at the time of Leo X. give some wonderful accounts of these gaieties in the "good old times." One of them describes a hunting-party given by Cardinal Cornelio which is amusing, and shows the vast difference between the papal court then and now.

"Matthew Dandolo," says he, "went to hunt with the cardinal on Saturday, and they took a stag, a wild goat, and a hare. The cardinal was mounted on a dapple-grey Spanish jennet of great beauty and nobleness, admirably well paced and ornamented with black housings. He was dressed in a plaited priest's vestment, shirt of scarlet colour, and without lining. On his head, above his skull-cap, he wore a Spanish hat, dark-coloured and ornamented with tassels of black silk and velvet. They went twelve miles out of Rome to hunt. The company comprised about one hundred horsemen; for when the cardinal goes a-hunting many Roman nobles and gentlemen of other countries, that take pleasure in the sports, accompany him. There was Messer Serapica among others, sad, and very much out of spirits. The cardinal sent on eight mules loaded with nets, which were immediately stretched in a little valley shut in by hills, not very high, but difficult to ascend. Through this

valley the stags and boars were to pass. The huntsmen, whose business it is to know the haunts of the stags and other animals and their lairs, had not yet come up, having gone to lie in ambush for the game. When they arrived the cardinal dismounted, and took off his upper clothing, remaining in a jacket of brown Flemish cloth, cut close and tight to the body. The rest of the company also dismounted. Then the cardinal having remounted, and assigned to every one his place, they proceeded to a lovely meadow by which the stags were obliged to pass. A small river, deep and swift of stream, ran through it, and it was crossed by several little bridges. This meadow was guarded by dogs, of which there were a great number present. The cardinal then mounted on a jennet of great value, which his brother Don Francisco had brought him from Spain, and all set about driving the stag from his cover. Three or four were very shortly put up. Two of them ran into the net and entangled themselves; one was caught, but the other escaped. Then three exceedingly fierce boars were driven out from the valley, and the whole hunt, horsemen and runners on foot, hounds and mastiffs, followed them a good hour, teazing them incessantly, as they at one moment rushed into the cover, and then again were driven out by the hounds. A fine sight it was to see, and the cardinal was exceedingly delighted and exhilarated. After that, in another beautiful meadow where there was only one small shrub, was prepared the *buffet* of the cardinal, and a table for fourteen persons, and at the head of it a chair of state for his lordship. And thus, some sitting on stools, and others standing, they ate, while the dogs howled at the sight of the food. The hunting-horns were then sounded, and those who had followed the hunt on foot strolled about with their bread and cup of wine in their hands. But in the midst of the dinner down came a heavy shower of rain, which washed all the company well, and watered their wine for them in their cups. They continued their dinner, however, only ordering felt hats to be distributed among the guests.

"The repast consisted of the finest fish, both sea and fresh-water, of which the *laccia** from the Tiber is the best fish in the world. We have it in the Po, and know it under the name of *chieppe;* but in truth with us the fish is comparatively worthless. There were exquisite wines of ten sorts: sweet oranges peeled, and prepared with fine sugar, were served at the beginning of the dinner with the first dish, as is the custom in Rome. There were three hundred mouths to feed. Then all mounted again, and came to a coppice of under-

* This excellent fish, which is common in the market of Rome, is the same as the American shad; but it is not much valued here now.

wood, into which some hounds were sent. The huntsmen started a very beautiful wild goat, which the dogs at last caught and killed. Then they chased a hare and took her. After that another stag was found, but was not caught. An hour before sundown they returned to Rome.

"The next morning the cardinal sent the produce of the chase on a mule as a present to the ambassadors. He sent also three other mules, each carrying a very fine calf, and twenty very long poles, carried by forty porters, from which hung capons, pigeons, partridges, pheasants, peacocks, quantities of salted meats of various sorts, and most delicate buffalo-cheeses, besides three pipes of wine loaded on twelve mules, carrying two barrels each; and for every four of these mule loads there was another mule carrying an empty tun, well seasoned, for holding the wine in the cellar. The wines were of three sorts, and most exquisite. Besides all this, there were forty loads of corn for our horses. And Messer Evangelista dei Pellegrini da Verrocchio, house-steward of the cardinal, a man of worship and reputation, addressed the ambassadors, inviting them to dine with the most reverend cardinal on the following Tuesday. The presents, which were estimated at 200 ducats, were accepted, as also the invitation to dinner." *

This was the way in which the cardinals of the time of Leo X. gave hunting parties.

Of the old *palio* races of the Carnival, in which buffaloes, horses, asses, and Jews, used formerly to run, the horse-races alone remain. These still, as of old, close at Ave Maria every evening the sports of the day. In the midst of the mad pelting of bonbons and bouquets, the jabbering of *Pagliacci* and *Pulcinelli*, the grimaces of buffoons, the obsequious pompousness of the Carnival doctors, the thrumming of guitars, the cataracts of lime-pellets showered from windows and balconies, the clattering of carriages and bells, and the wild din of laughter and merriment, when all the riot is at its height, boom! goes the cannon. It is the signal that the races are about to begin. The carriages at once turn into the by-streets, the crowd flocks closer together, and there is a suspension of hostilities between parties who have been pelting each other all day with flowers, and abandoning themselves to the wild gaiety of the saturnalia of the nineteenth century. We lean over the rails of the balcony and watch the motley crowd below. Suddenly there is a movement, and down come the papal dragoons, their swords clattering and their horses galloping, while the crowd opens before them its living waves, and

* Relazioni Venete, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 94.

closes behind them like the waters after the Leviathan's keel. Arrived at the Venetian Palace, they wheel about, and again come clattering down the Corso. All now expect the race, and thin out from the centre of the street. Around the starting-place in the Piazza del Popolo is built an open square of wooden *palchi*, where the magistrates of the city and their invited guests are seated. A rope is drawn across, and in the open space beyond the horses which are to run come plunging and rearing. They are covered with spangles and crackling tinsel, and balls armed with sharp points that swing loosely over their backs. Starting, rearing, kicking, and with difficulty held back by their grooms, they press against the rope and strive madly to escape. The signal is given, the rope is loosed, and away they go—the tinsel flashes and crackles, the sharp-pointed balls prick and goad them on, and full speed they rush up the Corso. Wild cries salute them as they pass, that madden them more. The crowd in the street opens before them as they plunge along, cleaving the roaring mass. Sometimes, frightened by the din, and irritated by the goads, they start aside into the crowd and leave the wounded and killed behind them. There is almost no Carnival race without its victims. The magistrates and umpires await them at the barriers drawn across the street at the upper end of the Piazza di Venezia, and cries of triumph salute the winning horse.

The owner of the horse then makes his appearance, and receives the *palio* or prize. This is purchased by a tax levied upon the Jews; who, when they murmur at it, are told to thank God and the Pope that they are no longer obliged to run the races themselves. Accompanied by a band of music, with the *palio* raised on a spear over him, the horse then makes the tour of the Corso and principal streets, and receives the applause of the people. After this a crowd generally escorts him to the house of the owner, who makes his appearance at the window, and showers *baiocchi* and *mezzi-baiocchi* among them as *largesse*.

Palio races are not confined to Rome, but exist in other parts of Italy. Among the most remarkable are those to be seen at Florence on the day of San Giovanni, when races are run in the Piazza in four-wheeled *cocchi* invented by Cosmo I. in imitation of the antique chariot races.

Equally remarkable are the *palio* races of Siena. This interesting old place retains more of its mediæval features than any of the Tuscan cities; and ancient forms and customs which elsewhere have worn out are still exhibited here in the picturesque festivals which take place on the 2nd of July and the 15th of August. On these

occasions there are *palio* races in the famous Campo di Siena, as the principal piazza is still called, where the different *contrade* or wards of the city contend for a prize. There are seventeen of these *contrade;* ten of which, selected by lot, are allowed to run their horses at each *palio.* Each *contrada* has its protector, and on its festal day two pages, dressed in mediæval costume, may be seen carrying him a great basket of artificial flowers. Between the various *contrade* there is a deep-rooted jealousy, which has outlived the old divisions of party. The ancient fanaticism which once led to fearful scenes of violence and bloodshed still breaks out occasionally, and is specially manifested in the races of July and August. For weeks before they take place the *gonfaloniere* and the representatives of the *contrade* are in session in the Palazzo Pubblico; and this subject is eagerly discussed everywhere. In fact, it is almost the only topic of interest to break the uniform sluggishness, and almost death-like quiet, of this once agitated city.

For several days previous to the real *palio* there are trial races in the Piazza, where a greater or less crowd is assembled. The festival is a moveable one, not occurring on a fixed day, but always on a *festa,* and generally on Sunday. Each of the *contrade* furnishes a horse, which takes its name and wears its colours. There are the Tartaruga, Selva, Chiocciola, Pantera, and Aquila, forming the first division; the Valdemontone, Torre, Nicchio, Civetta, and Leocorno, forming the second; the Drago, Oca, Bruco, Giraffa, Lupa, and Istrice, forming the third.* The purse is only about 180 *Francesconi;* but party spirit runs very high, and there is private jockeying and betting to any extent—the means to obtain the prize not being always perfectly scrupulous. The race is run in the Piazza del Campo, which on these festivals is decorated with much taste. Around the semicircle fronting the great tower of the Palazzo Pubblico are erected stagings, with tier above tier of seats. From all the windows stream rich draperies of every fabric and colour; some of silk and satin, some of tapestry, and some embroidered in silver and gold. All the world is "abroad to see," and every nook and corner is crammed with people. The Piazza, which is in shape a vast shell, of which the hinge is the magnificent old Palazzo Pubblico, slopes upward, amphitheatre-like, to the outer edge of the semicircle, which is rich in palaces. The centre is so densely crowded by the population of Siena and of the country around, that one might almost run across it on the closely-packed heads. The pave-

* There were originally sixty *contrade,* but they were reduced by the Plague of 1348 to forty-two, and under the Medici to twenty-three. In 1675, six were suppressed for bad conduct; thus reducing the number to seventeen.

ment is strewn with yellow sand, and the corners of the diameter, where the Piazza slopes steeply down in front of the Palazzo that occupies the lowest place, are padded with mattresses, to save from broken heads and limbs the riders, who are not unfrequently flung from their horses with great violence at this dangerous turning.

The horses used for these races are the small, nervous, Sienese breed. They are ridden without saddles, and each of the jockeys is armed with a thick *nerbo*, with which, by the ancient rules of the race still in force, he is privileged, if he choose, to knock his companions from their horses, or in any way, by cutting them across the face, or beating back their horses, to overcome his opponents. To see the little horses and the small course, one would at first suppose these races to be mere child's play; but there is often a violence of struggle which makes them anything but that. It is not at all uncommon for fierce fights to take place during the race between the riders, in the course of which one or more are beaten violently from their horses; and this, added to the difficulty of rounding the steep slopes and sharp angles of the Piazza, where the horses, going at full speed, sometimes lose their balance, and fling their jockeys headlong against the padded mattresses, make this sport more exciting and dangerous than would be at first imagined. The course is thrice round the Piazza, and as the race draws near the close the losing parties often attack each other violently, and use every means in their power to drag and beat back the winning horse; so that the sport becomes at once a race and a fight.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the Piazza is open to carriages, which then make their entrance in long procession. The nobility and gentry bring out their richest equipages, the state hammer-cloths are on the boxes, the horses are decorated with plumes and flowers, the coachmen and footmen are dressed in quaint old liveries of the ancient times, and each vies with his neighbour in the splendour of his equipments. Towards seven o'clock the course is cleared; bands burst forth into music, making the whole place echo; and the grand procession of the races enters. First come the seven representatives of the seven *contrade* which do not join in the race, and after them follow the ten *contrade* which are to contest the prize. Each *contrada* is preceded by a drummer, who beats like mad on his drum. Then follow two flag-bearers or *alfieri*,* dressed in ancient costumes of rich colours, and bearing the flags of their *con-*

* The rank of *alfiere* was once held in high honour, and he was elected with great pomp and ceremony. After his election, the captain and *consiglieri*, accompanied by crowds from the *contrade*, visited his house with trumpets and drums, and presented him his flag on a silver tray.

trade, which they wave backward and forward—now flinging them high in the air, and catching them as they fall; now twisting them round their bodies; now whirling them under their legs, and over and under their arms and round their necks; and executing with wonderful skill and grace all sorts of strange manœuvres. Then follow four officers, each attended by two pages, and all in mediæval costume. Then, accompanied by his groom, comes the running horse, gaily decorated with flowers, and his hoofs covered with gold leaf; and after these, two mounted *fanti*, each with a helmet on his head, from which nod three tall plumes of the colour of his *contrada*, and clothed in a parti-coloured dress with the arms of the *contrada* on his back. In this order, one after another of the *contrade* enter the Piazza; and when they are all in the effect is wonderfully picturesque. The drums are all beating together, and the bands are all playing at once, till the din is almost deafening; while the crowd salute their *contrada* as it passes with loud cries. The air seems to be full of rich flags that are whirling everywhere. Splendid hangings float from all the windows, and show brilliantly against the soft greys and yellows of the houses and palaces. The amphitheatre is paved with faces. The grand machicolated tower of the Palazzo seems to lean over against the blue sky, and, still beyond, peers into the Piazza the black and white striped campanile of the Duomo. And all this barbaric clash of music and pomp of costume carries one back out of the present century into the middle ages.

At last rolls in the great *carroccio*, drawn by six horses, with a tall pillar in the centre, surmounted by a bell, and from which wave the flags of the various *contrade*, while on its platform, in costume, stand pages, and the seven representatives of the *contrade* that do not run, and around it is a group of men that steady it with ropes as it slowly clatters along, covered with draperies and gaily gilded. In front of it, on the top of a pole, is the silver plate, which is the prize, tied about with black and white ribbons, these being the Sienese colours. This is perhaps the most peculiar feature of the festival. It is the relic of the old car or *carroccio*, invented by the Milanese in the middle ages to bear the flag in battle. The Italians then were in the habit of fighting desultorily; and to reunite them and give solidity to their charges this *carroccio* was invented, which it was a point of honour to defend to the last. All the Italian cities adopted this custom; and in war the *carroccio* always accompanied the army. It was drawn by two oxen, covered with red and white housings; and wherever it stopped was the place of battle. From its centre rose a tall mast, from which floated the white standard with a red cross, and at each corner was a man who steadied it with a rope against

the wind and the jarring of its motion. On the summit was a bell to give the signal for attack and retreat, or to call to council. The direction of this *carroccio* was allotted to the most expert in military tactics and the art of war, who became its captain; and, to give him greater authority, he received by public donation his helmet and sword. In the period immediately succeeding Federigo I., the *podestà*, who had also the supreme command of the "*milizie*," commanded the *carroccio*. In Siena there was a special officer nominated for this duty, called "*capitano del popolo*," who was the head of the magistracy of twenty-four, and could not be a foreigner. His dress consisted of an under vest of red, over which was an ash-coloured tunic worked in scarlet and gold, a red velvet cap, red shoes and stockings trimmed with gold, and a red *toga* with a golden cord fastening it round his neck. The commander of the *carroccio* was accompanied by eight trumpeters, and a priest who said mass during the battle, and shrived the dying. The car itself was the *prætorium*; wherever it was posted were the head-quarters. Here signal for battle was given, and here was the refuge of those who were driven back or wounded, as the old rhyme says:—

"È il carroccio nel campo un imago
Della patria, una casa paterna,—
È un' concilio che i Duci governa,
È un' asilo, una meta, un' altar."

The *carroccio* originally used in these Sienese *palii* was taken from the Florentines in the famous battle of Monte Aperto, fought on the 4th of September, 1260; a battle, by-the-way, truly wonderful in its statistics, according to the Sienese. If we believe them, they numbered only 1,100 against 40,000 Florentines; and yet, with a loss of only 300 to 400, they killed 10,000 of their antagonists. We know of nothing like this save the slaughter in India by the English troops, as related by the English journals. When at last the old *carroccio* would no longer hold together, a new one was made after the old model; which is that at present in use, as I am told.*

While we have been talking of the *carroccio*, the procession has made the tour of the Piazza, and arrayed itself in front of the Palazzo Pubblico, glowing with many colours. The jockeys mount and make little runs, and then all together come to the starting-post, where a rope is stretched across. Let me now describe what took place at this race when I first saw it in 1857. As the horses

* See "Le Contrade di Siena, da Flaminio Rossi" MS., in the public library of Siena.

appeared there was an unusual agitation in the crowd, for the "Tartaruga" horse, which wore black and yellow for its colours, had proved in the trial races the best horse. Whispers and mutterings were heard all round, men shrugged their shoulders and said meaningly, "*La Tartaruga non vincerà*,"—the Tortoise shall not win,—"*davverô, non vincerà—per Dio, non vincerà.*"

"*Ma perchè?*" I asked innocently—"Why not?"

"*Eh! perchè!*" "Why indeed!" was the answer, with a significant shrug. "Don't you see his colours? they are Austrian."

"Well; but the *contrada*?" asked I. "What will they say? Will they agree that he shall not win?"

"Whether they agree or not, the Tartaruga shall not win. First, because the colours are Austrian; and then, because, *per Dio*, he shall not win. You do not know the jealousies of these *contrade*—the betting, the violence, the hatred—and it has been settled that the Tartaruga shall not win."

"We shall see—*Vedremo.*"

As we spoke the horses came up to the rope, the cannon pealed from the fountain, the rope dropped, and away the horses went. Three or four of them only passed the stand, for at once a struggle and confusion was seen among the riders. The Tartaruga jockey, despite his struggles, was dragged from his horse and forced out of the lists. The people swayed backwards and forwards, jumping up and shouting wildly in their excitement. Among the horses that started there was the same struggle, the jockeys striking each other fiercely in the face and breast, grappling together, and belabouring their adversaries' horses over the head to force them back. One of them was knocked clean off his horse, but he caught his antagonist's bridle and spoiled his race also. Only two now remained. These, as they passed the starting post, on the second round, were fiercely assailed by the others. Some screamed, some threw themselves into the lists with wide extended arms to stop them. One horse was stopped, but the other broke through and continued the race amid the wild shouts of his *contrade*, and the still more violent screaming and hissing of the others. Some cried, "Stop, stop! it is a false start!" Some cried, "Go on,"—and on he went. There was dire confusion. Two of the horses, maddened by the tumult, broke away and rushed through the excited crowd, which in turn became alarmed and began to scatter over the course. Meantime, the first horse continued his race, got over the third round without being stopped, and came up to the goal. The cannon fired—the race was over—he had won.

Then ensued the most excited scene. A crowd of persons of his

contrada rushed to the winner, tore him from his horse, embraced him tumultuously, lifting him off his feet, and kissing him on both cheeks. The other jockeys and their *contrade* were equally fierce in their rage. They came along, now throwing their arms wildly in the air, now flinging their whips on the pavement, now seizing their own heads between their hands and literally tearing their hair, and breaking forth in mad vociferation. All over the Piazza the same scene was enacting. Here and there were disputant groups; some, in their excitement, straddling wide and half-sitting down, with both hands violently gesticulating in the air. Such a scene of excitement without evil consequences I never beheld, and no one could doubt the extraordinary excitability of the people after beholding it.

Everything, however, exploded in gestures and words. A mass of friends attended the winner to the post, where the prize, a silver dish surmounting a painted banner, was given, and he was borne away in triumph.

After the races in July, the winning horse is escorted by his *contrada* to the church, where he is carried in for a benediction; the people sometimes breaking through all bounds in their enthusiasm, and making the walls of the church ring with their cheers.

On the subsequent day the winning horse is paraded through the streets with music; then brought up-stairs to the second story of the Palazzo Chigi, and exhibited from the balcony to crowds of spectators below in the Piazza, who roar their applause.

These *palio* races were instituted in Siena in the year 1650. For fifty years previous to this period the races were run by buffaloes, ridden by *fanti;* that sport having taken the place of the old bull-fights in the year 1599. "*Perchè i costumi cominciarono di ingentilirsi.*" This, however, did not seem to have pleased the people, and on the occasion of the arrival in Siena of His Most Serene Highness the Grand Duke Ferdinand II. and his Grand Duchess Vittoria della Rovere, with their eldest son, Prince Cosimo, the present horse-races were substituted, and have ever since maintained their popularity. The first took place on November 6th, 1650, when the number of horses that ran was twenty. In 1655, the day set apart for the *palio* was changed to the 2nd of July, and remained so ever since. In 1719, the number of horses was restricted to ten by a civic decree, in consequence of an accident by which Osti Paci was killed. At the same time it was decreed that "*nerbi*" should be distributed by the police to the riders at the time of the race, in order to prevent the use of certain long, elastic whips (*fruste lunghe elastiche*) which it had previously been

the custom for the *contrade* to provide, and by which the *fanti* could be easily knocked off from their horses and were in danger of their lives. On March 7th, 1721, all the rules of the *palio* now in force were laid down, and have never been altered, excepting in the substitution of the *nerbi*. These *palii*, therefore, are precisely the same that they were more than two hundred years ago.

In 1655, Alexander VII. visited Siena, his native town, and on this occasion he was received with great pomp and fêted for twelve days. Among other amusements, there were *palii* of horses, and the marble wolf of the public fountain in the Piazza for several days poured forth from his mouth abundant streams of wine. The Piazza and city were also illuminated with torches, lanterns, and artificial fireworks; and one hundred gentlemen paraded through the Piazza (as I learn from an old Sienese manuscript), making a splendid show of themselves—"*rendendo vaga mostra di se.*" Great cars also appeared on the Piazza in the evening.' On one of these was represented the wolf and the river Ombrone, which held a flag with S. P. Q. S. on it; while Justice, Prudence, Force, and Temperance sat before with a great shield. The other car represented the city of Rome, under the form of a matron, with a wolf and a child, who stood on a pedestal holding a standard; while Religion was in front, with the Pontifical keys and the triple crown, and Peace, Charity, and Innocence at her side. These were accompanied by forty pages in white and red livery, carrying torches, and were moved along by men hidden beneath them. It is interesting to know that just for this occasion, and to gratify papal tastes, the bull-fights were revived, which had been abolished fifty years previously.*

In nothing does the kindliness of the Romans show itself more than in their treatment of the dumb beasts who serve them. It is very rare to see in the streets of Rome those reckless and brutal exhibitions of violence and cruelty to animals that are but too often seen in England and America. The French system of vivisection is here, thank God! unknown. This people is passionate, but not cruel in its nature. The Church, too, takes animals under its protection, and on the day dedicated to Sant' Antonio a celebration takes place which is most characteristic, and, to my mind, full of humanity and good feeling, and calculated to produce a good effect on the people. This is the annual blessing of animals which takes place on the 17th of January, when all the horses, mules, and donkeys in Rome are carried to the Church of Sant' An-

* Relazione delle Feste nella Terza Parte del MS. P. Ugurg.—Sienese Library.

tonio (which was once a Temple to Diana,—*Quantum mutata ab illa*) to receive a benediction. The doors are thrown wide open, and the church and altar are splendid with candles, and the crowd pours in and out to see the pictures and make the sign of the cross. The priest stands at the door, and with a broom dipped in holy water sprinkles the animals, as they pass in procession before him, and gives them his benediction. All the horses in Rome are there, from the common hack to the high-bred steed of the prince; some adorned with glittering trappings, some covered with scarlet cloth and tinsel, with red roses at each ear, and tufts and plumes of gay feathers nodding at their heads. The donkeys come too, and often bray back their thanks to the priest. Some of the riders also are gaily dressed; and those who are more superstitious, I mean reverent, receive beside the benediction a card with prayers and blessing, for which they pay according to their means. But see, there is a rustle in the crowd—who comes now? It is Gaetano, coachman of Prince Piombino, and prince of coachmen, mounted on an open car, and driving his magnificent team of fourteen horses with an easy skill which provokes the plaudits of the crowd. Up he comes, the people opening before him, and triumphantly receiving his benediction passes on gallantly and sweeps round into the great Piazza of Sta. Maria Maggiore, followed by the eyes of all. And here, too, are the great black horses of the cardinals, with their heavy trappings and scarlet crests, lumbering up with their luxuriant coaches all glittering with golden carving, to receive the blessing of Sant' Antonio. All honour to thee, good saint, who blessest in thy large charity not man alone, but that humbler race who do his work and bear his burdens, and murmur not under his tyrannical inflictions—that inarticulate race who suffer in patient silence "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!" Thy effigy shall be hung upon my stable-walls, as it is in every stable in Rome.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOUNTAINS AND AQUEDUCTS.

"Nobil onda,
Chiara figlia d' alto monte,
Più ch' è stretta e prigioniera,
Più gioconda
Scherza in fonte,
Più leggiera
All' aura va."—*Metastasio.*

ROME is the city of fountains. Wherever one goes he hears the pleasant sound of lapsing water. In every square it piles its columns in the sunshine, toppling over with the weight of myriad pearls and diamonds, and plashing back into the carven basin. From year to year the splendid fountains of St. Peter's toss their white waving veil of spray into the sky, embroidered with prismatic gems, to cool the sultry air, and lull the senses with their rustling murmur. From the Janiculum the Fontana Paolina rolls its silver cascade with a roar into its granite basin. Over artificial rocks, at the feet of Neptune and his Tritons, rush the many streams of the Fontana Trevi, and gathering in a broad and flashing fall, slide into the little quivering lake below, that keeps the blue of the sky in its troubled bosom. Seated in the Barberini Square, on his travertine shell, and supported by dolphins, the picturesque Triton of Bernini blows from his conch into the sky a stream of pearls. From mossy grottoes, where giant river gods are watching in stone, burst forth beneath a lofty obelisk the many streams of the Piazza Navona; and as if one fountain did not suffice for this great square, it is flanked at both ends by two others. In the Piazza di Spagna the lower waters gush out into a stone boat, and pour over its sides into a wide well. In oblong basins of Egyptian granite, that once were bathed in by the ancient Romans of the age of Caracalla, plash the fountains of the

Farnese Piazza; and on a circular basin of oriental granite from the Temple of Romulus, a massive column of water crumbles constantly in the sun beneath the colossal figures of Phidias and Praxiteles in the Quirinal. Everywhere there are fountains—on the heights of the Capitol, and in the valley of the Pantheon, that is overflowed yearly by the Tiber, when the mountain streams are swollen.

Not only in the piazzas, where elaborate vases, figures, and obelisks surround and embellish the fountains, is the sound of water heard—at every corner it pours its single streams from gaping mouths. In the court of every house it plashes and gurgles, as it fills the simple stone wells. In every garden it spirts its fine thread into the air. Under-foot, below the surface of the pavement, it glides, to cool the earth. From old Egyptian lions' mouths it pours solemnly. Vast receptacles for washing, it fills with its constant streams—in the open air, where scores of Roman women stand all day, and shake and beat their linen in the sun—or under the dark shadows of palaces in gloomy cellars, where no ray of sunshine ever penetrates.

Everywhere around these fountains are picturesque groups, who pause to chat while the stream fills their copper vases, before they bear it away on their heads. Here climb and scramble little boys, and sit astride the marble lions' backs, or lean over to drink from the gushing stream. Here the thirsty horses of the *carrettieri*, stop and plunge their noses into the basins, jingling their bells as they toss their heads. Here peasants fill their dried gourds on their way out on to the Campagna. Here, in the summer, orange and lemon stands are placed, each with its little jet drawn from the fountain through a *canna*, or slender tin canal; and here the melon-seller erects his booth, swashing his boards constantly with water.

As you walk the empty streets at midnight you hear the low bubbling sound of water everywhere. Shut your eyes near any one of the great squares, and especially in the neighbourhood of the Fontana Trevi, and you can scarcely believe that you are not far out in the country, where leaves whisper and torrents flow and tumble. In the morning the foreigner just arrived runs to the window, and opens the shutters, thinking that it is raining, but it is only the fountains, and the sun bursts in with a surprise.

Go out upon the Campagna, and all along the road at intervals you will meet wells and fountains, where the horses and oxen are drinking, and where the *carrettieri* fill anew the wine-casks on which they have levied a way-tax. In the noble old villas at Frascati you will find extraordinary water-works. Great fountains tower shivering with sunshine into the air, and fall into vast basins surrounded

by balustrades, where carven masks, half hidden by exquisite festoons of maidenhair, pour their slender silver tribute. Down lofty steps, green with moss, the water comes bounding and flashing like a living thing, to widen below into a pool, where glance silver and gold-fish. Through the green alleys, over which sombre ilexes twine their crooked branches, or down the vistas of clipped laurel hedges, you will see the silver lines of fountains sparkling against the green background. In ruined gardens the water dribbles over staggering leaden pipes into basins, on whose rim green lizards bask panting in the sun, and slowly drips into the mantling pool, greened over with decay.

Come with me to the massive ruins of Caracalla's Baths—climb its lofty arches, and creep along the broken roofs of its perilous terraces. Golden gorses and wall-flowers blaze there in the sun, out of reach; fig-trees, whose fruit no hand can pluck, root themselves in its clefts; pink sweet-peas, and every variety of creeping vetch here blooms in perfection; tall grasses wave their feathery plumes, out on dizzy and impracticable ledges, and nature seems to have delighted to twine this majestic ruin with its loveliest flowers. Sit here, where Shelley wrote the "Prometheus Unbound,"* and look out over the wide-stretching Campagna. There sleep in the sunshine the steep sides of Gennaro, with tender purple shadows nestling behind its cloven wedges. There, like a melody, rises from the long still level of the sea the varied and undulating line of Monte Albano, sweeping in exquisite curves to the crest of Monte Cavi. Far off a shining band flashes between the land and sky—there lies the Mediterranean. Below you, stretching off towards the mountains, amid broken towers, tombs and castled ruins, that everywhere strew its rolling surface, behold that long line of arches, with here and there great gaps opening between lofty, ivy-covered fragments that seem like portions of grand porticoes—that is the Claudian Aqueduct. It domineers over all other ruins that you see—stretching its arches out and out till, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," they run away into the mountains' bosom. There it lies, like the broken vertebræ of some giant plesiosaurus, a ruined relic of a mighty

* "This poem," says Shelley, in his preface to "Prometheus Unbound," "was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright-blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits, even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama."

age and a distant time. From the "heart of the purple mountain," the shadow of trees and the song of birds, it drew its waters to supply the baths of the Romans in this very ruin on whose heights we stand; and the sylvan stream that listened on the hill-tops to the nightingale, and was brushed by the wavering butterfly, here leaping at last to light from its dark and narrow prison heard suddenly the clash of gladiators' swords and the murmur of a Roman populace.

Look down there from your dizzy height. Sunken in the ground are monstrous, inform blocks, the fragments of the ceiling that roofed with mosaics these spacious halls. When these great pieces fell Rome shook with their thunder, and the people said, "There is an earthquake!" Of the giant columns of granite which once bore them up, nothing now remains save shattered fragments strewn upon the ground. But one of them still stands in the Piazza di Trinità at Florence, holding on its top the figure of Justice—"out of reach," as the Florentines say. The statues and precious marbles of antiquity are all gone, save a few broken bits and relics, kept in a fenced-in chamber below. The Farnese family and their successors, the Frati, swept the place of everything. Its ancient marble guests, the Flora, the Farnese Bull, the Hercules, and the Venus Callipyge, are now in the museum of Naples; and in the Villa Borghese and the museum of San Giovanni in Laterano you may see portions of the mosaics of athletes which once adorned these walls. The sloping pavement of black and white mosaic crumbles away daily under the tooth of time, and the reckless destructiveness of travellers. Sheep and goats nibble under the shadow of the massive walls, that still stand firm as ever. Once in a while a spasmodic and idle effort is made at excavation, when a few old broken-down beggars are let in to make believe dig, at a few *baiocchi* a day. But, except at such times, nothing could be more peaceful, grand and beautiful than these "mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla."

Let us reconstruct them as we stand here, and imagine them as they were in the days of their perfection.

They were commenced by Caracalla in the year 212, continued by Heliogabalus, and finished by Alexander Severus. The baths themselves covered an oblong rectangular space of 720 feet in length by 375 feet in width; at both ends was a large hall with a semicircular tribune, all paved in the richest mosaic. These were devoted probably to gladiatorial exercises, to recitations of poets, and to lectures by philosophers and rhetoricians. Connecting them was an immense oblong apartment, called the *pinacotheca*, or *cella caldaria*, where were the hot baths. On one side of these and

on a lower level, was another chamber similar in shape, containing the cold baths, and called *cella frigidaria*. On the other side was a vast circular edifice, called the *laconicum*, which was composed of a large central hall surrounded by chambers, and containing the vapour baths. The modern staircase by which we ascend to the platforms of the ruins occupies one of the pillars of the *cella caldaria;* so that, looking down over the side towards the city, we see the *cella frigidaria*, and opposite, the long hall of the *cella caldaria;* while still beyond rise the giant towers and arches of the *laconicum*, through whose open spaces gleams the western sky. The *cella caldaria*, which was surrounded by columns of granite, were probably the most magnificent of all the halls.

Outside the central building was an open space, surrounded by porticoes and gardens, and containing a gymnasium, stadium, arena and theatre, where games, sports, plays, and races took place; and beyond the porticoes on the westerly side was a great reservoir to supply the baths; the water being brought to it by the Antonine Aqueduct, which was fed by the Claudian Aqueduct, and brought over the Arch of Drusus. The circuit of this magnificent inclosure is nearly a mile, and within its baths could be accommodated 1600 bathers at a time.

But these were not the only public baths of Ancient Rome, not even the largest. The Baths of Diocletian, which according to Baronius were built by 40,000 Christians at the command of their great persecutor, covered an area of 150,000 square yards, and afforded baths to no less than 3,200 persons, or double those of the Thermæ of Caracalla. The remains of this magnificent structure are scattered over the Piazza di Termini; some portions are built into studios, some into granaries for the French troops, some embodied into the church of San Bernardo, and some into the Termini prisons. In its very centre stands the noble church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli, built by Michael Angelo, and shapen out of the *cella caldaria*. Here one still sees the massive columns of Egyptian granite in their old places, and from the vaulted roof still hang the metal rings on which the ancient lamps were hung. Behind, where once was the swimming bath, stretches the beautiful cloister of the convent of the Certosa; and there, wandering among its silent and peaceful arcades, or lingering round the central fountain over which wave the grand cypresses planted by Michael Angelo, one may ponder the wonderful changes which have taken place on this spot. Now and then you may see a monk moving solemnly along, but he will not speak unless he passes another of his order, and then he will only say, "*Frutello, dobbiamo morire*," (Brother,

we must die). To which a hollow answer will come, "*Fratello, morire dobbiamo.*" So, breathing the orange blossoms, you may dream there over the past, and in its silence summon up the loud murmurs, the noisy games, the bloody sports that once it knew.

Besides these, there were the Baths of Agrippa, to which some antiquaries have considered the Pantheon to be the hall of entrance; the Baths of Constantine, which covered the summit of the Quirinal, and occupied the present site of the Consulta, the Palazzo Rospigliosi, and the Villa Aldobrandini; the Baths of Nero and Severus, which occupied a portion of the Piazza Navona, and extended thence nearly to the Pantheon; and the Baths of Titus on the Esquiline. To these the people flocked in crowds. Here they lounged and bathed, looked upon the games, betted on the gladiators, struggled in the gymnasium, and listened to the recitations of poets and rhetoricians.

The extraordinary number of *thermæ* shows how universal among the ancient Romans was the daily use of the bath. It was not confined to the rich classes, but extended to all, and was usually taken after exercise, and before the principal meal of the day, then *cœna*, which in the time of Augustus was made at about three o'clock. Before these vast imperial *thermæ* were built, none of the Roman baths were free. The price of a bath was, however, only a *quadrant*, which was the smallest coin in use, and this was paid to the *balneator* or keeper of the establishment. Children, however, below a certain age paid nothing. It was then the custom for those who wished to court the favour of the populace to throw open the baths to the public on certain days free of expense. But after the emperors built their *thermæ* no charge was ever made, and every one who chose might have a bath.

The bathing in the *thermæ* was without individual privacy. Originally, men and women bathed in separate chambers; but in the licentious days of the empire both sexes bathed indiscriminately together. Later, this practice, which naturally led to the grossest immorality and indecency, was forbidden by Hadrian and afterwards by Marcus Aurelius; but it none the less existed as late as the time of Alexander Severus, who prohibited, under severe penalties, any baths to be open in Rome for promiscuous use by both sexes. One has only to read Suetonius to acquaint one's self with certain shameless and disgustingly dissolute practices of the emperors in their private baths that almost surpass belief. Nothing, indeed, shows the low condition of public morals among the ancient Romans, and their open licentiousness, more plainly than the manner in which their public baths were conducted.

The modern Romans are not the children of their ancestors in this matter of bathing. In proportion to the number of inhabitants, there is less accommodation for public bathing in Rome than in any other city I know. The common people are not a bathing people. "*Dio mio*," cried one of them to whom I recommended a bath, "What? wash me from head to foot in *cold* water! I shouldn't dare to do it! I never did it in all my life. *Avrei paura davvero.*" Those Anglo-Saxons who take a cold bath every morning are looked upon here as little less than mad; and even the physicians shake their heads and say, That may do in your country, but it won't do here; and in this I am inclined to think they are right. Not that I mean to indicate that the Romans are, on the whole, a dirtier people than any other. By no means. The lower classes in no country are given to over-cleanliness, but in the middle and upper classes, their habits, I take from observation, to be quite as cleanly as the average. They wash themselves, but they do not take baths. They use the wash-bowl, but the bathing-tub and the shower-bath frighten them. In the summer only do they indulge in the full luxury of water, and then they throng the shores of Civita Vecchia and crowd the esplanade of Leghorn to bathe. From morning to night the bathing-houses are besieged and the screams of bathers are to be heard. Oddly enough, however, it is a common custom for the whole family to take one bathing-house together and bathe all at once, without a notion of indelicacy. "All things are as they seem to all;" but I confess to certain old-fashioned notions—prejudices of education, perhaps, which I cannot overcome.

Mastro Egidio, the Solomon of the Longaretta, is a serious personage of great influence, and who has by no means a humble idea of his own importance. For forty years he was the Fontanaio of the Acqua Paolo at San Pietro in Montorio, and always wears the true Roman dress of his order—short-clothes with buckles on his shoes, a shirt without plaits, a blue sash round his waist, a *beretta* with a purple tassel on his head, and a double chain to his watch dangling from the fob. His memory runs back to the time of Pius VI., and at the election of Papa Gregorio XVI. he led the Trastevere squadrons to put down the seditious *carbonari* who agitated Rome. One day in those troublous times, seeing that the Pope was taking an airing in his carriage, Mastro Egidio summoned his band, and, going forth to meet him, presented himself at the carriage door, and assured the holy Father that he had nothing to fear, for the Trastevere was with him. The holy Father, putting forth his fat fingers, amiably patted the great Egidio on the cheek, saying "The Trastevere is always faithful."

"Holy Father," solemnly responded Egidio, "the spot where those holy fingers have touched me shall not be washed till Lent."*

Was not that a compliment?

But there are Mastri Egidii in other countries besides Rome. It is related that one of the gentlemen who received George IV. on his landing in Ireland preserved unwashed to the day of his death the hand which had been allowed to touch the palm of royalty.

It is the usual belief entertained by the English that they are the only clean people in the world. The Americans agree to this statement, with one exception in favour of themselves. But ready as I am to concede that the higher classes in England and America are scrupulous in this respect, I cannot agree that this is a characteristic of the lower classes; nor do I believe the middle classes, on the whole, are cleanlier in their habits there than in Italy. At all events, it must be admitted that the daily use of the bath is of comparatively late introduction into Anglo-Saxondom. Fifty years have made great differences in this respect. The ordinary notion of an Italian being a dirty fellow is derived, I suspect, in great measure, from the fact that he wears a beard, which till within the last five years was in England considered as proof positive of a dirty fellow. The same characteristic has been alleged by the English against every nation which wears a beard; and it is not ten years ago that a gentleman, in whose well-being I have an extraordinary interest, and of whose most private affairs I have an intimate knowledge, was told on a visit to London that, if he wished to go into society, he *must* shave off his beard, for that the prejudice against wearing a beard as being a dirty habit was so deep rooted, that it could not be braved with impunity. With the Crimean war the custom of wearing the beard was introduced into England, and now the English not only wear the longest beards in Europe, but find them excellent and admirable.

An Englishman, however, whether he be clean or not, looks clean. His fresh rosy face and light blonde hair give an immediate impression of cleanliness, that no Italian could possibly present, even were his *epidermis* scrubbed off by washing. But if any one, without prejudice, will take the trouble to walk through the Corso or over the Pincio on any day when the people are out, and examine them one by one, I think he will be persuaded that their linen is scrupulously white, their dress nice, and their hands and necks perfectly clean, to an extent rarely met with elsewhere in the same class, and

* Padre Bresciano tells this story in a paper published by him in the "Civiltà Cattolica."

certainly not to be seen in England. As for the lower classes, I never saw any who could be called clean, unless exceptionally. No, my good republican friend, not even in America, where you say there are no lower classes; and as for the lowest classes in England, nothing can exceed their filth and ragged wretchedness.

Apropos of washing, the learned Dr. Johannes di Mediolano, of the Academy of Salerno, gives us some very important information on this head. Washing after eating, he says, in his Latin verses, confers upon us a double gift; it not only sharpens the eyesight, but also cleanses the hands,—a fact which could scarcely have been known at his time, or he would not have mentioned it so gravely:—

"Lotio post mensam tibi confert munera bina,
Mundificat palmas, et lumina reddit acuta."

But I have somewhat strayed away from my subject. "Let us resume," as Byron says.

There were formerly no less than fourteen aqueducts, some authors say twenty, which supplied Rome with water. Of these, with the exception of three, the Acqua Virgo, the Acqua Claudia, the Acqua Alsietina, only the ruined arches, that form so picturesque and peculiar a feature of the Campagna, now remain.

Of all these ancient aqueducts, the Acqua Claudia and the Anio Novus were the most extensive and magnificent, and their ruins are the grandest of all that are seen about Rome. The Claudian Aqueduct was commenced by Caligula in the year 36 A.D. and finished by Claudius in 50 A.D. Its length was more than forty-six miles, and the source was near the thirty-eighth mile-stone on the Via Sublacensis. For ten miles it was carried above ground over those lofty arches, the remains of which, draped with ivy and blossoming with flowers, still stretch along the Campagna. Under its shadow sheep nibble, and between its sunny openings, or mounted on its broken ledges, herds of long-haired white goats crop the bushes and leaves that festoon it; while near by, leaning on his staff, the idle shepherd dreams the long day away in his quaint and picturesque costume. Wherever you go these arches are visible; and towards nightfall, glowing in the splendour of a Roman sunset, and printing their lengthening sun-looped shadows upon the illuminated slopes, they look as if the hand of Midas had touched them, and changed their massive blocks of cork-like travertine into crusty courses of matte gold.

Yet, magnificent as are these remains of the Claudian Aqueduct, they are surpassed by those of the Anio Novus, the highest and

longest of all the aqueducts of ancient Rome. In length it was about sixty miles, and for the space of fourteen miles it bore its waters above ground over lofty arches, some of which were 109 feet in height. As they neared the walls these two great aqueducts, *par nobile fratrum*, joined together to pour their refreshing tribute into Rome.

But grand as is the effect of these colossal aqueducts upon the Campo Romano, still grander glimpses of them may be caught in the mountains. Hire a horse at Tivoli, and, taking a bridle-path through the quaint and picturesque olive forest, ride on for seven miles into the heart of the country. You will find no lack of wild beauty all along the road to delight you. The forest itself is filled with aged olives, that twist their hollow mossy trunks into every sort of fantastic shape, and stretch out their grim and withered arms across the path, with a wizard-like resemblance to enchanted human forms. Here and there you will see the woodcutters or guardians of the forest, and come across the rude *capanne* in which they dwell, and once in a while will meet with wandering flocks of sheep or goats. But for the most part it is a solitary ride, so lonely and secluded that, if the shape of Pan should start from behind a tree, you would scarcely be surprised; and the pipe you hear in the distance may well be his. At last you will come to a deep valley cloven down between two lofty hills. At its base babbles a torrent through tangled bushes and trees, and over it stride the gigantic arches of the Claudian Aqueduct. The tall poplars which grow beside the stream are dwarfed to bushes as you look down on them, and from below, as you gaze up at the colossal aqueduct, it seems like the work of the Titans.

All around Tivoli wherever you go are massive remains of these Roman works; and at a mile beyond the town, in the direction of Subiaco, the road passes beneath one of the arches, the top of which is crowned by an old mediæval tower. Most travellers who go to Tivoli content themselves with making the tour of the falls and *cascatelle*, visiting the villa of Mæcenas, and the romantic villa D'Este, and lunching in the Temple of Vesta; but few ever see the grand old castle, and fewer still explore the adjacent country, so rich in picturesque ruins of the ancient time. Yet here an artist might fill his portfolio with new and characteristic sketches of great beauty, and the antiquarian might spend weeks of purest pleasure.

In the ancient aqueducts the water was carried in channels of brick, or stone, lined with cement, and covered with an arched coping. Sometimes along the bottom of this channel were laid pipes of lead, *terra-cotta*, and even of leather for the water; but

generally it flowed in a stream through the trough of the channel. At intervals along the course of the aqueduct were constructed reservoirs, called *piscinæ*, in which any sediment might be deposited; and near the city was a vast reservoir, called *castellum*, which formed the head of the water and served as a *meter*. From this the water was distributed into other smaller reservoirs, from which, again, the city was supplied by pipes. Why these aqueducts were built above ground seems never to have been satisfactorily answered; but as the fact that water was distributed in pipes through the city, and jetted in fountains, shows that the ancient Romans could not have been ignorant of the simple law that water will find its level, the giant arches would seem to have been constructed purely for architectural beauty.

Of the Claudian Aqueduct, only a portion was used by Sixtus V. in building the present aqueduct, which is called, after the conventual name of its founder Fra Felice, the Acqua Felice. It is not even an established fact, however, that any portion of this aqueduct was used; some writers declaring that only the remains of the Acqua Alexandrina were employed. These waters are drawn from a spot near the Osteria de' Pantani, on the road to Palestrina, and supply the loftier part of the city, from the Piazza de' Termini, where are the Baths of Diocletian, to the Piazza Barberini. They also feed twenty-seven fountains, among which the principal are the Fontana di Monte Cavallo, the Fontana dei Termini, and the Tritone de' Barberini. The water is clear and pellucid, but heavy, and is not highly esteemed for drinking.

Of all the fountains in Rome, the Triton, in the Piazza Barberini, that blows from his conch shell a stream of glittering pearls, is the most original, and, though *barocco* in style, the most harmonious in composition. On the other hand, the Fontana dei Termini, with its basalt lions, is the ugliest and most ludicrous. Over it in a great niche stands a colossal figure, with outstretched hand, swaddled in oppressive draperies, which is intended to represent Moses; but, in fact, the figure is that of a hideous dwarf, with a ferocious face covered by a massive beard, and with two great horns on its forehead. It is quite impossible to determine whether this dwarf has no legs or no body—both it cannot have. You cannot help smiling as you look at this monstrous abortion, and yet there is a tragedy connected with it. As the story goes, it was the work of a young and ambitious sculptor, who boasted loudly that, if the commission to make this statue were given him, he would model a Moses which should, to use his phrase, beat that of Michael Angelo all to rags. The government, impressed by his enthusiasm, gave him the com-

mission. He locked himself into his studio, shut out the world, and gave himself up, body and soul, to his great work. At last it was completed, and the doors were thrown open to the public. Such a roar of scornful laughter then saluted his ears, that the poor artist, driven mad by his disgrace, threw himself in despair into the Tiber, and was drowned. Nevertheless, the government completed the statue, and there it stands in the Piàzza di Termini, a warning to all ignorant and ambitious young sculptors.

The ancient Acqua Alsietina was restored by Paul V., and now supplies the Trastevere quarter, under the name of the Acqua Paolo. It was originally built by Augustus to supply water for his *naumachiæ* and it still subserves one of its old uses in turning the flour-mills on the slopes of the Janiculum, and feeds the massive Fontana Paolina and the exquisite fountains in the Piazza of St. Peter.

But by far the most esteemed of all the waters of Rome are those of the ancient Acqua Virgo, which still retains its name of Acqua Virgine. The name of this aqueduct was derived from a tradition that its source was discovered by a young girl, who pointed it out to some soldiers who were perishing of thirst. It was restored by Nicholas V., and for purity, lightness and absence of all sediment, its waters are unequalled by any in Rome or elsewhere. It enters the city on the Pincian Hill near the Porta Pinciana, spreads over all the central portions of the town, supplies the magnificent fountain of Trevi, the fountains in the Piazza di Spagna, the Piazza Farnese, and the Piazza Navona, and pours daily into Rome no less than 66,000 cubic *mètres* of water.

There is still another water, called the Acqua Sallustiana, which supplies a very small district in the neighbourhood of the Palazzo Barberini and the Porta Pinciana, and is highly esteemed. I shall not easily forget the solemn and majestic articulation of one of the *padroni di casa* in this vicinity, who, in recounting the various advantages of his house, always wound up with this climax: "*E poi, abbiamo qua l' Ac-qua Sal-lus-ti-a-na, l' ac-qua la piu buona che si trova a Ro-ma, l' Ac-qua Sal-lus-ti-a-na.*" It was impossible not to be impressed with this solemnity, and the *padrone* was to a certain extent right; the *Ac-qua Sal-lus-ti-a-na* is an excellent water, but it does not compare with the Acqua di Trevi.

Besides, the Acqua Virgine still subserves some of its ancient purposes, and though the days of the *naumachiæ* are gone, yet Rome cherishes the old traditions, and still exhibits vestiges of the ancient games. The grand and picturesque old Piazza Navona, once the Circus Agonalis of Alexander Severus, and now the vegetable market of Rome, offers in the month of August a spectacle which

plainly recalls the old *fontali*. On Saturday evening all the benches and booths are removed, and the great drain which carries away the water spilled by the three fountains is closed. The basins then fill and pour over into the square till in a few hours it is transformed into a shallow shining lake, out of which, like islands, emerge the fountains with their obelisks and figures, and in whose clear mirror are reflected the cupola of St. Agnese and St. Giacomo, the ornate façades of the Doria, Pamfili and Braschi Palaces, and all the picturesque houses by which it is inclosed.

From the surrounding streets crowds of *carrettieri*, *vetturini*, and grooms now pour into the Piazza, mounted on every kind of horse, mule, and donkey; some riding double and even treble; and all laughing and shouting at the top of their voices. Then, with the clang of trumpets, come galloping in the horses of the dragoons and artillery, accompanied by hundreds of little scamps with their trousers rolled up to the crotch,—and splash they all go into the water. The horses neigh, the donkeys bray, the people scream, the little boys are up to all sorts of mischief, pelting each other with rotten oranges, squeezed lemons, and green melon rinds, till the Piazza echoes with the riot of voices and the splashing of water.

The next evening the sport is better. The populace crowd the outer rim of the Piazza, where numbers of booths are erected. The windows of the houses are thronged with gay faces, brilliant floating draperies, and waving handkerchiefs. Not only horses, mules, and donkeys are now driven into the artificial lake, but carriages welter nave-deep in the water, and spatter recklessly about; whips crack madly on all sides like the going off of a thousand sharp India crackers; and horses plunge and snort with excitement, sometimes overturning their carriages and giving the passengers an improvised bath.

After the sun has gone down lights are sprinkled about everywhere, and curiously-decorated cars come forth bearing a motley bevy of Naiads, Tritons, and other watery personages, who play carnival tricks and blow hoarse conches. At one end of the Piazza, towards the *Apollinare*, where the water is very shallow, sloping shelves are erected by the *cocomerari*, where amid glittering little lamps are set forth in long rows tempting wedges of water-melons. Around these are benches for the customers, and in a stentorian voice they invite purchasers with cries of "*Belli cocomeri! an'am, an'am. Qui si magna, si beve, e si lava er grugno.*" "Beautiful water-melons! come on, come on. Here you eat, and drink, and wash your chops with the beautiful water-melons." There is an

illumination in every window, torches flare around the streets and flash in the water, the people dance, sing, and devour figs and watermelons, and the whole Piazza is a perfect saturnalia of noise and nonsense.

Every house in Rome, has a great stone trough or *pozzo*, into which a stream of water is constantly pouring with a hollow gurgle. The method of drawing water from these troughs is peculiar. From the kitchen windows which look down into the courts a stout iron wire leads to a spot above the trough. Upon this is suspended, by an iron ring and pulley, a tin or copper pail that is run down and drawn up upon this suspension bridge by a stout rope. All day long you will hear the rattling of this apparatus, as the stout *donna di faccende* souses the pail down into the fountain with a sudden slide, and then slowly drags it back dripping and creaking to her high window. Often there are little wooden balconies built out from the kitchen window which opens to the floor, with a sloping roof of tiles to shed the rain, and in such cases they serve as the platform to which the water is drawn. They are generally very picturesque, with their pots of flowers, their brilliant carnations, their large *terra-cotta* vases, their spiring weeds that grow out of the eaves under the curved and moss-stained tiles, and the primitive shapes of the wooden railings. Here, by the half-hour together, the Roman women will lean and talk to each other across the court, and a charming picture they sometimes make, as they stand there in the sun, with a background of delicate grey walls stained by the hand of time with exquisite gradations of colour.

There is in many of the courts a large stone basin below for the washing of clothes, and all day long you will hear the song and incessant chatter and laugh of the washers. When their clothes are thoroughly washed, they are brought up-stairs, and swung out on long iron wires that stretch across the court, or from angle to angle of the houses. Each article is fixed to little rings, and a rope running through a ring at the opposite end enables them to be drawn out one after another over the court, where they hang and flap in the air until they are dry.

On these little platforms and balconies sturdy Juliets of the kitchen carry on mysterious communications with Romeos of the stable or garden below, and when no eye is looking they let down a cord to draw up—not a bouquet of roses, but a good stout cabbage or cauliflower, which their lover ties to it. Here in the winter the old *padrone*, in his faded dressing-gown and velvet skull-cap, often shuffles out and seats himself in the sun, and mumbles to himself, as he warms "his five wits;" and shall I not confess that here

also I have often stood for an indefinite space of time, charmed by the varying and homely picture and watching the fun that goes on? Nothing can be more picturesque than these views from the back windows. Here a terrace with rows of flower-pots—there a quaint balcony broken into exquisite light and shade—above, perhaps, a tall tower looking down into the court, or an arbour of grapes, dappling the grey floor or wall with quaint shadows; and oftentimes a garden close by, with its little dripping fountain and its orange-trees, "making a golden light in a green shade," while above is the deep delicate blue of the Roman sky, against which are cut out the crimped edges of tiled roofs. Screams of wild Campagna songs, with their monotonous drawl, pierce the air, as the self-forgetful *donna di faccende* remembers her Campagna home and rattles out on their wires her files of snowy clothes.

Tidy American housekeepers will, I doubt not, differ from me. They will object that the place does not look clean, and that things have a careless and ruined look that they do not like. They would paint and whitewash it all over, for the demon that besets them is cleanliness. But, my good friends, we cannot have everything; we must choose; and when all is arranged according to your ideas, all that charms the eye of the artist is gone. Besides, what is dirt?—it is only a good thing in a wrong place, as has been well said,—and I am afraid it will never be agreed between us where the wrong place is.

My friend Count Cignale is a painter—he has a wonderful eye for colour and an exquisite taste. He was making me a visit the other day, and in strolling about in the neighbourhood we were charmed with an old stone wall of as many colours as Joseph's coat—tender greys, dashed with creamy yellows and golden greens, and rich subdued reds, were mingled together in its plastered stone-work; above towered a row of glowing oleanders covered with clusters of roseate blossoms. Nothing would do but that he must paint it, and so secure it at once for his portfolio; for who knows, said he, that the owner will not take it into his head to whitewash it next week, and ruin it? So he painted it, and a beautiful picture it made. Within a week the owner made a call on us. He had seen Cignale painting his wall with surprise, and deemed an apology necessary. "I am truly sorry," he said, "that the wall is left in such a condition. It ought to be painted all over with a uniform tint, and I will do it at once. I have long had this intention, and I will no longer omit to carry it into effect."

"Let us beseech you," we both cried at once, "*caro conte mio*, to

do no such thing, for you will ruin your wall. What! whitewash it over! it is profanation, sacrilege, murder, and arson."

He opened his eyes. "Ah! I did not mean to whitewash it, but to wash it over with a pearl colour," he answered.

"Whatever you do to it you will spoil it. Pray let it alone. It is beautiful now."

"Is it, indeed?" he cried. "Well, I hadn't the least idea of that. But, if you say so, I will let it alone."

And thus we saved a wall.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BIRTHS BAPTISMS, MARRIAGES, AND BURIALS.

IN the purely Roman quarters of the city of Rome, where old customs still exist, and the influence of the stranger is little felt, may be frequently seen a large card hung against the window or at the entrance of the grocer's shop, on which are printed or scrawled in large letters the words, "*Bacili per le Partorienti.*" You naturally apply to your courier for an interpretation and an explanation of this sign. But a courier has generally the same surly unwillingness to give full information on any subject that a sea-captain has to tell you how the wind is and how many knots you are making; and as your courier is no exception to the general rule, he contemptuously shrugs his shoulders at your ignorance, and, speaking in a language he calls English, but which has the same confused resemblance to it as the reverse of worsted-work with all the straggling ends to the finished pattern on the right side, he ungraciously growls out, "*Bacili per le partorienti*—Dat is wash-bowl for vooman *en couches.*" Now you are quite as much at sea as you were before, but you are afraid of your courier (all Americans are), and would rather rot in ignorance than be bullied, and as you know he will bully you if you ask another question, you make a note of the words with the intention of asking what they mean.

Will you allow me to tell you? They mean, literally, "bowls for lying-in women;" and that you may understand what these are, you must know, that it is an old custom, "of which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," among the middle classes in Rome, as soon as a mother has given birth to a child, for the *comare*, who is the English cummer, gammer, or, in polite phrase, god-mother, to present her with a large *bacile* or bowl, heaped full of such articles of food as are fitting for her during her confinement. The contents of the *bacile* are generally *paste* of all forms and

patterns, such as *maccaroni, vermicelli, stelletti, anelletti,* and *capelletti,* which are built up into grotesque shapes—the favourite design being of a ship with *maccaroni* masts sailing in a sea of *semolino,* where imbedded eggs show, dolphin-like, their backs—delicate young chickens, not Mother Carey's, swim breast upward—and savoury herbs vegetate luxuriantly round the smooth rim of the bowl. This *bacile,* built so curiously; and looking for all the world like the bowl the wise men of Gotham went to sea in, is formally presented to the mother with a gracious ceremony of congratulation, and she lives upon its contents during the period of her lying-in.

Before the birth of the child, and during the confinement of the mother, nothing is so much guarded against by all who surround her as odours. Visitors are enjoined to put aside every kind of perfume before entering her chamber. Flowers are strictly prohibited, and any husband who should dare to bring a cigar into the room would be looked upon as a mere brute. Though ordinarily obtuse in the sense of smell, the Italians think that perfumes are poisons during the season of child-bearing; and though they will keep the windows and doors closely shut until the air is foul with over-breathing, and leave the long wicks of their lamps to pour a poisonous smoke into the already stale atmosphere, yet at the same time, in order to guard against the evil effects of a chance perfume, they will cover the bed, and stick into the nostrils of the mother the leaves of the *matricario,* which is used as a sedative to prevent spasms and nervousness. Nor is this custom confined to the sick chamber of the *partoriente.* I have seen stout, hearty women, when near their confinement, walking about the streets with two great sprigs of this plant (centaury) thrust into their nostrils, and presenting a most ludicrous appearance.

Long before the birth of the child the *comare* and *compare* have been chosen among the most important acquaintances of the parents, and, the moment the happy result takes place, the husband hastens to inform them of it, and to make preparations for the ceremony of baptism, which usually is performed within forty-eight hours. In the mean time the "wise women" of the neighbourhood, who are thought to be skilled in divination, are admitted to the chamber of the mother, and then, after examining carefully the infant, even *ad unguem,* they prophesy his fortune, and wish him all sorts of luck. The husband meanwhile makes all the arrangements for the baptism, which it is the ambition of every Roman should take place either at St. Peter's or at St. John Lateran's, and prepares presents for the *levatrice,* the sacristan, the bell-ringer, the coachmen who are to drive the company to the church, the *chierico* and the *curato*—for

no ceremony of importance is ever performed in Rome without *mancie* to all the parties concerned.

If the child be a girl the baptism is not much of an affair; but if it be a boy great preparations are made. He is dressed in a gala dress, covered with an embroidered cloth, and carried in the arms of the *comare*, who has on her holiday bodice and satin skirts, and all her jewels and rings, and her great *filograne* pin stuck into her hair. The seat of honour in the first carriage is given to her and the child, and they are accompanied by the midwife and the nearest female relations. In the second carriage is the *compare*, with his brother or brother-in-law on his left. If you meet this convoy you may know at once the sex of the child by the colour of the ribbon pinned to its dress, which the *comare* takes special heed shall flutter out of the carriage window. A red ribbon indicates a boy, and a blue ribbon a girl—blue being the colour of the Virgin, to whom all female children are dedicated.

Arrived at the church, the priest receives it near the font, accompanied by a little boy who carries a candle, a box of salt, and a vase of oil. He mumbles an indistinct hum of Latin, looking carelessly round him the while; rubs the oil behind the child's ears; makes the sign of the cross on its forehead, mouth, and breast; thrusts his soiled finger covered with dirty salt into its mouth, till it spits, grimaces, and screams with disgust; then, lifting the *stola* from his own neck, he places it over that of the child, ladles out some holy water from the font and pours it over his head, and the ceremony is over. It is a superstition that the child screams because the devil goes out of it, and the priest with his dirty finger and nauseous salt is pretty sure to secure this good omen, and thus to content the soul of every true Catholic present. If it did not scream under such circumstances, "the devil must be in it."

In case, however, the child be very ill and not expected to live, it is competent not only for the priest, but for any Catholic to baptize it—for the salvation of a human soul is not to be hazarded; and priests do not always move rapidly; and in such cases no time is to be lost. But there is this inconvenience, that being once baptized, the ceremony cannot be repeated. There is also another difficulty, in case the child be born of Jewish parents; for any pious Christian chambermaid or nurse may in her affright at some spasm of the infant's utter the words of baptism, and thus render it the duty of the Church at once to deprive the Jewish mother of her offspring, and forbid all intercourse between them,—a sad case, not so unfrequent as may be supposed, and of which the Mortara case furnishes a well-known example.

When, however, the child is well, and the baptism is performed by the priest in church, the day is one of great pomp, ceremony, and rejoicing. The father on these occasions is not of much importance, and, to confess the truth, has the air of an interloper, who is present on false pretences. You see him standing about on the outskirts of the group in a fatuous way, awkwardly twisting his hands, blushing and breaking into little spasmodic laughters when he is addressed, making sad efforts to appear quite at his ease, and venturing at times upon jests which, though well received by weak-minded persons of his own sex, are looked down upon scornfully by all the women. A truly pitiable figure he makes, and one cannot help wondering what under heavens he is doing "*dans cette galère.*" Meanwhile, all the petticoats revolve like satellites around the little red baby in the centre, keeping up a constant chorus of "*Quant' è bellino—oh Bimbo, Bimbino!*" sticking their fingers into its doughy cheeks, and examining its cap and ribbons, and coral, and fingers and nails, and wondering, and whispering, and whinnying round it. *La Gampina*, the nurse, is queenlike, lording it over all—radiant with pleasure and importance, frowning upon the husbands, chirruping to the baby, and patronizing the female gossips, who all feel in their secret bosoms a deep envy of her in these moments of her greatness. How grandly, surrounded by her satellites, she sweeps out of the church after the baptism is done, the black coats of the "poor male trash" scarcely daring to share her triumph, but following meekly, and in a melancholy way, after her, "bringing their tails behind them!" The crowd which has gathered round the font to see the ceremony from outside and inside the church gazes after her as she retires. Shaky old beggar-women, leaning on their crutches, send after the child their benediction, and then hobble away into the corners to talk it over among themselves, and prophesy and tell old stories, and croon away about it for hours.

The baptism over, the carriages, after making a long tour through the principal streets, return home, and then the friends sit down to a great supper or dinner, where all the varieties of the season are set out. There are great dishes heaped with golden fry, "*fritti misti,*" among which are slices of cuttle-fish, liver, cauliflower, little fishes, brains, shreds of pumpkins, and artichokes, all mixed together—followed by *gelatine* and cold jellied meats, and boiled beef with mushrooms, and a great turkey, and a dessert of *ciambelle*, candied fruits, *pinocchiati*, and roasted chestnuts. The fare is uncommonly savoury, the red wine flows freely, *brindisi* are given to the whole family, always in rhyme, and there is great jollity—amidst which,

perhaps, at times the piping voice of the young Roman citizen, in whose honour the *festa* is made, may be heard from the adjoining chamber.

As soon as the mother is well enough, she has a daily "reception," and, propped up in her bed, with both her nostrils stuffed with some sweet-scented herb, she smilingly receives the compliments and good wishes of all her friends who come to congratulate her, each bringing a present for her or her young Roman. Here, again, the husband plays a very inferior *rôle;* and if he venture to open his mouth, his ignorance of all the matters relating to the treatment of infants is openly jeered by the other sex, and he is recommended to apply his talents to the care of the shop.

The odour of tuberoses was formerly thought to be fatal to women "*en couches.*" It is related that Madlle. de la Vallière, while she was lady of honour to the queen, having found herself unfortunately in this situation, and dreading an exposure, kept her room under a pretence of indisposition. But the queen suspecting the real state of the case, and curious to discover if her suspicions were justified, sent word that she would pay her a visit. The offer was received with a great show of gratitude, and the queen found, on entering the chamber, that Madlle. de la Vallière had filled it with tuberoses.

For those who are too poor to bear the expenses of lying-in, as well as for those who desire to conceal the fact, the hospital of S. Rocco offers a shelter and a hiding-place. This hospital was founded in the year of the jubilee in 1500, approved by Alexander VI., and confirmed by Pius IV. It stands near the Porta di Ripetta, has a large hall for the poor, and various chambers for those who can afford to pay and desire concealment, and is capable of supplying fifty beds. Each bed is separated from the rest by curtains and a screen. Any woman near her confinement who presents herself, whether married or unmarried, is at once received. Her name and condition are not asked, and she may also conceal her face if she desire, so as not to be recognized by any one. On the register of the hospital each inmate is distinguished by a numeral instead of a name. Entrance is forbidden to all men and women to see the patient, whether they are parents, relations, or strangers, and no one is admitted save the physician, surgeon, midwife, and the women attendants. The hospital being exempt from all criminal and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the women who enter it are secured from molestation of every kind; and when they choose to leave it, provision is made to enable them to depart in the most secret way and at the most opportune time; the gate of the hospital

not opening on any public street, but in a court which has two issues, one of which opens on an uninhabited lane which joins with other little frequented streets.

Women who cannot allow their condition to be known without loss of character are received in S. Rocco a considerable time previous to their confinement, and thus the honour of many families, says Morichini, is saved, and infanticide is avoided. Those who are not poor pay a small sum of about three *scudi* a month, which is increased if better care, attendance, and living than the ordinary affords be required. When they are near their confinement, however, all pay ceases. Women of this class are called, like the others, "*depositate*," and do not divulge their name and condition in life.

As soon as the children are born they are sent with all due precaution to the "*Pia Casa degli esposti in Santo Spirito*," those mothers who wish to receive them again placing on them a mark by which they may be recognized, and every one can at pleasure reclaim them from Santo Spirito at any time by a proper identification.

The average number of women who have here sought refuge between the years 1831 and 1840 is stated by Morichini to be 165 each year, which is very small in proportion to the population, compared with the number received in a similar manner in Paris, where from 2,000 to 3,000 are annually taken in.

In ordinary cases the hospital maintains these inmates free of expense for eight days previous to their confinement and eight days subsequent; but, if there be any special reasons, this time is enlarged. Many, however, only remain there two or three days, and some only a few hours. The medium period of their stay is from four to five days.*

The infants in Rome are not clothed in the long loose dresses used in England and America, but are wrapped in swaddling-clothes, wound closely about them from neck to foot, so that they look like little white mummies. This is a custom which has come down from the ancient Romans; and in an antique *bassorilievo* at Rome may be seen a nurse presenting to the mother her infant child, girdled in "*incunabula*," or swaddling-clothes, precisely similar to those now in use, and having on its head the same close cap which is still worn. I hope my friends of the other

* The revenue of this hospital is 2,490 *scudi* a year, of which 690 are contributed by the public treasury. It is administered by *confraternità*, and presided over by a partial deputation. See Morichini, Instituti di Pubblica Carità, vol. i. ch. 7.

sex will bear with me, when I confess that to my mind there are advantages as well as disadvantages in this method of dressing infants. Though the child is more restricted in the use of its legs when thus swaddled, yet this is in measure compensated by the fact that it is less liable to injuries of the spine from being held across the arm of a negligent nurse, is preserved from danger of rupture, and is supported equally at all points at a period when the organs and muscles are undeveloped and weak. Straight legs and a straight spine are certainly desirable; though it is so charming to the nurse and the mother to force a "wee toddling thing" to stand on its bandy legs before they are equal to their burden, and though it does not look "so cunning" as it would in its long dresses, with its little bare arms and bare chest, it is really much less likely to catch cold, fever and croup; and, besides, a swaddled baby is much more out of the way of danger and disease. I have always found the infants themselves very well content in their swaddling bands, and my experience is that Roman infants do not certainly cry more, if even as much as ours. Among the poor families who cannot attend to their babes as the rich can, and who are all day at work, this custom of swaddling is most convenient. The child is so well supported that it can be safely carried anyhow without breaking its back, or distorting its limbs—it may be laid down anywhere, and even be borne on the head in its little basket without danger of its wriggling out.

But whether swaddled or not, the children, in spite of damp rooms, bad food, and little care, grow up into stalwart maids and men, develop early, ripen into beauty, and fall in love, like all the offspring of Adam and Eve. The *contadini* almost invariably marry young, and as soon as the youth and maid can rake and scrape enough money together to buy the *trousseau* for the bride, and to purchase a few gold ornaments, they invoke the aid of the priest to help them into the holy bonds of matrimony. After the *sposalizio*, or betrothing, the *promessi sposi* go everywhere hand in hand together, and call each other *sposo* and *sposa*, for it is a sort of half-marriage, and is celebrated as such by dancing, singing, and eating, in company with their friends.

Among the peasantry the parents generally give half the dowry in money, and half in clothes. All the former is spent in jewellery for the bride; and, as it is never enough, the *sposo* adds to it all he can raise. He also buys the bed, and furnishes the chamber. The expense of the wedding is divided. The dowry is not so much measured by the means of the particular *contadini*, as by the custom of the neighbourhood; and in order to come up to the standard

much hard work and pinching is often necessary. For months the maid and her family are employing every spare hour in weaving cloth for the bride, and in the winter evenings the hand-loom, which is everywhere to be seen in the *contadino's* house, is rattling and clattering, to make into home-spun linen the flaxen thread, which all summer long, at every interval of leisure, or while tending the cattle, they are spinning on their distaff. No *contadina* will marry until she has her jewels and ornaments, and upon them is generally expended every *baiocco* of solid money which she and her *sposo* have. They are young, and careless of the future. They are strong, and can live on the daily labour of their hands. The marriage is the great event of their life, and then, at least, for once, they will have their way and be happy, without consulting the cost. So all the money goes into the necklace of coral or golden beads, the long, dangling earrings, the wheatsheaf of gold which shines from the dagger that holds up the shining braids of blue-black lustrous hair, and the broad rings that cover half her fingers. These ornaments are always of the purest gold, stamped with the government stamp, and, having a real solid value, are looked upon as a permanent investment. On holidays they are all put on, and when want comes, and hunger knocks at the door, they are pawned at the Monte di Pietà (the government pawnbrokery establishment) for nearly their value, to be redeemed when better days come back. It would be thought a disgrace to be married without these ornaments, and no one is so poor as not to have them.

At last the marriage takes place. The bride is dressed in her new costume, and with her golden chains and earrings gleaming on her neck, and her snowy white *tovaglia* folded over her head, she goes with her *sposo* to hear mass, take the communion, and be married. The communion is always given before marriage; and, as this cannot be taken after eating, the marriage naturally takes place in the morning. The whole party then return to the house of the bride, and there is a great *festa*, and laughter and joking, and a dinner, where all sit down together; and gifts are brought by the friends, who vie with each other in bringing the most expensive things they can afford to buy.

Among the ancient Romans, when the bride was conducted to the bridegroom's house it was customary to shower sweetmeats upon them as emblems of plenty and prosperity, and then began the nuptial feast (*gamos*). This custom, "with a difference," still exists, though it is wearing out; but, instead of receiving the sweetmeats on her head, the bride now carries round to the assembled guests a tray covered with them, and each guest takes a sweetmeat with one

hand, and with the other places a gift on the tray. Among the noble families this same usage obtains. Besides the sherbets and cakes and refreshments of every kind, which are carried round to the company, each friend is presented with an elegant box of *bonbons*, on one side of which are stamped the arms of the bride, and on the other the arms of the family.

Even after the marriage has taken place, the mother, if she be over-scrupulous and bigoted, sometimes refuses to give up her daughter for a day, thinking in this way to approve herself to the Church, and bring good luck to the young couple. But this is rare. Ordinarily the bride accompanies her husband home, and there remains shut up, and seeing no one for two or three days—sometimes for a week. She then makes a formal entry into the world. Dressed in her betrothal costume, with all her rings on her fingers, and accompanied by her husband and an escort of friends and relations, she passes through the principal streets to show herself, and her gold ornaments and dress, and to receive congratulations. The promenade over, all return to the house, and again there is a dinner or supper, and all sorts of gaiety. Rhymed toasts are given, and all unite in wishing for her male children as the best of luck. The marriage festival is then complete, and thereafter she bends her neck to the every-day yoke of hard work.

A short time since, at Siena, I met one of these bridal processions, on its way to the public promenade of the Lizza, to show themselves to their friends. It was Sunday, and there they knew that the world of Siena would be congregated, and they would be for the time the "observed of all observers." The bride wore a broad Tuscan hat, under whose flapping brim glittered two long pendant earrings; her hands were covered with golden rings, on some of her fingers reaching above the first joint, and a handsome necklace of pearls was on her sunburnt neck. She was a stout, healthy *contadina*, evidently married with an eye to work rather than beauty; and as she strode along, looking smiling and happy, and veiling her face behind a large fan at each exquisite joke of her escort, she towered a full head in height above her little wiry husband. I hope for his sake that she is good-natured, for in case of a "difficulty" I would not give much for his chance.

On the *festa* of the marriage it is the bride who is the centre of interest, the *sposo* is of little account. All the gifts are for her, except one, and that is a basket of eggs, which his friends send him on the occasion. If he happen to be an old man, they pay him still another compliment in the way of a "*serenata alla Chiavari*," howling under his window madly, with an accompaniment of pots and pans.

One of the little ballads sung about the streets of Rome gives an idea of the jollity of the marriage *festa*, and of the sorrows that come after. It is entitled, "*Il pentimento dei Giovanotti dopo che hanno preso moglie*"—(The repentance of young men after they have taken a wife). The verses describing the joys of the day are as follows:—

"Fù assai lieto il primo giorno
Che stringeste la catena;
Nobil pranzo e nobil cena
Cuoco esperto preparò.

"Mille amici a voi d'intorno
Rimiraste allegri in viso,
E taluno all' improviso
Dolci brindisi cantò.

"Poi si mosse al ballo il piede
Per seguir l' antica usanza,
E più d' una contradanza
Lietamente si ballò.

"Otteneste inde in mercede
Delle danze e degli fiaschi—
Buona notte e figli maschi—
E ciascuno se n' andò."

Among the families of wealth and rank at Rome the *capitoli*, or betrothal, is a much more important and festal ceremony than that of marriage. Marriage must always take place in the morning, but the betrothal is celebrated in the evening. Elaborate cards of invitation are issued, setting forth the titles and parentage of the parties to be betrothed, and all the friends and relations are prayed to be present and assist at the ceremony. The palace is flung open, splendidly lighted and decorated with flowers, and the guests wear their richest dresses and ornaments. When all are assembled, the marriage contract and papers conferring the dowry and making the marriage settlements are read aloud by the notary, and formally signed by the parties and witnesses. Then comes the glad hum of congratulations, the bride and bridegroom are kissed by their friends, and all is gaiety and rejoicing. The marriage after this is more of a religious ceremony, often performed in travelling dress, and the bride and bridegroom, after a morning reception of friends, go off in their carriages to journey.

Not many years ago a curious incident occurred in one of the noblest palaces of Rome, at a betrothal where the bride represented one of the eldest and most famous of the princely houses, and the bridegroom was the head of one of the wealthiest. The guests were

all assembled and the contract was read. At the side of the bride, who there, in the perfect flower of her remarkable beauty, attracted the eyes of all, stood the figure of a poor, decrepit, imbecile man, in whose face you read the sad history of insanity degraded almost into idiocy. It was her father—the head of the house—the prince. By dint of cajolement and persuasion he had been induced to take part in the ceremony, his presence being absolutely required. There, gazing vacantly around him, he heard the words of the contract, though they conveyed to him no meaning. When, however, the reading was concluded, and he was conducted to the table to affix his signature, he stopped, and seeing that all eyes were fixed on him, a vague fear seemed to come across him that he was to be circumvented in some way, unintelligible to him; and to the painful surprise of all, he absolutely refused to sign the contract. Vainly they endeavoured to persuade him. Steadily, and with an imbecile obstinacy, he continued to repeat his refusal.

"What would induce you to sign it?" at last cried one of the family, in despair.

"I will tell you," whispered the old man, drawing him aside. "Give me a *scudo*, and I will sign it."

Instantly a *scudo* was given him. He slipped it eagerly into his pocket, and then with a horrible smile of cunning went forward to the table and scrawled his name under the contract.

"*Grazie a Dio!*" said the whole company, and came forward to congratulate and smile and compliment, while the old man crept into a corner of his magnificent halls, and turning his back on the company, took out his *scudo* to examine it, chuckling all the while to himself.

From life to death is but a step. Marriage finishes, sooner or later, with a funeral. Before the very altar where the ceremony of marriage is performed the coffin is hereafter to lie; and returning with the bridal procession through the aisles of the church the eye will be caught by sad inscriptions of death on many a marble slab and monument. Imagine, then, that after accompanying the bride to the altar, we have lingered to look at the monuments, and to talk of "worms, and graves, and epitaphs."

Whenever death is imminent, the priest is at once called in to hear final confession, and give final absolution; and from this moment it is his duty to stay with the dying man until he has drawn his last breath. The candles are lighted, the friends leave the chamber, and priest and penitent are left alone together. After extreme unction has been given, the friends may return; and

in such case, as the soul passes away, it is accompanied by the prayers of all around to "San Giuseppe, Maria, Jesu," to intercede for it above. It often happens, however, that the friends never return, but leave the dying man in the hands of the priest, who sometimes, through ignorance and bigotry, scares away his last breath by terrible intimations of divine wrath; and who, at best, can never supply the need of the kind and affectionate faces of friends in those last moments.

After death the body is entirely abandoned to the priests, who take possession of it, watch over it, and prepare it for burial; while the family, if they can find refuge anywhere else, abandon the house and remain away a week. During their absence the house is purgated; the bed on which their friend or parent has died is burnt; the chamber walls are rasped, and new papered or coloured, and oftentimes the whole furniture of the room is destroyed and replaced with new articles. This is specially the case where the death is by consumption, which is generally believed by the lower classes in Rome to be contagious. It is common for the friends of the bereaved family to offer them a villa, or house, for their retirement at such a season; and when they return to their own house a dinner is also sent them on their arrival. But such is the horror the Italians have of death, that they do not willingly return to a place where one of the family has died; and in case the house is not their own, they will often throw up their lease to avoid the necessity of so doing. "*Così ho fatto Io quando morì la mia madre*," said my coachman the other night to me. "*E così farei ancora. Dio mio! non ci tornerei, davvero—non, davvero.*"

The body is not ordinarily allowed to remain in the house more than twelve hours, except on condition that it is sealed up in lead or zinc. At nightfall a sad procession of *becchini* and *frati* may be seen coming down the street, and stopping before the house of the dead. The *becchini* are taken from the lowest classes of the people, and hired to carry the corpse on the bier, and to accompany it to the church and cemetery. They are dressed in shabby black *cappe*, covering their head and face as well as their body, and having two large holes cut in front of the eyes to enable them to see. These *cappe* are girdled round the waist, and the dirty trousers and worn-out shoes are miserably manifest under the skirts of their dress —showing plainly that their duty is occasional. All the *frati* and *becchini*, except the four who carry the bier, are furnished with wax candles, for no one is buried in Rome without a candle. You may know the rank of the person to be buried by the lateness of the hour and the number of the *frati*. If it be the funeral of a

person of wealth, or a noble, it takes place at a late hour, the procession of *frati* is long, and the bier elegant. If it be a state-funeral, as of a prince, carriages accompany it in mourning, the coachmen and lackeys are bedizened in their richest liveries, and the state hammer-cloths are spread on the boxes, with the family arms embossed on them in gold. Sometimes, also, on very special occasions, a band of music accompanies the procession. But if it be a pauper's funeral, there are only *becchini* enough to carry the bier to the grave, and two *frati*, each with a little candle; and the sunshine is yet in the streets when they come to take away the corpse. Ordinarily, if the person be of the middle class, the funeral takes place about an hour after Ave Maria.

You will see this procession stop before the house where the corpse is lying. Some of the *becchini* go up-stairs, and some keep guard below. The neighbours look out of the windows of all the adjacent houses. Scores of shabby men and boys are gathered round the *frati*; some attracted simply by curiosity, and some for the purpose of catching the wax, which gutters down from the candles as they are blown by the wind. The latter may be known by the great horns of paper they carry in their hands. While this crowd waits for the corpse, the *frati* light their candles, and talk, laugh, and take snuff together. Finally comes the body, borne down by four of the *becchini*. It is in a common rough deal coffin, more like an ill-made packing-case than anything else. No care or expense has been laid out upon it to make it elegant, for it is only to be seen for a moment. Then it is slid upon the bier, and over it is drawn the black velvet pall with golden trimmings, on which a cross, death's-head, and bones are embroidered. Four of the *becchini* hoist it upon their shoulders, the *frati* break forth into their hoarse chant, and the procession sets out for the church. Little and big boys and shabby men follow along, holding up their paper horns against the sloping candles to catch the dripping wax. Every one takes off his hat, or makes the sign of the cross, or mutters a prayer as the body passes; and with a dull, sad, monotonous chant, the candles gleaming and flaring, and casting around them a yellow flickering glow, the funeral winds along through the narrow streets, and under the sombre palaces and buildings, where the shadows of night are deepening every moment. The spectacle seen from a distance, and especially when looked down upon from a window, is very effective; but it loses much of its solemnity as you approach it; for the *frati* are so vulgar, dirty, and stupid, and seem so utterly indifferent and heartless, as they mechanically croak out their psalms, that all other emotions yield to a feeling of disgust. Death is solemn and sacred to all

but those who deal with it as a means of living. The grave-digger knocks over a skull without remorse, and cracks a joke upon it. They "have no feeling for their business;" and so the *frate*, whose profession it is to mourn for hire, feels nothing—the edge of his feeling is blunted by custom—'tis "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." But while one cannot expect these hired mourners to feel any deep sense of sorrow, it would be but decent for them to "assume a grace if they have it not," instead of jesting and chattering, as they precede a corpse. The last funeral which I happened to see was in the street in which I live; and as I passed along the *becchini* had just brought down the body and slid it on to the bier. Two of the *frati*, who had been talking together, did not perceive this, and were scarcely ready when the procession started; however, they at once paused in their discourse at the signal to move, and one of them, with a deep bass voice, sang suddenly out, "*Miserere Domine*," then stopped short, turned his head aside, and stuffed into his bulbous, dirty nose a huge pinch of snuff, which in his earnestness of discourse he had omitted previously to dispose of. After this duty was performed, he resumed the argument with his friend, *sotto voce*, bursting now and then into a sudden strain of chanting. And this is the way in which the *frati* mourn for the dead in Rome.

A singular illustration of the carelessness and indifference, begotten by custom, is to be found in an incident connected with the conspiracy of the Pazzi in Florence. The design of the conspirators was to murder the two Medici in the cathedral, while they were engaged in performing their devotions. But it was difficult to induce any one to commit the crime there, on account of the sacredness of the place, and the natural repugnance to add sacrilege to murder. It was then suggested that a priest should be employed to decoy the princes into the church, and strike the first blow. And the reason given for the suggestion was, that his business and duty being in the church, and about the altar, the place had necessarily lost all special sacredness to him, and he would as quickly perform a crime there as elsewhere. The event proved the accuracy of this supposition. It was a priest who was employed by the conspirators, and who lent himself to the crime with utter indifference to the sanctity of the place.

Sometimes, on the occasion of the sudden death of a child or maiden, dying in the flower of her youth and beauty, the body is exposed to view on the top of the bier, dressed in white, with a wreath about the head and flowers strewn around it, and is thus borne along the streets. This, however, is rarer in Rome

of late years than in Naples, where it is very common. One of the most touching spectacles of this kind that I ever saw was at S. Germano, a little town situated near the frontier of the Roman and Neapolitan territory, amid the most charming scenery of valley and mountain. As I was passing through the gate of the town, early one summer morning, I saw the dead body of a little child lying in its basket-cradle on the low parapet, close by the entrance. It was dressed in white, precisely as if it were still living. A little cap of coloured ribbons was on its head, while around its neck, and over its little hands, which were clasped upon its breast in the attitude of prayer, were strings of large beads. It looked so simple, lovely, and infantine, as it lay there in the open square, that I could scarcely believe it to be dead, save that its hands and face were too waxen in their beauty for life. The early morning light fell upon its face, and the faint fresh breeze played with the ribbons on its cap and dress; and there in its perfectness of peace it lay, while companies of country-folk, going by on their way to the market, paused, gazed on it respectfully, and, recommending it to the Madonna, passed on to the labour of life. It had been brought in from the Campagna, cradle and all, just as it lay, on the head of the peasant woman who sat beside it; and she was to bear it to its little grave, after it had lain in state, as it were, in the public square for all the people to see and bless.

In Siena it is the duty of the unmarried peasants in each parish to carry on their heads the dead bodies of the little children and infants, and deposit them in the church. This office they perform by rotation, or agreement. The corpse is adorned with ribbons, and such little scraps of finery as the poor family can afford; and as these become the perquisite of the *contadina* who has carried it to the church, there is no lack of readiness among them, to say the least, in offering their services. Around the body of the child is tied a long cord, which hangs out over the basket in which it lies; and it is the superstition that every one who ties a knot in that cord will receive for each knot an intercession for her soul by the little spirit above. Every one, therefore, ties a knot, and sometimes it happens that one of them steals a march upon the others by tying such a number of knots for herself as not to leave a chance for all the rest. In such cases it is not uncommon for the bigoted *contadina*, who has thus cheated the others out of their rights, to receive as a compensation therefor hard words and a slap in the face.

In Corsica also, says my friend L'Abbate, it is the custom to

carry exposed on the bier, and crowned with flowers, the bodies of all young virgins. *Ma quando sono vecchie vergini, nò.* The fact is, however, that "old virgins" are very rare in Italy—almost unknown, out of the convents; for every woman must either get married or retire into a monastery and take the veil. "An old maid," in the English sense, is a *rarissima avis*, about as rare as the phœnix.

The funeral procession we have left has in the mean time borne the body to the church. There it is laid on a catafalque adorned with large placards, stamped each with a large skull and cross-bones, and standing before an altar in one of the chapels. Candles are then lighted around the bier and on the altar, and a mass is performed for the soul of the dead. This over, the corpse is left alone in the church in charge of a priest, whose duty it is to watch over it —a duty "more honoured in the breach than the observance." At midnight come the *becchini*, strip off the velvet pall, and, placing the naked coffin on the general *carretta*, carry it off with the rest to the Cemetery of San Lorenzo.

While they are carrying it off, let us give a glance at the expenses required for an ordinary funeral in Rome.

Every parish in Rome is furnished with a manual called "Statuta Cleri Romani," the greater portion of which is devoted to the enumeration of the taxes for the dead, and therein is prescribed minutely the kind of funeral required to be made by the family of the dead person, according to its rank and wealth. The different grades of persons are all classified, each with a distinct specification of the number of priests and *frati*, as well as of the candles, torches and other items; and unless all the requirements are punctually complied with, the family is cited before the tribunal "Della Vicaria"—"*pro funere non facto et pro supplemento*" (Court Latin, *Latino di Curia*, as it is called in Rome; corresponding to Chaucer's "French of Stratford atte Bowe")—where the condemnation is without appeal. The notary, before opening the inventory, is bound to summon the *parroco* to inform himself whether the funeral expenses have been paid; if they have not, they constitute the first charge against the estate. Open the "Decisiones Sacræ Rothæ," and you will find in every volume cases relating to funerals, under the titles of "*jus funerandi, jus sepeliendi, jus tumulandi.*"

One of these cases I will cite, as it is of a humble class, and will give some idea of the strict cost of a funeral,—and will then explain the items. The circumstances of this case were as follows: —In 1846, a person in the public employ died, leaving a widow

and seven children, the eldest of whom was twelve years of age. His only fortune consisted of his salary of thirty *scudi*, a month, and his illness having lasted many months, his wife was forced to pledge the clock, kitchen utensils and other articles belonging to the house. After the death of her husband she went to the *parroco* (the parish priest, who seems to have been a good man enough after his way), exposed to him in tears her misfortunes and her poverty, and prayed him to grant her the most economical funeral possible. The *parroco* promised, and the following is a strict copy of the list furnished by him under his own name and handwriting:—

	Scudi.	Baiocchi.
Curato, Compagno, e Croce (Curate, Companion, and Cross)	0	40
Emolumenti e Guida (Emoluments and Guide)	1	45
Preti No. 10 (10 Priests)	1	0
Frati No. 50 (50 Monks)	2	50
Cassa (Coffin)	1	50
Portatori e Incassatura (Porters and Boxing up)	1	10
Emolumenti alla Reverenda Camera Apostolica (Charge of the Reverend Apostolic Chamber)	1	50
Messa Cantata ed Uffizi (High Mass and Offices)	1	80
Preti per Uffizio (Priests for the Offices)	1	0
Guardia da Notte (Night Guardian)	1	0
Alzatura (Carriage of Body)	3	0
20 Messe Basse (20 Small Masses)	6	0
Accompagnatura al Cimitero (Accompaniment to Cemetery)	0	30
	22	55

CERA (WAX).

	Lib.	Oncie.
Torcie de 2 libbre, No. 10, lib. 20 oncie (Torches)	20	0
Fiaccoletti „ No. 12, „ (Tapers)	24	0
Altare Maggiore, No. 6, de lib. 1 (High Altar)	6	0
Guardia (Guard)	1	0
Marretto (Large Candle)	1	6
12 Candele per Preti (Candles for Priests)	3	0
50 „ „ Frati (Monks)	9	10
14 „ „ le Altari (Altars)	7	0
12 „ „ l'Assoluzione (Absolution)	3	0
	75	4

This wax, at 32 *baiocchi* a pound, makes 24 *scudi*, which, added to the 22·55 *scudi*, make in all 46·55.

This, then, was the account furnished to a poor widow without a

sou, as one of the most discreet in its requirements that could be made.

Let me now explain some of these items. The first is the charge for the *parroco* or curate, with his companion. Now, in point of fact, neither of these personages ordinarily accompanies the funeral; but, whether he attend or not, he must be paid 40 *baiocchi* for himself and his companion, or the *vice-parroco* and *chiericchetto* who carries the cross in front of the procession.

The second item for "emoluments and guide" is for the head *becca-morto* or *vespillone*, who directs the funeral, and this fee is in place of the shoes and hat that formerly used to be given, five *baiocchi* being given for the bier.

Next come the priests who accompany the funeral train. These receive ten *baiocchi* each, and the *frati* five *baiocchi* each, and besides a candle, which they do not light. The *baiocchi* of the *frati* go to the convent, the candle becomes their own.

Next come the four masked porters in their black sack, who carry the body. These receive twenty *baiocchi* each, and thirty *baiocchi* additional are given to the *becchino* who places the body in the coffin.

The emoluments of the Reverenda Camera Apostolica are the tax levied by the government for permission to deposit the body in one of the wells or public tombs.

The one hundred and eighty *baiocchi* for masses is solely for the *varroco*, the priests being paid an additional fee of one *scudo*.

The night guardian is the priest whose duty it is to watch the body all night as it lies before the altar; and the charge of three *scudi* for *alzatura* goes to the *becca-morto* who places the bier on its catafalque in the church.

Now for the wax. The *torcie* are candles with four wicks; the *fiaccoletti* are large candles with one wick. The ten torches of two pounds, which form the first item, are lighted around the bier when it is carried from the house to the church; but no sooner have they arrived there than they are extinguished, and become the property of the *parroco*. Then twelve other *fiaccoletti* are lighted and placed round the catafalque while mass is performed, for the illumination in the church must be greater than that in the street. These, as well as the candles on the high altar, also go to the *parroco*, and he also receives, as his perquisite, the *marretto*, a large candle containing a pound and a half of wax, which is never lighted.

Finally, though there be only fifty *frati*, there must be fifty-five candles, because two of these go to the *padre guardiano* and three to the *sagristia*.

The *parroco*, therefore, receives as his portion of the funeral fees:—

In Money.

	Scudi.	Baiocchi.
For the Accompaniment	0	40
For the Mass	1	80
For the Guard.	1	00

And in Wax.

	Pounds.		
Torches and Fiaccoletti	44		
Candles on the High Altar, Guard and Marretto	15½		
	59½		
Less consumption . .	9½		
	50		
Which at 32 baiocchi the pound make .		16	00
		19	00

Or in all 19 scudi.

While we have been considering the expenses of burial in Rome, the *becchini* have carried the bodies from the church to the Cemetery of San Lorenzo beyond the walls. This cemetery, which is the only one in Rome, lies about a mile beyond the Porta San Lorenzo, close by the interesting and ancient basilica of the same name. It was founded by the French during the ravages of the cholera in the year 1831; there being, previous to that time, no decent cemetery for any person not wealthy enough to purchase a right of burial within the walls of a church or convent. You pass from the city through a long avenue of acacias and elms, between villa walls, to the curious old gate; thence, following along the road, you have a beautiful view of the Campagna and mountains; and as if in contradiction to the hope and promise of this beauty, you see about half way to the cemetery a little chapel, dedicated to the Madonna, over the portal of which is a not very encouraging picture, painted on a blue ground, representing the Virgin and Child in glory above, and below tormented spirits in hell-fire with extended arms imploring assistance. Under this is inscribed, "*Salve Maria, regina cœli, mater misericordiæ.*"

This Campo Santo was for many years a disgrace to Rome. It consisted of a large walled-in square, checkered over with great wells or underground tombs of stone-work, which are shut each by a block of travertine. Every day it was the custom to open two of

these, into one of which were indiscriminately emptied all the male bodies brought by the *carrettone*, and into the other all the female bodies;—the two sexes being scrupulously kept apart.

Since the present Pope has occupied the chair of St. Peter's a new order of things has taken place. These well-like tombs are no longer the indiscriminate repository of all the bodies which are brought to the cemetery, but are reserved for the burial of respectable persons who are able to pay therefor, and thus the overcrowding of these receptacles is avoided, and the terrible orgy of their purgation is no more seen.

In order to compensate for this, a large tract of land, adjacent to the cemetery, has been inclosed by a wall and made a portion of it, and it is here that those are buried who cannot afford to purchase a separate grave or tomb. A chapel has been lately erected, in which services may be performed over the dead, and where they may be temporarily deposited for the few hours before they are buried. At present the depository for receiving the bodies is a sort of cave or cellar hollowed out of the *tufo*, on a ledge of land forming part of the cemetery. Many other improvements are also going on now, for the government at Rome is doing its best to remove the disgrace which attaches to a church that makes no decent provision for the burial of the dead. Truly, as one of the priests of San Lorenzo said to me while explaining the plan of the cemetery, "It is a shame for Rome not to have a holy cemetery" (*un cimitero sacrosanto*).

They are now building around three sides of the square of the old wells a handsome arcade, under which is to be excavated a continuous row of tombs, which can be purchased by families of wealth, and adorned as they choose with monuments and slabs. On the open side is erected the new chapel fronting the entrance gate, and on higher ground, on the right of which the ascent is by a flight of steps, an open ground has been laid out and planted with trees, where private lots may be purchased and monuments erected. A few have already been placed there, and on one of them, built by the family of Paulsen Thorwaldsen, I was glad to see, lately, that a wreath of flowers had been laid by affectionate hands. It was the only instance of the kind I ever saw in this cemetery, for the Romans have a vague notion that it savours of superstition and idolatry to adorn the graves of the dead. How or why I do not understand; but this was the reason given to me by a cultivated person to whom I was remarking that the utter indifference shown by the Romans to the dead struck a stranger painfully, and that we could not understand why they never even threw a flower upon the grave.

The portion of the cemetery I have thus far described is for the burial of the rich, or, at least, for those who have the means to pay for their tombs; the charges are not, however, high. Thirty *pauls* a *mètre* is charged for the ground within the upper inclosure, and six *mètres* afford sufficient space for a small monument. In front of the arcades are also lots for tombs, each of which costs twenty-four *scudi*, and with the monumental slab forty-five *scudi*. In addition to this expense, however, a tax of fifteen *pauls* is levied by the Reverenda Camera Apostolica for permission to deposit a body in one of the public tombs. If, however, the burial be in a private tomb or grave, the charge is ten *scudi*. Times have changed since San Gregorio administered so severe a rebuke to the Bishop of Cagliari and Messina for demanding a price for the ground of burial. *Ma che volete?* San Gregorio is dead long ago, and you remember the Italian proverb: *Un cane vivò è meglio di un dottore morto!*

Curiously enough, like everything else in Rome which is managed by the government, the right to build the tombs and lay the masonry in the cemetery is a monopoly farmed out by the government.

Beyond these inclosures in the Campo Santo is the large tract of land devoted to the burial of the *ignobile vulgus*—the poor and lower classes who cannot afford to pay for the tomb or to purchase a lot of land. Those who have no means are buried free of expense, but those who have small means are charged 15 *pauls* for the privilege of burial. This is a wide desolate field, where every day is opened a trench to receive the bodies of the poor. The *becchini* bury them late at night, and deposit them in the great *tufo* cave, and early in the morning the coffins are placed side by side as close as they will lie in the long trench, and covered over with earth. A wooden stake, painted black, with its number on it, alone marks the spot; and when this rots away, as it soon does, the spot where any one lies can only be determined by the register of the name and number. Over this large space not a slab, nor a tree, nor a flower, ever can be seen. It is dreary, sad, desolate, and depressing. Vainly as you stand here you look out over the lovely Campagna, and see the tremulous hues of the afternoon painting the mountains, and hear the larks singing in the blue heights out of sight—a heavy pain lies upon the heart, the earth smells of mortality, and nature seems to sorrow over humanity. The voices of the labourers digging the long trench for their dead companions partake of the general gloom hanging over all, and gladness seems to have vanished from the earth.

No greater contrast can be seen than that between this dreary, desolate, heartless place, and the exquisite Protestant cemetery under

the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius. Here tall cypresses nod in the breeze and point their shadowy finger over the grassy dial of death, whose hours are marked by tombs. Here love has planted many a flower and trained many a creeping plant—twilight lingers lovingly upon its slopes—birds sing in the waving branches—the old pyramid seems to watch over it sympathetically—lizards slip out of the crumbling towers and ancient ivy-mantled walls which rise over it, and violets, daisies, and roses here bloom all the winter long. Truly, as Shelley has said, "It might make one in love with death to think one should be buried in so sweet a place." A sort of sacred silence hovers over the spot. The peaceful blue sky above, the flowers and grass below, the soft air murmuring aloft in the swaying cypresses, all seem to sympathize with the pilgrim who comes here, to sorrow not as one without hope over the little space which holds what was dearest to him on earth,—to hang a wreath on the white marble over it, and with tender care to arrange the flowers and bushes, which send not forth so sweet an odour as did the little spirit whose empty shell lies in the earth below.

Burial within the precincts of a church is now not only very difficult to obtain since the establishment of this cemetery, but is also very expensive. So large a sum is required, that only the rich can purchase this privilege, and such difficulties are in the way that only persons of influence can hope to overcome them. Converts, and especially English converts, may lay their bones within the walls of a church, for the marble memorial is a lure to other converts; but, generally speaking, the world of the dead is transported to the cemetery of San Lorenzo.

There are, however, some striking exceptions. Popes, cardinals, and all the dignitaries of the Church, are buried within its walls; and so also all monks and nuns find burial-ground within the precincts of their own monastery or convent. In some of the principal *basiliche* there are also private chapels erected by some of the Popes for the use of the princely houses from which they sprang, which are still used as places of interment for the family. Of these, the two most remarkable are that belonging to the Corsini family in San Giovanni in Laterano, and that belonging to the Borghese family in Sta. Maria Maggiore. Nothing can exceed the costliness of the marbles with which these chapels are encased. The gilt ceilings, the lavish ornamentation, the gems, gold paintings, *bassi rilievi*, sculpture, columns of precious marbles, monumental statues, and sarcophagi which enrich them, though crowded together in the *barocco* style of the period when these chapels were built, produce a very imposing effect. In the Corsini Chapel, under the porphyry

sarcophagus, which formerly stood in the portico of the Pantheon, lies the body of Clement XII.; and between four fluted columns of jasper in the Borghese Chapel is the miraculous painting of the Virgin and Child, pronounced by a papal bull to be the work of St. Luke, and the same which was carried in procession by St. Gregory the Great to stay the plague that desolated Rome in the year 590. In the sepulchral vaults below this last chapel are buried the bodies of the Borghese family. The last which was laid here was that of the celebrated Princess Guendoline Talbot Borghese, distinguished for her wide charities, loved for her many virtues, and remembered almost with veneration by all who ever knew her.

Of this beautiful and accomplished woman, a remarkable story is privately told, which shows that her charities did not end with her life. One summer evening, when the dusky shadows were deepening in the church, an aged woman was observed to enter and prostrate herself in a dim corner near the Borghese Chapel. There, as if overcome by some great emotion, she hid her face, and prayed and wept. As she looked up from her prayer, she saw beside her a female figure clothed in black, who, looking at her with a sad and sympathizing gaze, asked why she was weeping so bitterly? She answered that she was very poor and very wretched, that all her family were dead, and unless the Madonna took pity on her, she knew not what would become of her. Thereupon the figure in black said: "Be of good comfort, you shall be taken care of; silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto you." As she said these words, she drew from her finger a ring with a large stone in it, gave it to the old woman, and disappeared. The next morning the poor creature carried the ring to a jeweller to sell it. The jeweller was struck with its peculiar appearance, and perceiving that the stone was a very large and valuable diamond, which he suspected must have come into her hands by some unfair means, assured her, in order to obtain time, that he could not trust his own judgment as to its value, and wished to consult some other jeweller before fixing the price he would pay for it. Meanwhile he advanced her a small sum on account, and told her to call again the next day. What was her surprise on returning to find some gendarmes in the shop, who at once arrested her on a charge of stealing, and carried her to prison. It seemed that one of the friends to whom the jeweller had shown the ring had recognized it as one belonging to the Borghese family, and insisted that the prince should at once be informed of the facts. This was accordingly done, and the prince, on seeing it, is said to have been greatly overcome. On recovering, he declared that it was an old family ring, which he himself had placed

on the finger of his wife in her coffin, and that it was buried with her in the chapel of Sta. Maggiore; that it could have been stolen from the tomb was impossible, as the chapel is locked and guarded day and night; and not only that the tomb could not have been rifled without its being at once known, but that even the chapel could not have been entered. The only solution that remained was, that the figure in black was the princess herself. Under these circumstances the old woman was at once released, and provided for by the prince.

There is one other cemetery within the walls of the city which must not be passed over in silence, if only for its strange and somewhat revolting peculiarities, and this is the subterranean burial-place under the Church of the Capuchins. Any of the snuffy old monks who are ranging about the church will show it to you "for a consideration." You descend a dark staircase and find yourself in a long corridor, out of which open four grim chambers dedicated to the dead. High grated windows let in the light, and the odour is of the earth, earthy. This is the cemetery of the Capuchins, and the floor you stand upon is holy earth brought from Jerusalem. Underneath this each of the *frati* is deposited after his death, without a coffin, and dressed in his monkish robes; the oldest inhabitant of the cemetery yielding up his place to the new comer. By this time the holy earth has done its work, and nothing remains of the oldest inhabitant who is thus called to resurrection but the skeleton, and the dried fibre which still clings to the bones and resists decay. This wretched remnant of their dead brother the monks now robe in one of the dresses such as he wore in life, and he takes his place with others of his dead compeers, who are ranged in little alcoves along the walls, to grin with them a ghastly grin at all visitors, until he drops to pieces, or is removed to make way for another. Nothing can be more frightful to behold than these dead figures; some with their mouths agape, some peering horribly out, some with the remnants of their hair and beard still clinging to their mummied jaws and skulls, and all grinning fearfully.

The architecture of the room is builded up of fragments of the human skeleton. Row upon row are piled bare skulls, leaving alcoves between them for the terrible figures I have mentioned. Strange decorations are made of the thigh-bones, ribs, and vertebræ, which are arranged over the vaulted ceiling in arabesque figures. A candelabrum of vertebræ, strung together, hangs shaking from the ceiling; and pillars and capitals of bones give apparent support to the chambers. The monks who accompany you to this cemetery show it with considerable pride, and seem to enjoy the prospect of

being buried here. They offer you snuff from a little dirty box, and beg you to observe that there is no odour from the bodies, although they are buried very superficially. It is the property of the holy earth, they say, to prevent all odour from the dead. I only wish it could do as much for the living.

As the shadows of night come on the effect is horrible. Everywhere these indiscriminate skulls are mocking at you, and under their brown hoods the seated and standing figures gaze out of hollow eye-sockets, and almost seem to move. Above the arches is a long row of skulls, and as some visitor was lingering there after the shadows had begun to darken, fascinated by the horror of the place, and indulging in ugly thoughts about the grave, suddenly he saw one of the skulls roll down from its shelf and move slowly across the floor towards him, clattering its jaws as it came staggering along. Horror-struck, he shrunk back involuntary with a gesture of disgust and dread.

"*Non abbia paura,*"—"Don't be afraid," said the consolatory monk at his side, taking a huge pinch of snuff. "There's only a rat in the skull—that's all," and he put it back on the shelf.

If the traveller from Florence to Rome by the Perugia road stop at the little town of S. Giovanni, the birthplace of Masaccio, and enter the cathedral, he will see a most ghastly spectacle. It is the dried-up figure of a corpse, which, in making some reparations in the church, was discovered built up into the wall. Nothing is known of its history, but, from its appearance, the wretched victim would seem to have been thus walled-up alive, and to have perished slowly in the agonies of starvation. The skin, though shrunken away, still covers the entire skeleton, and the despairing look of the withered dead face, with its gasping mouth and glaring eyes turned upwards, as if to some aperture from which it hoped for rescue or drew in air, once seen, will not be easily forgotten. This was one of the methods of burial adopted by the great houses in the middle ages to relieve them of troublesome persons, or to wreak a terrible revenge; and those who are fond of chanting the praises of the past should see this miserable figure.

When, a short time since, the Medici Chapel at Florence, which contains the tombs of the grand dukes, was undergoing repairs, and some changes were making, these tombs were opened, and the ducal corpses exposed to view. Some of these, which had lain in their coffin for hundreds of years, were, to the surprise of all, found perfectly fresh and undecayed, as if they had just died; while others had fallen to dust. The only satisfactory theory to explain this phenomena would seem to be, that at one period grand dukes

were helped to their last resting-place by poisons, which, pervading the bodies, had thus preserved them for centuries.

The admirable institution of the *Misericordia*, which is to be found throughout Tuscany, does not exist in Rome; but several of the confraternities attend to the duty of burying their own dead, and one of them, called the *Arciconfraternità della morte e dell' orazione*, assumes the duty of burying the bodies of all poor persons found dead on the Campagna or in the city. This confraternity was founded in 1551 by a Sienese priest, Crescenzio Selva, and confirmed by Pius IV. in 1560. It first had its chapel in San Lorenzo in Damaso, from which it was transferred to S. Giovanni in Ayno, and now is stationed in the Strada Giulia. It is composed of most respectable persons, who wear a *sacco* of black coarse linen. Upon information being received that a dead body has been found on the Campagna, notice of the fact is at once given to a certain number of the brethren, who, without delay, meet at the oratory, where they assume the black sack, and set forth immediately in search of the corpse. Day or night, cold or heat, calm or storm, make no difference; the moment the news is received they set out on their pious expedition. Nor is this duty always a light one, for sometimes they are obliged to journey in search of the body more than twenty miles; and under the pontificate of Clement VIII., when there was a great inundation of the Tiber, they reclaimed bodies which had been borne down by the current as far as Ostia and Fiumicino. They carry with them the bier upon which they place the body when it is found, and bring it back on their shoulders to the city.

Besides this duty on the Campagna, they also, in common with certain other confraternities, bury the bodies of the dead found in the city whose families are without means. The messenger informs the brethren when their services are needed, and towards evening, dressed in their black sacks, their heads and faces covered, and with only two holes cut in the *cappuccio* to look through, they may be seen passing through the street, bearing the body on their bier to the church, preceded by a long narrow standard of black, on which are worked a cross, skull and bones, bearing torches and chanting the *Miserere* and other psalms.

This arch-confraternity has the right to bury those which it recovers from the Campagna in whatever place it thinks proper; and this generally takes place in the cemetery belonging to it, which is near their oratory. Here, in the *Ottavario de' Morti*, a strange exhibition and ceremony take place. The subterranean tombs are all hung about with bones disposed architecturally, as in the ceme-

tery of the Capuchins, with candelabra made of similar relics; and at the end are placed figures of the size of life, with waxen faces and hands, cleverly modelled and coloured, and draped in appropriate robes, to represent some scriptural story. This same exhibition takes place in several other cemeteries, as in those of Santo Spirito, of the SSmo. Salvatore, Della Consolazione, and of Sta. Maria in Trastevere. To these places crowds of Romans flock during the eight days, and join in prayers for the dead.*

After giving a description of this custom in Rome, Padre Bresciani thus bursts forth in a rapture of Catholicism: "I do not deny, and I must say so, that Protestants have not, and cannot have, such great charity as this for their dead; for they do not believe in purgatory. * * * And can you pretend that any man, however pure and pious, does not remain soiled in his soul by the dust of human intercourse; so that, before he can enter into the purity of heaven, he does not need a sweeping entirely to purify him?" (*Una spazzolata che tutto il rimondi.*)

As you walk over the Campagna, here and there you will see a little rude black cross set up by the road-side, or in the open fields. This marks the spot where some sudden death has occurred, where one has fallen by accident, or died in an apoplexy, or been stabbed in a brawl; and here you may generally be sure that the arch-confraternity of death has performed its pious task.

The ceremonies which take place on the death of a Pope are somewhat curious, and deserve mention. As soon as he has breathed his last, the cardinal chancellor, dressed in his *paonazzo* robes, with the *chierici* of the reverend chamber, clothed in black without lace, enter the room, and cover the face of the dead Pope with a white handkerchief. The cardinal, after making a brief prayer, rises, the face of the Pope is uncovered, and approaching the bed, he strikes three times with a silver hammer on the forehead of the corpse, calling him as many times by name to answer. As the corpse remains speechless, he turns to his companions, and formally announces that "*Il papa è realmente morto.*" The Psalm *De Profundis* is then chanted, and the corpse is sprinkled with blessed water. The *Monsignore Maestro di Camera* then consigns to the cardinal chancellor the fisherman's ring (*anello pescatorio*), and immediately the notary of the pontifical chambers reads an instrument setting forth the death of the Pope, and the transference of the ring. The cardinal, before leaving the chamber, also informs by

* See Degli Instituti di Pubblica Carità, &c., in Roma. Di D. Carlo Luigi Morichini, vol. i. ch. 15.

writing the Roman senate of the death of the Pope, and orders the great bell of the Campidoglio to toll. When the boom of this deep sound is heard over Rome the world knows that the Pope is no more; and as it tells its sad news, all the other bells in Rome take up the strain.

The *penitenzieri Vaticani* now wash the body with warm perfumed water; and after twenty-four hours have passed the operation of embalming takes place. This is done under the superintendence of the surgeon of the Pope, and of one of the apostolic chamber, in presence of a physician of the same chamber, of the *archiatro*, and of the *speziale palatino*. The *precordia* are separately embalmed, and placed in a sealed vase to be carried to the Church of S. Vincenzo and S. Anastasio, in case the Pope die at the Quirinal; and to the Basilica of St. Peter's if he die at the Vatican. Sixtus V. was the first Pope who died in the Quirinal, on the 27th August, 1590; and his *precordia* were the first to be placed in the Church of S. Anastasio.

Before the time of Julius II. the bodies of the dead Popes were not opened and embalmed. It was then the usage first to wash the body with water and sweet herbs, and to shave the beard and head; then all the apertures were closed up with cotton-wool saturated with myrrh, incense, and aloes.* The body was then again washed in white wine, heated up with odorous herbs, the throat filled with aromatic spices, and the nostrils with musk. Finally, the face and hands were rubbed and anointed with balsam.

The washing and embalming being over, the body is dressed in its usual robes of a white cassock, sash with golden tassels, surplice, bishop's gown, red papal cap and stole, and exposed to public view on a funeral couch, under a *baldacchino* covered with a red coverlet brocaded in gold, and stationed in one of the pontifical ante-chambers, generally in that where the consistory meet. Four wax candles are lighted around it, and there, guarded by the Swiss and the *penitenzieri Vaticani*, it remains until the third day after the death, when it is carried to the Sistine Chapel. The procession which bears it to this second resting-place is very imposing. It is led off by six dragoons, two mace-bearers with torches, two *battistrade*, four trumpeters, and a company of dragoons. Then follow two trumpeters of the *guardia nobile*, with a cadet and four mounted guards, and then the company of Swiss guards and their captain, with the banner folded. After these follows a master of ceremonies, also mounted, preceding the litter with the corpse, on

* See Mabillon. Museo Italico, tom. ii. pp. 526, 527.

the head of which a cap is placed as it issues from the hall. The litter is borne by two white mules, surrounded by numerous *palafrenieri* and *sediari*, with lighted torches of white wax, and followed by twelve penitentiaries of St. Peter's, clothed in white, with torches, who constantly recite prayers, and are accompanied on either side by the *guardia nobile* on foot, and two lines of Swiss. Then comes the commandant of the *guardia nobile*, with a portion of his guards on horseback, the chief officers, and the master of the pontifical stables. A train of artillery closes the funeral procession with seven pieces of cannon, and a company of carabineers with trumpeters.

The corpse is then conveyed up the Scala Regia, where it is removed from the litter to a costly bier, on which it is carried into the Capella Sistina. Here it is undressed and invested with the full pontifical robes of red, with shoes, sandals, amitto, camise, cincture, girdle, cross, stole, fanone, under tunic, dalmatica, gloves, cape, mantle, mitre of silver plates, and ring. Red is the colour of mourning in the Greek Church, and this has been supposed to be the reason why the dead Pope is dressed in this colour; but as the Latin church prescribes *paonazzo* for this object, the custom, says Moroni, is rather to be considered as a memorial of the many Popes who have suffered martyrdom.

Here prayers are recited until the following morning, when the sacred college of cardinals assemble, in violet robes and *cappe*, accompanied by the chapter of the Vatican and the pontifical choir, who chant the *Subvenite Sancti Dei*. The canon deacon of the chapter, in black *piviale*, then gives absolution to the corpse with the usual genuflections, and the body is placed on a bier and carried by eight chaplains through the Scala Regia into the Basilica of St. Peter's, surrounded by the noble and Swiss guard, the canons holding up the hem of the coverlet. The chapter itself precedes the train with lighted torches, and the cardinals follow reciting the *Miserere* and *De Profundis*. When it has arrived in the centre of the great nave the *feretro* is placed on a high bed, absolution is again given, and it is then transported into the chapel of the holy sacrament, where the cardinals leave it and return home.

For three days the corpse, in its full pontificals, with a crucifix on its breast and two papal hats at its feet, is exposed with its feet reaching beyond the grating, so that the faithful may kiss them; and on the evening of the third day the burial takes place. The cardinals created by the deceased Pope then meet in the sacristy, dressed in violet, with the train-bearers in purple surplice and black cloak, the cardinal chancellor, and the prelate-clerks of the chamber.

The chapter of the *basilica*, with the cardinal arch-priest (who is the sole cardinal who goes in the *cappa*), preceded by a cross on a staff, then proceed to the chapel of the holy sacrament, with the choir singing the *Miserere*. The chaplains or almoners, assisted by the brethren of the holy sacrament, then place the body on a bier, and, accompanied by the noble and the Swiss guard, bear it to the chapel of the choir. In this chapel then come the cardinals, with the major-domo, the chief-chamberlain, the persons attached to the private chamber of the Pope in purple, and the pontifical masters of ceremonies in their rochets. The *responsorium* "*In paradisum*" is then chanted, and the highest canon bishop of the *basilica* gives absolution, and blessing, incenses the corpse and the cypress coffin with special prayers, while the choir sings the antiphony "*Ingrediar*," and the Psalm "*Quemadmodum desiderat*." The body is then lifted into the coffin, the face is covered with a white veil by the cardinal *nipote* or some near relation, or, in default of them, by the *maggiordomo*; and the hands are likewise covered by the *maestro di camera*. Three velvet bags, worked in gold, are then placed in the coffin, containing specimens of the gold, silver, and bronze coins struck by the Pope. The highest cardinal of his creation then covers the whole body with a red veil, and after placing beside it a tin tube, containing a parchment, on which all the acts of the Pope are registered, the coffin-lid is screwed down and sealed by the chancellor, the notaries of the chapter and the apostolic palace, and the coffin is formally consigned by the cardinals to the chapter. This is then inclosed in another coffin of lead, bearing the pontifical arms, and properly inscribed and sealed; and this second coffin is inclosed in a third of wood, also sealed with seven seals, and the ceremony is over.

On the preceding evening the coffin, containing the body of his predecessor, is taken down from the niche near the chapel of the choir, and after being identified is carried into the "Grotte Vaticane," or to its appointed place, and in the empty niche the new coffin is placed, there to remain until the death of the succeeding Pope.

Formerly the ceremonies of the death of the Pope only occupied one day; but Gregory X., in 1274, ordered that the obsequies should be celebrated for nine days, and on the tenth the conclave should meet to elect a new Pontifex. For nine days, therefore, the obsequies are performed in the chapel of the choir, unless an important festival intervene, in which case they are intermitted for the day, and the wax is given to the poor. During all these days there are a number of ceremonies too long to describe here; the architrave of the great door, and that of the *atrium*, is draped with black; a mag-

nificent *tumulo* is placed in the choir of the *canonici*, which remains until the sixth day, when a great and richly-ornamented *catafalque* is erected in the middle of the church. Twenty torches of white wax surround it, and other torches are lighted in all the chapels, and before the bronze statue of St. Peter. The *catafalque* and *tumulo* are guarded by the noble guard, in mourning. On the fourth day after the death commence what are called the *novendiali*, when masses are performed by the cardinal deacon and the cardinal bishops for nine consecutive days; and on the last day a funeral oration in Latin is delivered in praise of the dead Pope by a prelate chosen by the sacred college. This ends the ceremonies.* During this time a thousand impressions of the arms of the Pope, with death's heads and skeletons printed on black, are plastered over the walls of all the patriarchal *basiliche*, and are not removed until the election of the new Pope. This same usage takes place also when any one of a distinguished rank or office dies, only the placards are confined to one church. The expenses attending the funeral of a Pope are very great, and Moroni states that the *novendiali* of Pius VIII. cost about 20,000 *scudi*.

The funeral of a prince or *marchese di baldacchino* is also a pompous ceremonial. Two or three chambers in the house are hung with black, yellow, and gold, with fringes of gold-lace; three or four altars are raised; the office of the dead is said, and masses for the repose of his soul are performed during all the days that the body is exposed in the palace. At 21 o'clock (three hours before Ave Maria), twelve *capuchins* recite the office; at 22 o'clock, twelve *minori* do the same; these are succeeded, at 23 o'clock, by twelve priests and the *parroco*. The body is dressed in the *abito di città*, with a sword at its side and a cap and plume on its head. It is then laid on the floor upon a rich coverlet, worked in gold, in one of the noblest halls, under a black pavilion; and a gentleman in black keeps guard over it day and night.

It is then carried to the church, in a black funeral carriage, hung with black, and drawn by two horses, with black trappings, the footmen and coachmen being dressed in the richest liveries, and the box covered with a splendid hammer-cloth, on which the arms of the deceased are blazoned in gold. A squadron of grenadiers precedes the convoy, then come two persons with torches, a servant with the insignia of the umbrella, other servants with lanterns, and

* The reader who wishes to know more fully all the ceremonies of these *novendiali* is referred to the Dizionario Storico Ecclesiastico di Gaetano Moroni, vol. viii. p. 194, vol. xxviii. p. 41.

the procession closes with a company of grenadiers. The family and friends all send their carriages, with the richest liveries, and accompanied by servants with torches. The body is borne in the carriage, and on one side sit the curate and the priest, and opposite the *dilatore della croce*.. Arrived at the church, the body is placed on a bier, the clergy receive it at the door with lighted candles, the cross is raised on a spear, absolution is given by the superior of the church, and the body is then laid on the pavement in front of the altar upon a rich coverlet, with benches placed around it covered with black, and decorated with the arms of the deceased, and with death's heads and bones. Four *banderuole* of black taffets with the arms are placed on the ground near by. At the head and at the foot is one great lighted candle, on candelabra or silver columns, and all about are spread waxen torches, unlighted, and disposed in the shape of crosses. Benches covered with black are also placed on either side for those who are to perform the office, and for the persons of the ante-chamber who assist at the mass. This is generally celebrated by the superior or by a bishop, after which absolution is given round the body, the servants standing by and holding candles. Then the body is placed in the coffin, on a mattress or cushion, and a tube of tin is put at its side, on which is an inscription of his name, titles, &c. The coffin is then sealed up, placed in another of lead, which is sealed hermetically, and again into a third of cypress, and deposited in the family tomb.

Among the anecdotes relating to the death of some of the Popes, given by Moroni, two may not be without interest here. In the year 896, Stephanus VII. disinterred the body of the Pope Formosus, who had then only been dead forty-eight days, and dressing it in all the sacerdotal robes and ornaments, he placed it ceremoniously in the pontifical chair, and thus addressed it: "You Bishop of Porto, how, in your mad ambition, did you dare to usurp the universal Roman chair?" As the corpse did not reply, he ordered it to be thrown into the Tiber, which was immediately done. But Theodorus II., who succeeded Stephanus on Feb. 12th, 898, caused the body of Formosus to be fished up, and restored it to its place in the Vatican Basilica. And Novaes, in his Life of Pope Formosus, relates, on the authority of various writers, that when the body entered the church all the images bowed to it.

The fate of the Pope Innocent X., of the Pamfili family, was sad enough. After being in the agonies of death for nine days he expired, and his sister-in-law, the famous, or infamous Olimpia Maidalchini, savage to him as to her other lovers, rewarded his lavish generosity by refusing him even the boon of a coffin. So the

body was carried coffinless to a chamber in the Vatican, used by the bricklayers to store their materials in, and one of them, out of compassion, lighted a tallow candle and placed it at his head to keep away the rats. Finally, however, a prelate paid for having the body placed in a coffin and buried in the cheapest way. And this was the end of the Pope Innocent X., who built the noble villa Pamfili Doria and gave it to the ungrateful Olimpia.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUMMER IN THE CITY.

THE tide of strangers which pours into Rome in the autumn and overflows the streets, the hotels, and the lodging-houses during the winter, ebbs gradually away as the spring deepens into summer, and before the last days of June have come the city is empty, silent, and Roman. The sun bakes all day on the lava pavement, and they who are in the street at noon creep slowly along in the shadows, clinging closely to the walls. The shops are all shut for two hours, and the city goes to sleep. The plash of fountains sounds loud and cool in the squares; a few carriages at intervals rattle along, but were it not for the burning sun and the dry air that beats up from the pavement, you might rather suppose it was midnight than mid-day.

This modern *siesta* at noon, which is common throughout Italy, is of ancient origin. Varro calls it his "*somnus insititius*," and declares that he "could not live" without it. Cicero, also, speaks of it under the name of "*meridiationis*." Augustus used to enjoy it; and Pliny the younger says that during the summer his custom was to sleep at noon. Seneca, Theodoric, the Emperor Julian, and many others, have also admitted that they had the same habit, or, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "own the soft impeachment."

It was at this time, or a little after the noon, that the ancients supposed the gods and genii to walk about the earth and show themselves to man. "The Lord appeared unto Abraham in the plains of Mamre as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day;" and David, in the 91st Psalm, also speaks of "the destruction (or demon) that walketh at mid-day." Indeed it was generally believed, as St. Jerome informs us, that certain demons, called μεσημβριαζοντες or *meridiani*, then haunted the earth; and the Hebrew root "*Keteb*" (קטב), which is translated "destruction" in

the English version, signified, he says, one of the fiercest demons, who openly assailed mortals at noonday. Theocritus tells us that it is not proper for shepherds to play the pipe at noon, for Pan is then weary of the chase, is cross and in bad humour. Lucan declares that when "*Phœbus in axe est*" that the priest himself trembles lest the gods should appear; and Ovid represents Actæon as seen by Diana at mid-day. So, also, it was when Paul was "come nigh to Damascus *about noon*" that the great light shone about him, and he heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And at the same time the Hippocentaur appeared to Sant' Antonio, as St. Jerome tells us: "*media dies, coquente desuper sole fervebat.*"

However this may be, it is quite certain that in southern countries the noonday sun has the evil eye, and is apt to afflict those who walk too much in it with violent sun-strokes. And this, taken in connexion with the belief that the gods visit us in dreams, may explain the superstition that the noon or early afternoon, when the ancients took their *siesta*, was the time when demons as well as gods haunted mortals.

I am not aware that this superstition now exists in Italy, though the noon *siesta* is almost universal. The churches are then closed for two hours; but whether, according to the old belief, recorded by Porphyrius among others, the gods then enter their temples, I cannot say—all I know is that the priests go out.

But as twilight comes on the world again wakes up. Doors are opened, and their netted curtains wave to and fro in the light breeze which breathes through the cooling streets; the shrill cries of vegetable-sellers pierce the ear; carriages begin to clatter over the pavement and take up their procession through the Corso; the sunset brazes with splendour the throbbing sky; great shadows fill up the streets, and the cool evening air draws in from the Campagna.

Round every *caffè* seats are then set in the streets, where crowds gather to take sherbet and ices and cooling *bibite*, to smoke, to sip coffee, to whisper mysterious cabala of politics, and to read the newspapers, which in Rome are ominously published at twilight and not in the morning. There the *habitués* can see in the columns of the "Giornale di Roma" and the "Osservatore Romano"—called popularly "Il Somarone"—what the Holy Father did yesterday, and what he will do to-day. There, too, they may read all his allocutions and apostolic letters of benediction, and advice and reproofs in "*issimi*;" the American news, only three months old, from Venezuela and Brazil; the conversions of the heathen in

Timbuctoo; the comparative height of the barometer and thermometer in Paris, Turin and Rome; the latest views of the "Armonia;" the evil deeds of the Piedmontese everywhere; the ceremonies of the churches; and lately, even the telegrams and the programmes of the theatres—all for the small sum of five *baiocchi*. This would not, perhaps, entirely content any other people in Europe; but public morals demand that this "city of the soul" should not be tainted with the garbage of a free press; and those revolutionary ideas which do so much harm to the world meet on the frontier of the Roman States an impassable barrier. The censorship in Rome is very severe, and few liberal books are permitted to pass the cordon. The arguments in favour of this censorship are very plain, but not very conclusive. The more compressed are the energies and desires of a people, the more danger of their bursting into revolution. There is no safety-valve to passions like the utterance of them; no better corrective to false notions than the free expression of them. Freedom of thought can never be suppressed; and ideas too long pent in the bosom, when heated by some crisis of passion, will explode into licence and fury. Let me put a column from Milton into my own weak plaster; the words are well known, but cannot be too well known: "Though all the winds of doctrine," he says, "were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing."

But while we are reading the newspapers and discussing the censorship in the *caffè*, others are sauntering outside the Porta Pia, to sit under the arbour of some *osteria*, and breathe the fresher air of the Campagna, and empty a flask of red wine; others are thronging the cool circle of the Mausoleum of Augustus, where they smoke as they listen to the plays that are there performed in the open air; and others are strolling on the Pincio, or the gardens of the French Academy, now that the sun has gone, and sitting on the benches under the shadows of the myrtles, acacias, ilexes, and elms, in the very gardens of Lucullus, where Messalina gave her voluptuous entertainments. As night comes on the Corso is crowded with promenaders, who stroll up and down laughing and talking. The moon rising over the city fills the open squares with its radiance, and flashes upon many a musical fountain. The shadows of dark palaces are cut out sharply upon its soft field of light, and on either side the streets their high, irregular eaves are printed in black *silhouettes* against the luminous Italian sky. In the *osterias* and

caffès are heard the twanging of mandolines, the lisp of flutes, and the burr of guitars. Now and then comes along a serenading party, singing and playing as they go; or you will see a group dancing the *salterello*, and surrounded by a circle of lookers-on. All the windows are open, and against the interior light of the room dark half figures lean out to watch the crowd below. In the chemists' shops, and gathered about the door, you see groups of physicians, sitting each with his gold or ivory headed cane, which he holds wisely to his chin or nose as if it contained, like that of Paracelsus, some familiar spirit which could whisper mysterious secrets. No physician in Rome is without his cane—it is his badge of office; and held stiffly up between his legs, as he sits in front of the chemist's shop, it has a very imposing effect. This medical habit of smelling the cane is of mediæval pedigree, and is celebrated in a romantic ballad well known to us all:—

"The Doctor came; he smelt his cane;
With face long as a Quaker:
Quoth he, 'Young man, what is your pain?'
Quoth I, ''Tis Betsy Baker!'"

The object of the doctor in this case is not manifest. But in its origin this practice was founded on a very good and sufficient reason. The head of the cane was stuffed with aromatic herbs and spices, and the doctor held it to his nose to secure himself from evil consequences when visiting a patient with a contagious disease. But though the reason is gone, the cane holding no longer a perfume box, the usage of holding it to the nose still continues in Italy, as you may assure yourself by looking at any medical group in the chemists' shops.

In the time of the great plague at Florence the physicians wore a sort of Capuchin hood over their heads, which extended down over the shoulders and completely covered the face. Before the eyes two great glasses were set into it, and over the mouth and nose projected a huge beak like that of a bird, which was stuffed with all sorts of savoury herbs. Imagine the effect of such a terrible figure coming into a sick-room. No wonder many a nervous patient died—of the doctor, if not of the disease.

Besides the promenading and dancing, the serenading and sipping *bibite*, there are other and more peculiar festivities which take place in Rome during the summer season. One of these is the *Luna d' Agosto*, as it is called, when crowds of Romans pour down into the Colosseum, at the full of the moon, in August. Rising from behind Monte Albano, it then shows its amber shield between

Monte Porzio and Frascati; and climbing the sky, pours its tender splendour full into the ruined shell of this grand old amphitheatre. Night then is more like a softened day; only the planets and a few great stars are seen,—the "lesser people of the sky" hiding in the deep vast of blue air. The slopes of the Palatine are then thronged with people flocking to the Colosseum, and the crumbled walls and galleries resound with the confused hum of a murmurous crowd. No strangers' voices are then heard; the air is stirred only by the soft bastard Latin of modern Rome, the laugh of girls, the echoes of song, the murmur of admiration, as the crowd move through the moonlit arena and disappear under the shadowy arches. Nothing is rude or violent, but calm and subdued, as if all were touched by the beauty of the scene.

Another of these summer festivities is the game of *gatta cieca*, which is played at night in the Piazza del Popolo. This is one of the most imposing of all the piazzas of Rome, and seen by moonlight it is singularly impressive, as well from its beauty as from its associations and monuments. Above it rise abruptly the terraced slopes of the Pincio, lined with trees, and adorned with statues, trophies and columns covered with *rostra*. A row of Dacian captives, with their hands crossed before them, stand on the marble balustrades, in Phrygian cap and tunic, and gaze sadly down into the square; on either side, beneath the statues of Rome and Neptune, a shining veil of water falls over semicircular basins with a soft murmur. There, dark and frowning, rises the massive gate of Michael Angelo, which opens on to the ancient Via Flaminia; and fronting it, at the opposite end, are the three main streets of Rome—the Babuino, the Ripetta, and the Corso, separated by the twin churches of Sta. Maria di Miracoli, and radiating like spokes from the central circle of the piazza. Over the pine-fringed boundaries at the right towers in the distance the misty cupola of St. Peter's. Lofty palaces close in a portion of the area, and near the gate rise the dome and the quaint pyramidal tower of Sta. Maria del Popolo, rough with its scales of stone. On the site of this church, according to old tradition, were buried the ashes of Nero, and here long after his death flowers were scattered by unknown hands. But the phantoms of the dead could not rest in their sarcophagi, and nightly they came forth to haunt the spot and terrify the superstitious. Vainly they were exorcised, until finally the imperial ashes were taken from their last resting-place and strewn to the winds, and over them the church of Sta. Maria del Popolo was built by Paschal II., and the ghosts were laid for ever.

In the centre of the piazza rises the ancient obelisk which once

stood before the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, and at its base four Egyptian lions lie *couchant*, pouring from their mouths a stream of water that gurgles into the basin below. Under this lofty obelisk, carven with still sharp hieroglyphs, if the date given to it by some antiquarians be correct, Moses may once have walked; and here in the moonlight its long shadow travels round the piazza, as if to mark upon its dial the silent and solemn passage of time. When Rome was only a morass, it pointed with its silent finger to the intense Egyptian sky. Egypt and Greece, Republican and Imperial Rome, Isis, Osiris, Zeus, and Jupiter, have all passed away, since it was hewn from the quarry. Eighteen cycles of Christianity have vanished since Augustus brought it to the "centre of the world"—but unworn and untarnished, its edges and inscriptions fresh as in the distant days of Rhamses, here still it stands, to mock with its permanence the fleeting generations that have come and gone beneath its shadow.

Sometimes, perhaps, it has a home-sickness for its ancient land, when the populace of modern Rome crowd around it to see the *girandola* fling up into the sky its burning sheaf of fire, for then the odour of garlic and onion ascends, and it may remember the days when the Egyptians offered these savoury vegetables as first-fruits upon the altars of their gods. Sometimes, too, when the sharp, explosive tones of the Romans, playing at *morra*, strike against its red granite, it may have reminiscences of the glorious days of the *Osirtasins*, when, two thousand years before the Christian era, the same game was played beneath it by its builders. The "processions of the shrines" must give it a pang, too, sometimes, if any heart still beat within it.

But, whatever the obelisk used to see in Egypt, it now looks down in summer evenings on the game of "*gatta cieca*"* which the modern Romans play in its august presence.

This game, as it is ordinarily played, consists in bandaging the eyes of one of the players, who, after being turned round two or three times, endeavours to go blindfold to an appointed goal, on which a prize is placed, and touch it with a stick given him to aid him in his progress and to enable him to avoid obstacles. The three whirls generally so confuse the notions of the blindfolded person as to his position, that he often makes the most amusing blunders as he goes groping along in a false direction, and exhibiting at times a self-confidence when he is wrong, and a timidity of purpose when he is right, that is exceedingly absurd.

The Italians, who in many respects are children in a good sense,

* Blind cat.

greatly enjoy this game; and when the full moonlight floods the Piazza del Popolo in August, crowds flock there to join in the play and to look on. The *garzoni* of the Monti, the Trastevere, the Oca, and the Borgo are there, with their sweethearts and their friends. The black-eyed little *monelli* are perched on the balustrades of the Pincio, and on the backs of the lions under the obelisks, and the half of the piazza towards the gate is thronged with a gay crowd. The other half of the piazza is kept comparatively clear; for here the game is played. The players, under the supervision of a president and umpire, chosen by acclaim, are blindfolded under the obelisk; and any one who likes may join. The money constituting the prize is levied on the spectators, and placed in the hands of the president; and whoever walks from the obelisk into the Corso is the winner.

At a signal the blindfolded players are all whirled round three times, and off they go. Each, confident in himself, sets bravely out at first, but scarcely have ten paces been made, when there are doubts and misgivings, hesitations and abrupt decisions, and, amid the jeers and loud laughter of the spectators, they all wander about in different directions. Loud and numerous bets are now screamed out, some in earnest and some in irony. The players, excited by these screams, and not knowing whether it is their friends who are endeavouring to encourage them in the path they have taken, or their adversaries who are making fun of them, exhibit a ludicrous vacillation of purpose or a strenuous obstinacy in the wrong which elicits new cries.

"I bet ten *pauls* to one on Nino in the red cap," shouts one. "Taken," cries another; and Nino, hearing the bets and assured that he is right, marches stedfastly on and butts his nose against that of the lion, two paces from where he set out, amidst the derisive howls of the people. "Five *fiaschi* of Orvieto on Paoluccio," cries another; and he is immediately trumped by a second, who cries, "Five *fiaschi*? *per Bacco*, twenty flasks to a half-*foglietta* on *caro* Paoluccio." And Paoluccio, who has already made half the distance straight towards the Corso, and really has the best chance of winning, stops when he hears these cries and debates with himself, and then deciding that all this betting is ironical, makes a right angle and marches towards the Pincio. Louder cries and jeers now resound, and "Bravo, bravo, Paoluccio!" He now loses his head entirely and turns to the right about; but at his side he hears whispers, and doubting again, he determines to take the original direction again, and in so doing he makes a mistake and turns his back on the Corso, and wanders aimlessly down towards the gate.

Lo Zoppo, meanwhile, who is rather irritable, has got into the middle of the piazza and marches for the Ripetta; somebody cries in his ear, "*A sinistro*," and another tickles his cheek with a straw; at which he strikes out right and left with his fists and loses his road, and, determined to keep his own way, marches straight up to one of the fountains and tumbles heels over head into it.

There are, however, all sorts of cheating, for the prize is generally worth taking; and oftentimes friends agree to give certain preconcerted signals to indicate to the player the true direction, on condition that he shares the money, or that they drink it all away in an *osteria* together. But the crowd is up to this, and whenever they hear a peculiar signal there are echoes of it repeated in all directions and at the wrong time; so that the player, unless he is very sharp, has a more than even chance of being misled.

The fun is very good-natured, and it not seldom occurs that various trials are made before the prize is won. At last, however, some lucky fellow hits the Corso, and the whole piazza shakes with cheers that announce to him his victory.

Do not, I beg, my most serious friend, sneer at this childish game, nor come too sternly to the conclusion that a people which can be thus amused are not fit for liberty. The greatest loss any person or any people can sustain is that of their childhood. So long as the child survives in the man he is living, but when this is gone he is no better than a mummy-case. And when a people has lost its susceptibility to fun and its enjoyment of sport, even though it be childish, it has lost what no gravity can ever make up for. The world now overworks its brain and grows severe in its wisdom and feeble on its legs, and a morbid irritability of temper follows as a necessary consequence. When we scorn the body it revenges itself on the mind; only a healthy, vigorous frame can hold a healthy, vigorous body. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* The rights of the body need preaching in America more than elsewhere. We need recreation, healthy sport, foolish games, and athletic exercise. Be sure the man will think and act more justly, broadly, and efficiently, whose brain is not overworked at the expense of the body. These boat-races on the bay and river—this carnival of skating on the frozen ponds—are better than the office, counting-house, and furnace-heated rooms; and it is with real joy that every well-constituted mind must see them growing up among us. I am, however, one of those who do not count strength by weight, nor will I yet agree that the slender and beautiful American girls have less native stamina than their rosier and stouter English cousins. If the English have more fullness and roundness of muscle, the Americans have more fibre and

sinew; and I will test the latter against the former any day, if they are only well developed. But the English have twice as good training; they are braced by daily exercise and fresh air—the Americans are kiln-dried in over-heated rooms. Let us hear an end of this sermon, and improve it by bowling down ten strikes, cutting pigeons' wings on the ice, galloping over the country, and straining the cords by handling the oar—and then we exiles from home shall not have to greet on the Continent so many old broken-down men of twenty-five and thirty pursuing their lost health, and so many pale, fragile girls faded into premature parchment and racked with neuralgia and consumption. Whatever you think of it, I find the *gatta cieca* a capital thing, and believe the Romans all the better fitted for liberty and self-government by the enjoyment of it. A child-like man is far better than an old-manny boy.

Were I a law-giver and law-maker, I would ordain the training of the people to sports and games as an obligatory part of education. I would declare that no man should be eligible to office who could not prove that he had enjoyed a hearty laugh at least once a day for two months previous to his election. Bad legislation, cruel criticism, savage rejoinders in debate, and the frequent use of the bowie-knife, depend more on bad digestion than on any one other cause. If the senators and House of Representatives must fight, let the differing parties, instead of brawling on the floor of legislation, threatening with bowie-knives and revolvers, and knocking down with bludgeons, appoint a time and place and have it out once a week with gloves, or even with fists on the green. We should have better laws and less of the barbarism of Southern "chivalry."

But, as I unfortunately am not the American Lycurgus, I have only to beg pardon for these aberrations, and come back to my Roman text.

Everybody has seen the *girandola* on the Pincian, but few have seen the *fochetti* in the Mausoleum of Augustus; for the latter take place only in the summer when Rome is the city of the Romans. The *fochetti* are artificial fireworks, elaborately composed to represent famous historical incidents. One of the principal subjects is the burning of Troy. When this is given, the portion of the amphitheatre where the *proscenium* generally stands is built over with architectural frame-works representing the rock of Ilium, the temple of Minerva, and the palace of Priam, behind which are carried all sorts of fiery conductors. The moment these are fired the flame runs with a blaze and crackle over the whole architecture, bursting from column and architrave, roof, door, and window, showering its rain of fire, pealing its startling cannonades, and darting its rockets every-

where, until a wonderfully coloured conflagration wraps the whole and glares against the sky. Then issue on all sides warriors dressed as Greeks, followed by the Trojan populace, represented after the usual manner of a populace on the stage by a few men and boys, who shout enough for a hundred, and make up to the ear their defects to the eye. The warriors carry torches in their hands and set fire to the houses, which send forth whirling Catherine-wheels, fling up incessant Roman candles, and blaze with Bengal lights of every hue. In the midst of the racket, roar and fizz of these fireworks, crack go the beams, and through the rolling clouds of smoke the columns of the temples and roofs are seen tumbling to the ground. After the temple of Minerva has perished in flame and smoke, the palace of Priam is fired. When this splits apart showing the nuptial chamber and lofty hall blazing with fireworks, the spectators shout with delight, and thousands of hands clapping together mix with the constant explosion of mortars and the spasmodic sputter of dying Catherine-wheels, making noise enough almost to rouse the dead Cæsars from their tombs below.

Other favourite subjects are the burning of Saguntum, the conflagration of Rome by Nero, and the destruction of the Capitol in the time of Vespasian. Of all these spectacles, that most enjoyed by the Romans is perhaps the last, for then are represented the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the Tabularia and the Tarpeian rock, which touches their pride and reminds them of their ancient glory.

In artificial fireworks the Romans are eminently skilful, and at the *fochetti* as well as the *girandola* surprising effects are often produced. But no illumination can surpass for beauty the *moccoletti* that end the Carnival. Thousands of little waxen tapers then flutter about like living things, dancing along balconies and open windows, quivering up and down the entire length of the Corso, flickering from carriage to carriage, flying backwards and forwards at the ends of long *canne*, and pursued by flapping handkerchiefs that seek to extinguish them. A soft yellow light glows over the brown palace façades, gleaming on the window panes, and illuminating below a sea of merry faces. Up the Corso, far as the eye can reach, the *moccoletti* sparkle like swarms of brilliant fire-flies. The street resounds with a tumultuous cry of "*Ecco il moccolo—moccolo,*" as the little tapers are brandished and shaken in the air, and the loud jeers of "*Senza moccolo—senza moccolo,*" as dexterous hands and lips suddenly extinguish them. The scene is always gay, but the wild, glad exultation of the spectacle in 1848, when news of Italian victories came in from Lombardy, and the people, waving their *moccoletti*, poured into the Corso, cheering and singing their national songs, sur-

passed for enthusiasm anything I ever saw. I have never seen it since without a painful memory of those happy days, when the faces of all were bright with triumphant, irrepressible joy—when all were brothers in a great common success, and bands met bands with enthusiastic embraces and cries of *Viva Italia!*

This scene I can never forget, nor one other of a similar kind which I saw at Genoa in the autumn of 1847. The King Carlo Alberto had just granted those reforms which drew after them the early successes and the final sad defeats of that ill-fated struggle for independence. The people were full of hope; and when the king first came from Turin to Genoa, after embracing the liberal cause, they went forth to meet him and escort him to their noble old city. Rose-leaves showering from the windows fell like snow-flakes on him and his suite as they rode to San Lorenzo in the morning to hear mass. In the evening he rode through the city with his sons and a few of his friends, the people following him in thousands, each carrying a torch. Windows were all open and illuminated, the balconies were thronged, and every crevice, from pavement to eaves, showed eager eyes. The torches flared and flashed upon the little group of horsemen round the king, and with a mighty chorus that shook the air, and resounded down the narrow lofty streets, ten thousand voices sang the national song—

"Oh giovani ardenti d' Italico amore,
Serbate il valore pel dì di pugnar;
E viva Italia! e viva Pio Nono!
E viva Italia! e viva il Rè!"

Another wondrous illumination, called the *Luminara*, is to be seen every third year at Pisa, on the day of St. Ranieri.* At this festival the whole city is illuminated. Go where you will, thousands of twinkling lights, arranged in every shape, gleam along the eaves, windows, doors, and walls. But the chief spectacle is along the Lungo L'Arno. On either side the whole length of this imposing promenade the buildings are cased in scaffoldings, representing temples, rich Tuscan façades, Gothic churches, arcades, and, in a word, every imaginable architectural shape. The long garden walls are decorated by arabesque patterns, mixed with crosses, stars, and foliated devices. To these the effect of reality is given by thousands of little lamps, closely set together, so as to draw their outlines against the dark background with dotted lines of fire. Seen at a short distance, it is impossible to distinguish the true from the false. The rich old church of Sta. Maria della Spina, with its

* 16th of June.

quaint spires; the stern mediæval tower guarding the upper bridge; the façades of some of the noble palaces, whose marbles are yellowed with age and enriched by historical associations, and some few other buildings, show their real faces. The Lungo L'Arno in itself, in ordinary daylight, with the yellow Arno flowing under the arches of curved bridges between these files of grand old palaces, churches, spires and towers, is very striking, but when flashing with the myriad lights of the *luminara* its effect is truly marvellous. As you look down upon it from the bridges, the city seems more like an enchanted place than a real city of this earth. Barges with coloured lanterns and bright banners glide up and down the river, that, flashing back the splendid illumination, quivers and shakes, and shimmers with its golden glory. On the parapets at intervals are erected stagings where bands are stationed, and brazen music sounds above the confused hum of the crowds that stream along the streets. Above is the deep-blue sky, with its still and steady stars waiting till this fleeting splendour is past; and wondrously deep and infinite it looks as we lift our eyes from the magical city below up to its serene peace.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

THE Past never wants for praisers and apologists. Every one ends by being a "*Laudator temporis acti, me puero,*" and all countries as well as persons, in their old age, are prone to cherish ancient usages with pious love. It is hard to break down a church-window pictured over with saints, heroes, and demons,—even to let in a little more pure light and fresh air to a stifled people.

My design in this trivial chapter is only to show, as in a magic lantern, one or two little slides on which are old Roman pictures. I have thus far endeavoured to show you a few sketches of Modern Life in Rome, and before we part let us give a glimpse, only a glimpse, into the Life of the Past.

Among the relics of mediæval Rome may still be seen some curious old truncated towers, which stand as landmarks of "auld lang syne," when every house was a fortress and society a system of rapine. In the middle ages every powerful family was the nucleus of a greater or smaller body of vassals and dependants, who gathered under its authority and aided in its defence. Individual liberty was unknown—law was according to the

> "Good old plan,
> That he shall take who has the power,
> And he shall keep who can."

Feudal authority begot feuds. Every important house then had its tower of defence, into which it retreated in the day of trouble, and from which it showered missiles on its assailants. Some of the great princely families took possession of the ancient tombs, villas, and temples, and there intrenched themselves. The Colosseum was the battle-ground for many years of the Frangipani and Annibaldi,

and the refuge of the Popes Alexander III. and Innocent II. Church and Empire, Guelph and Ghibelline, fought in these fortresses for dear life, and the people, nursed in blood, were turbulent, violent, and barbaric. The Mausoleum of Augustus was the fortress of the Colonna; the tomb of Cecilia Metella was one of the strongholds of Boniface VIII.; near it are the ruins of the castle of the Caetani and Savelli. The Mausoleum of Hadrian was made the stronghold of Honorius, and still remains at once a fortress and a prison. The arch of Janus was fortified by the Frangipani. Everywhere the ancient buildings were converted into fortifications. The city itself then bristled with tall towers, and of these two still remain—the Tor de' Conti, a huge brick tower at the foot of the Quirinal, erected by Nicholas I. in 858, and rebuilt by Innocent III. in 1216, from whose family it takes its name; and the Torre delle Milizie, at the head of the Via Magnanapoli. All the others have perished.

In the Tuscan cities, however, many of these towers may be seen, though for the most part they have been shorn of their lofty proportions, and cut down to a level with the surrounding houses. In the little town of St. Geminiano, however, there are standing no less than fourteen, all of their original height, and a strange picturesque character they give to the place. If any one would form a notion of the mediæval appearance of an Italian town, he should visit St. Geminiano. It is but a few miles off the main road, contains some beautiful frescoes by Ghirlandaio, and closely resembles in itself the quaint old cities painted by the early Tuscan masters in their backgrounds.

The Tor de' Specchi at Rome is a curious representative of the days of the old barons. Here dwelt Santa Francesca Romana, the founder of the order of the Oblate nuns, and the house is scarcely changed from what it was in her time. Here is the cell in which she lived, with the very pavement on which she trod, the narrow gothic windows through which she looked, the old worm-eaten benches she sat upon; all carefully kept in their original condition. On the walls is painted the history of her life by one of the scholars of Giotto, where one may see the dresses of the 14th century in the foreground, and in the background views of mediæval Rome, with its turreted houses and castellated palaces in which the Roman barons intrenched themselves. Here you may catch a glimpse of the old times, and turning round may compare it with modern Rome, which lies before you. What a strange jumble it was of war and prayer, humility and licence, luxury and barbarism! In those days the cardinals lived in fortresses, guarding their doors with pikes, barring their windows with heavy iron gratings, and keeping

in their employ large bodies of soldiers.* The Pope was the mere football of different parties—sharing their luck in battle—now fleeing for refuge, now returning to the chair of St. Peter, his feet red with conquest. The streets were filled with soldiers belonging to different houses, jealous of the rank of their masters, involved in endless fights, and employed to carry out the base designs of their irresponsible lords. There was but one law—the sword.

Throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the palace of every cardinal was a little court. Guards of soldiers, mounted and on foot, surrounded it; in the stables were great numbers of horses, and the family of servants of every grade was a little army. It is related that Cardinal Ippolito D'Este, when he was sent as legate to France, carried in his train more than four hundred horses; and it is mentioned, not as an indication of pomp and wealth, but, on the contrary, of humility, that Cardinal Bellarmino had in his house only thirty servants to wait upon him.

The palaces of the princes not only swarmed with armed retainers, but with assassins, or "*bravi*" as they were called, who did the "secret service" of their lord. Within their precincts, as well as in the churches, any one who had committed a crime in the streets could obtain refuge, and no one dared to pursue them there—not even the officers of justice. The criminal then entered the service of the prince into whose palace he had sought asylum, assumed his livery, received his protection, and thenceforward snapped his fingers in the face of the world. In this way the princes surrounded themselves with unscrupulous adherents who owed them their lives, and were ready at their bidding to commit any crime. Those were "good old times." There were none of those miserable police officers about, but a merry life of wine and women, no law, and stabbing of enemies *ad libitum*.

Take, for instance, a little incident related by an old chronicler which occurred in the time of Gregory XIII., as illustrating the general irresponsibility of the nobility. The "*Bargello*," who was the chief of the police, had in the exercise of his office arrested some outlaws, who having escaped from Naples had placed themselves under the protection of one of the great Roman barons. As he was conducting his prisoners through the streets he was met by a set of young nobles, among whom were Pietro Gaetani, Silla Savelli, and

* Le case dei cardinali tutte s'erano messe in fortezza con bertesche; e la casa del vice cancelliere avea due bastioni. (Diario del Notaio di Nantiporto alla morte de Sisto IV.) Infessura, in his diary, states that "Cardinalis S. Petri ad Vincula multos pedites ac milites stipendio acquisivit et domum suum mirabiliter fortificavit et fulcivit."

Raimondo Orsini, who stopped him and ordered him to surrender his prisoners. The *Bargello*, says the old chronicler, "spoke to them, cap in hand, with great respect, endeavouring to quiet them and to persuade them to allow him to do his duty. They, however, would not listen to him, but attacked him and his followers, killed several, took others into houses and flung them from the windows, to the great ignominy and contumely of public justice."

This, however, was not the worst—an unlucky shot had killed the noble Raimondo Orsini; and the *Bargello*, fearing the vengeance of the Orsini, against which the Pope himself was powerless to protect him, immediately fled the city as the only means to save his life. But the noble house were not thus to be balked; and the brother of Raimondo, not being able to find the *Bargello*, slew in his stead the lieutenant-general of police as he was coming down from the papal palace on the Quirinal.

During these delightful days there were much rejoicing and festivity, if not among the people, at least among the princes. While the former were starved to pay for these splendours, and forced to eat bread, which, says Infessura, "was black, stinking, and abominable, eaten only from necessity, and the cause of much disease,"* nothing could surpass the luxury of the papal dignitaries. There were costly ceremonies of all kinds, when "the Florentine ambassador washed the Pope's hands at the beginning of the sacred rites, Venetian ambassadors washing them in the middle, and the prefect of Rome at the end of the same;"† and entertainments where Leon Cobelli says that "it was charming to see the Lady Countess and all her damsels come forth in different magnificent dresses every day for a whole week, and the great buffets, ten feet high, in the banqueting-hall of the palace, loaded every day with a fresh service of silver and gold."

In the "Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti," I find the record of a banquet given by Cardinal Andrea Cornaro at Rome, during the Pontificate of Leo X., which may perhaps afford a layman an idea of what constituted a cardinal's dinner in those days. "The repast," says the ambassador, "was most beautiful. There was an infinite quantity of viands, and no less than sixty-five courses, with three different dishes at each course, which were continually changed with great agility, so that scarcely had one been partaken of than another was brought on. All was served on beautiful silver plate, and in great quantity. The feast being finished, we all arose stuffed and stunned (*stuffi e storditi*), both by the abundance of viands, and

* Rer. Ital. Script., tom. iii. pp. 2, 1183.

† Ibid., tom. xxiii. p. 137.

because at the table of the cardinal there was every kind of musician that could be found in Rome." One hundred and ninety-five different dishes is truly an apostolic dinner!

At Cardinal Grimani's, a few days after, the ambassadors relate that, it being a fast day, they dined entirely on fish like good Catholics, and sat at the table for *six hours*, and they mention among other fishes a sturgeon, the head of which was "larger than that of an ox," and which had cost eighteen golden ducats, a sum equivalent to about forty *scudi*, or eight pounds sterling.

One cannot help in this connexion recalling Andrew Fairservice's notions about Romanism at Osbaldiston Hall: "We hae mense and discretion," says he, "and are moderate of our mouths; but here, frae the kitchen to the ha', it's fill and fetch mair frae the tae end of the four-and-twenty hours till the t'other. Even their fast days—they ca' it fasting when they hae the best of sea-fish frae Hartlepool and Sunderland by land carriage—forbye trouts, grilses, salmon, and a' the lave o't, and so they make their very fasting a kind of luxury and abomination,—and then the awfu' masses and matins o' the puir deceived souls."*

The convivial suppers of the Pope himself were as luxurious and costly as those of Vitellius. They were enlivened by the jesting of buffoons and all sweet instruments and singing, in which the Pope, who was an excellent musician, joined; and whenever any one sang with him so as to please his holiness he was rewarded by a gift of a hundred *scudi* and more.† After supper he sat down to cards, and often lost at *primierà*, a game of which he was very fond, enormous sums. Marino Giorgi, the Venetian ambassador, says that his losses at this game, together with his "gifts," amounted annually to more than 60,000 *scudi*, all of which he levied from *vacanze di benefizii*.‡ Besides this, there were constant hunting, and fishing and hawking parties, at Corneto, Viterbo, and Bolsena, on the most extravagant scale. One of these, which was given by Cardinal Cornelio during the Papacy of Leo, has already been cited, and from this an idea of a papal hunt may be derived.

On the walls of the great ante-chambers in some of the princely

* It is curious to compare with this a dinner, reported by Macrobius to have been given by Metellus, the Pontifex Maximus, in the days of ancient Rome, at which several distinguished guests were present, as well as four vestal virgins. The dinner was magnificent, and Macrobius gives the dishes in book iii. chap. xiii. of his Saturnaliorum.

† Relazione Venete, Rel. di Marino Giorgi, p. 56. "Sopra tutti musico eccellentissimo, e quando canta con qualcuno, gli fa donare cento e piu ducati."

‡ Ibid.

houses of Rome may be seen large paintings representing jousts and festivals held in old times by the nobility; and in the book-stalls of the Piazza Navona (which is a sort of literary Ghetto), amid the soiled and second-hand rubbish, now and then is to be found a volume with illustrations containing descriptions of some of the spectacles which were once celebrated in this very piazza.

One of these festivals took place here in the year 1634, on the occasion of the visit of Prince Alexander Charles, of Poland, which s fully described by Vitale Mascardi, in a pamphlet published by him at the time, and enriched with numerous engravings. Cardinal Barberini was the prime mover in this festival, and in the palace of the family may still be seen a huge picture in which it is represented. The prince was first received in the noble house of Signor Orazio Magalotti, when Fame made her entrance into the saloon in a triumphal car, richly carved and gilded. A cavalier accompanied it, a golden eagle drew it, and Fame, with a trumpet in her hand and splendidly dressed, sang a wonderful ode of welcome to the accompaniment of a band of music. As she ceased a herald advanced, and announced that the Mantenitore, who assumed the title of Tiamo di Menfi, challenged all the world to contend with him in a tournament, to be held in the Piazza Navona on the 15th of February, when he would keep the field against all comers. The tilting he declared to be against a wooden Saracen set up in the lists —he to be proclaimed victor who, under the rules hereafter to be published, should give the three best blows.

The cardinal, joining with him in this scheme, at once appointed a *squadriglia* of four gentlemen in his retinue, who were to represent four captive kings, to respond to this challenge.

The formal acceptance of it, however, was made at the palace of the Signore Falconieri, where a great ball was given in honour of the prince. After many divers scenes had taken place, all the company retired into a great hall, where seats were formally arranged around an open square. Here appeared two nymphs accompanied by six *pastori* and a herald. The nymphs, adorned with flowers and brandishing spears, sang songs and odes to the accompaniment of various instruments, after which the herald advanced and formally accepted the challenge on the part of the four captive kings, and the six *pastori* then went through with some curious pastoral dances.

At the appointed day the jousting took place in the Piazza Navona. The piazza was magnificently arranged and must have presented a most imposing appearance. It was completely surrounded by a double tier of boxes for spectators, the lower of which

were sufficiently high to allow the horses of the tournament to find shelter beneath them. On one side was a third row of boxes for the noblest ladies; and here, occupying the post of honour, was the box of the Donna Anna Colonna and the Donna Costanza Barberini. This amphitheatre of boxes was decorated, according to the taste of the various parties who were to use them, in splendid hangings fringed with gold, silver, and velvets. All were covered in so as to protect the inmates from the sun as well as from the rain, in case the day should prove inauspicious. But everything smiled; the day was perfectly cloudless, and the vast circle was crowded with the most distinguished ladies of Rome, all richly dressed and adorned with jewels. From the palaces and houses of the piazza floated draperies of gold and silver, and superb pictured tapestries; and not only the windows were thronged, but the very roofs were covered with crowds.

In the centre of the piazza were the lists, consisting of a triple line of fence-work, through which the cavaliers were to joust. On the centre line, near one end, stood the wooden body of the Saracen, against which all were to tilt. The principal rules were, that whoever struck the figure above the brow should receive three marks, from the brow to the chin two marks, and from the mouth to the chin one mark. Below the chin a stroke of the lance counted nothing, while if any one struck the shield or body of the Saracen he lost one mark.

Opposite the Saracen stood a great covered staging for the judges, and at the head of the lists was erected a lofty pavilion, covered with the richest stuffs, where the Mantenitore and his suite held their camp.

The arrival of the Donna Anna Colonna and Donna Costanza Barberini was the signal that the games were to commence. At the sound of trumpets there entered the Mantenitore and the various squadrons which were to dispute with him the prizes, each making the round of the piazza and then taking the stand assigned to it. First came the Mantenitore and his suite. He was preceded by four trumpeters, after whom followed six horses led by grooms; then came twenty-eight *staffieri* on foot; then four pages on horseback, who carried great silver salvers filled with sonnets and boastful challenges, to be distributed among the ladies. Two mounted *padrini* then followed, accompanied by a single horseman, and last the Mantenitore made his appearance, dressed magnificently "*alla Egittiana.*" He wore a superb robe of *ormesino*, fastened at his neck with a jewel of extraordinary size with *rilievi* of gold and pearls, and embroidered all over with *alamari* of pearls and gold in the figure of palms, the

fruit being of splendid rubies. The under dress was equally magnificent, the sleeves being covered with embroideries of little pearls and trimmed with exquisite lace; long outer sleeves lined with red, sewed over with gold, hung dangling down, and floated with the motion of the horse; a gleaming cuirass was on his breast; at his side was a scimitar sheathed in a green scabbard loaded with jewels; his stockings were of silk and gold, and jewelled shoes were on his feet, armed with golden spurs. But the most extraordinary feature of his dress was a rich turban, woven of alternate threads of wool and gold, and glittering all over with jewels; above this rose a gigantic plume, or forest of plumes, made of green and white feathers curiously arranged one above the other in tiers, and rising to the height of some six feet above his head. These were bound together with flowers and gold tinsel, and crowning all were groups of snowy peacocks' plumes. In the centre of this wonderful *pennacchio* was seen the escutcheon of the Mantenitore—a blazing sun, with the motto "*Non latet quod lucet.*" The spear which he bore in his hand was of silver tipped with gold.

His horse was equally splendid in his trappings. Magnificent housings fringed with rich lace, and fastened at the crupper and over the breast with great brooches of costly jewels, fell to his knees; and on his head was a lofty *pennacchio* which nodded as he advanced. The engraved portraits of this personage and his suite given by Mascardi show a marvellous richness of costumes and indicate a splendour equal to that displayed in the beautiful frescoes of Pinturicchio at Siena.

The next *squadriglia* was that of the gentlemen of the cardinal, representing the four captive kings. All eyes were fixed on them, the fame of their splendour having preceded them. Nor did they disappoint expectation; and as they made the circuit of the lists loud cries of applause saluted them. These four cavaliers were Count Fabrizio Ferretti, Francesco Battaglini, Girol. Martinozzi, and Dominico Cinquini. They were dressed in rose colour. Their breasts were covered with steel cuirasses over shirts of golden mail, below which hung superb vests, with fringes of gold and great drops of pearls. From their shoulders floated magnificent mantles, richly worked in gold and embroidered with flowers, and royal crowns of gold on their heads, surmounted by plumes of exquisite yellow feathers. The equipments of the horses were equally costly, and no expense had been spared in the costumes of the whole suite. At the head of the *squadriglia* rode the dwarf of the cardinal, mounted on a richly-caparisoned bull.

After these came the other squadrons, equally splendid in all their

appointments, and each with its suite, all of which the worthy Mascardi elaborately describes. As they entered they distributed *cartelli*, accepting the challenge of the Mantenitore, and as soon as the inclosure was filled, signal was given by trumpets and the tilting commenced, and continued with great excitement and enthusiasm for five hours. The Donna Anna Colonna offered as a prize a rich *gioia* of diamonds, which, says the gallant Mascardi "did not more splendidly shine forth from the purple of its beautiful cluster of roses than did its charming donor." Twelve cavaliers showed equal grace in tilting for this, and at last it fell to Virginio Cenci by lot.

The Mantenitore showed great skill; and on one occasion tilted with two lances, one in each hand, guiding his horse by holding the reins in his teeth; and afterwards he struck the Saracen with three lances tied together.

The cardinal gave as a prize a jewelled sword, *armacollo*, beaver cap, gloves, and, in a word, a sumptuous and complete suit; and this was taken by the Conte Ambrogio, one of the cavaliers of the *squadriglia Provenziana*.

Night now began to come on, and the shadows were deepening in the piazza when the sound of artillery was heard, and a new wonder appeared. This was no less than a great ship, which was seen to approach the theatre. The *mastro di campo* immediately sent forth to inquire what it was, when answer was returned that it belonged to one of the gods who had come to visit the tilting field. Orders were then given to admit it, and in the light of more than a thousand torches this splendid toy made the circuit of the piazza. The low wheels on which it moved were hidden under artificial waves. The sides were covered with arabesque brackets, between which were shields of silver, bearing alternately a sun, a column, and a bee, the emblems of the noble houses of the Mantenitore, the Colonna, and the Barberini; over these was a cornice of laurels with silver brackets, between which were port-holes for four cannon. The prow was formed of the head of a strange and monstrous fish plated in gold, and on the end of its long snout was a golden bee; under this was the figure of a syren with a double tail curled up on either side, and carrying in one hand a sun and in the other a column.

On the poop was a raised platform surrounded by an open temple resting upon four pilasters richly ornamented, inclosed by a gilt balustrade, and bearing aloft a golden lantern. Round the prow also was a gilt balustrade. From the bowsprit swelled a sail, and from a tall mast in the centre, on the yards of which was a furled sail, floated a rich gonfalon with the arms of the three families emblazoned on it. At the mast-head was a flag of the same, and

a sailor was constantly climbing up and down the rope ladders. Under the temple on the poop sat the god Bacchus, and near him were eight Bacchanti, who sang and played the harp, violin, and lute. These, with four satyrs, four shepherds, and three cannoneers, constituted the entire equipage on board; while at the side of the vessel ran sixteen fishermen in long robes of blue, covered with silver scales, and carrying torches in their hands. Accompanying this vessel was another with six sailors, a pilot, shepherds, and ten nymphs, who played on musical instruments. To the sound of music and the peal of their cannon these two vessels slowly moved round the amphitheatre, and paused before the boxes where were seated the Donna Anna and the Donna Costanza and their *cortège*, as well as under that occupied by the Marchesa di Castel Rodrigo, the wife of the Spanish ambassador. Then all was hushed, and the god Bacchus, accompanied by a chorus of the nymphs and shepherds, sang an ode, and the *riso*, as the concluding portion of the song was called, terminated the music, in the words of Mascardi, "with a superhuman grace."

After the ship had made the entire tour of the piazza, the *cavalieri* and their *padrini* were all graciously invited by the Donna Costanza to her palace, where they partook of a "*lautissima colatione*" at the expense of the cardinal.

The ship was afterwards, at the unanimous request of the people, carried through the principal streets of Rome by daylight, and gave universal delight.

And thus ended this splendid show for the day. A great dinner was afterwards given by the cardinal at the grand gallery of the Cancelleria; and such satisfaction did he get out of this, that again, on the subsequent Tuesday, he gave a reception at the Palazzo Colonna, which terminated the splendours of this carnival festival.

But these are fragments from the ecclesiastical and princely robes —let us look at a few rags which are taken from the people. In the fourteenth century it was the custom among the Romans, as well as throughout Italy, to celebrate Sundays and *festa*-days by sham battles, when the people were divided into two parties, each armed with wooden swords, spears and shields, and having on their heads wooden helmets called *cistas*. These games generally ended in bloodshed, which added greatly to the amusement. In some of the Italian cities the combat was with slings, the two parties issuing from separate gates and fighting fiercely together for hours. At Modena there was a "*pratum di battaglia*" expressly for these

combats. Milan had also her "*brolium*," where the youths contended with arrows and spears. On these occasions not only the men of rank and dignity engaged in the contest, but the common people of both sexes.* St. Bernardine mentions these mortal games as common in Perugia. In Siena, where they flourished under the title of "*giuoco dell' elmora*," the battle was fought with spears and stones. St. Augustine reproves these games as unchristian. "Not only the people," he says, "but relations, brothers, parents and children divide themselves into two parties, and for continuous days at certain periods of the year fight together with stones and kill each other as they can. And I wish most sincerely that I were able to root out this cruel and inveterate evil from their hearts and manners."† Such was the loss of life during these battles that it became necessary to prohibit them, but it was impossible entirely to root them out. In Siena the inhabitants of the Borgo and the city had furious contests, called the "*giuoco della pugna*," in which numbers of dead were often left upon the ground. These combats with fists were instituted in place of the "*giuoco dell' elmora*," but they were always attended with similar fatal results; for though the battle began with fists it ended with weapons of every kind. In 1317 a terrible fight occurred, in which many were killed, and peace was with difficulty restored. In 1536 one of these battles took place in the presence of Charles V., who especially commended it; and such hold had they on the people that they survived even in the beginning of the present century.‡

In Rome these combats flourished until within a very few years under the name of "*Sassaiuole*." They usually took place in the Campo Vaccino, or at the Cerchi, or on the slopes of the Cœlian Hill at the Navicella. All the little boys were taught the use of the sling, in which they became proficients. The Roman mothers used to hang their lunch on a tree, and they could not have it unless they brought it down with a stone. The statues of Donna Lucrezia, Marforio, and the Babuino were noted targets, and bear tremendous marks of "punishment." Pasquino also suffered terribly under their stones.

The great parties between which these battles were fought were the Montigiani who inhabit the Rione de' Monti on the Esquiline, and the Trasteverini. These two wards contain more of the old Roman blood than all the rest of the city. Each boasts its ancient

* Murat. Antiq. Ital., tom. ii. De Spectac. et Lud. Pub. Med. Æv., p. 833.

† De Doctrina Christiana, lib. iv. cap. 3.

‡ Gentile Sermini, Giuoco della Pugna, L'Assedio di Siena del Bulgarini, Part ii. p. 233.

Roman descent, and between them has always existed a profound jealousy. On festal days they fought terribly together with stones, forming into great companies with leaders, attacking each other furiously in their strong posts, and often leaving scores of dead and wounded on the ground. It is not until within a very short time that the government has succeeded in suppressing these bloody contests; and the old usage still shows itself in any row. The first thing an angry Roman seeks, if he have no knife to plunge into the breast of his adversary, is a paving stone to fling at his head.

Besides these games, the Romans had their bull-fights and horse and buffalo races. As late as the fifteenth century these races still took place before Lent in the Circus Agonalis, where the senator of Rome presided *en grande tenue* and adjudged the prizes, which were generally a ring of gold and a *pallium* of woollen and silk. There were also games in Monte Testaccio, where *charettes* of pigs were tumbled down the hill for the amusement of the people. The expenses of these games were defrayed by a tax of 1130 florins levied annually upon the Jews—the curious charge of the thirty additional florins being intended to represent the thirty pieces Judas received for betraying Christ.

Joustings, tournaments, and hunting parties were common in the old days. Some of these *caccie* took place in the arena after the manner of the ancient Romans, and some in the Campagna. The *caccie* of wild animals long survived in the Campo or Piazza in Siena, some of which were very remarkable. The hunters were clad in the various costumes of their guilds, and had great wooden cars, or *macchine* as they were called, very richly adorned. On these the victors used to hang the skins, and portions of the body and entrails of the animals they had slain, as trophies. This custom is alluded to in the following verses:—

> "Hic est ille locus Campus celeberrimus, hic est
> Quo fiunt ludi varii, et celebrantur honores
> Virginis, et curru tauri cervique trahuntur
> Viscera, et armatus sonipes pro munera certat."*

One very pompous spectacle of this kind was held on the 15th of August, 1516, on the festival of the Assumption—rather an odd way of celebrating it. In the buffalo races superb *macchine* were often constructed at great expense, which were carved and covered with paintings representing all sorts of allegorical figures, and sometimes adorned with gold, silver, and jewels. On one occasion, at the

* Vittorio Campanaticense De Ludo Pagne.

festival of the Madonna in 1546, the cost of the cars amounted to 100,000 florins.

Bull-baiting was once a favourite sport of the Italians. When Margaret of Austria entered Florence, previous to her nuptials with Alessandro de' Medici, called Il Moro, two bulls were baited and killed in the square for her delight, and for the delight of the young bride who accompanied her, Catherine de' Medici. This was one of the most popular amusements at Rome, and till within a very few years mounting a furious bull was one of the chief games in the Mausoleum of Augustus. Specially famous for this feat was Luigetto la Merla, called "Lo Zoppo," who is still living. After the dogs had worried the bull to desperation, Luigetto advanced, and flinging over his horns a noose, dragged him roaring with rage to a pillar in the centre of the arena. There, holding him down by an iron ring passed through his nose, he flung over him a heavy saddle, buckled it firmly, and sprang on his back. The moment the bull felt himself mounted he roared and foamed with rage. The noose was then suddenly loosed, and at the same moment fireworks placed under his belly were fired. The maddened bull then dashed wildly round the circus, struggling in every way to fling his rider; but Luigi, firmly planted in the saddle, was too much for him, and kept his seat, riding him round the ring amid the wild cheers of the spectators; after which the noose was again thrown over his horns, and he was dragged back and secured to the column, and the rider sprang to the ground.

This is all over now, and instead we have only the annual circus in the autumn, and the drama in the summer months. How tame these look compared with the bull-baiting, the *sassaiuole*, the tumult and riot of the good old times! But the "good old times" have not utterly gone,—we have still the *equuleus*, which has been revived by the most eminent Cardinal Antonelli, to be applied to prisoners who are obstinate and will not confess; and we have dungeons and prisons on the old pattern, where robbers and assassins and political prisoners are confined together in the same public hall; we also retain the insane hospitals on the good old plan, and in the country jails you may hear the ribald songs of the prisoners who crowd to the grating that opens on the street, and beg and curse; and we have still secret tribunals as in the past, and courts not open to the public, where all the pleadings are printed in Latin. The streets, too, at night are not altogether so safe as they might be; for, when driven to desperation by want, the Romans take to feudal customs; and in the ill-lighted alleys of the city, remote from the patrol, they demand in a somewhat imperious

manner, at times, your purse and your watch. *Ma che volete?* Are not the rules of our fathers good enough for us? are we alone wise in our generation? Do not let us be in a hurry in our pretended reforms. *Festina lente* is a safe rule. Let us, as far as we can, conserve the principles and the practice of the past. All old customs are good in part, because they are old; and we must take care not to pluck up the grain with the tares: where there is honey there are flies. Nothing is perfect: seasoned wood does not crack. If a man will not testify the truth, we must make him; and the *cavalletto* is an excellent method that we had foolishly done away with. As for open tribunals and juries, that system is productive of the worst effects in England and France. The Church knows what is best for us; and while people are wicked, and do not have faith in it, the prisons must be full. Robbery and brigandage seem to have disappeared from the Romagna since that country wickedly abjured its allegiance; while they still exist within the Papal rule, and in the city of Rome. But irreligion is worse than robbery. The rebellious heart is the fiercest of brigands. There is much excuse to be made for a poor creature tempted by want to theft. The government is paternal so long as its subjects do all their religious duties. It shuts its eyes for seven years to the embezzlements of the Marchese Campana in the Monte di Pietà, and shall it not be equally generous to a poor devil, with not a crust to put in his mouth, who is driven by necessity to carry on the improper trade of robbery? But he who seeks to overthrow the government, and who insults the Church, or who nourishes secret desires against the temporal power of the Church, is wicked of heart, and should be punished severely, and placed among the worst of the prisoners.

Padre Bresciani, in the "Civiltà Cattolica," is certainly of this opinion. He bravely defends Cardinal Antonelli, and the introduction of the *equuleus* or *cavalletto*; and, *à propos* of thieves, he tells a story which illustrates the customs of certain classes in Rome, who levy taxes on travellers without reference to the Papal laws, after the old way of the middle ages. These persons, he says, are known to the police, and friends to the police, with whom they share their ill-gotten gains, and are therefore permitted to live and exercise their profession freely. If you want your watch which has been stolen, do not go to the police, or at least do not go without a good bribe. There is another and better way, that you may employ on occasions, as you will see by the following incident.

A short time since a gentleman wandering along by the ruins of the Palatine, passed by the arch of the old Cloaca Maxima, when he heard the cry of a woman calling for help. Hurrying down

the bank, he saw a young woman in the flower of her age lying stretched on the ground. "Ah, *signore*," she said, "I have been waylaid here by three drunken soldiers while I was seeking for wild chicory; and as I was endeavouring to escape, one of them knocked me down with a stone which he threw at me."

The gentleman was preparing to give her all the help he could, when suddenly two men leaped out upon him, one of whom, menacing him with a knife, demanded his purse and the other his watch. Seeing the odds, he considered the better part of valour was discretion, and immediately surrendered both; and both men as well as the woman disappeared.

His purse, unfortunately for him, was well filled with gold; but he lamented more than this the loss of his watch. It was a gift from his dead brother, and for this rather than for its intrinsic value he regretted the loss.

Under these circumstances he went to a friend to consult with him what steps he should take to recover it.

"I don't object even to paying its full value," said he; "but I must have it again, if possible."

"It is unnecessary to offer its full value to the police," was the answer of his friend. "Offer twenty-five *scudi;* that will be more than the robbers can get for it in the Ghetto; and they will be glad to return it for that sum. Follow my directions, and I'll promise you shall have it in your pocket to-morrow evening. Go to-morrow at about eleven o'clock in the morning into the Campo Vaccino, where the excavations are making. That is the time when the workmen take their *siesta*, and make their second *colazione*. You will see them lying about under the walls of the Farnese Gardens and the Arch of Titus, and the slopes of the Palatine. Among them is a band which always keeps by itself, and with whom the other workmen will not mix. This is composed of a set of sad scamps, who are always watched, and yet who manage to carry on their thieves' trade despite the police. The chief of this band is called Beppone. He is a little fellow, with a pair of ash-grey whiskers, and his customary seat is on some old beams near the ancient *rostra*. He is their broker and treasurer, and through his hands all the articles stolen by the band must pass. Go straight to him, tell him your story, offer him twenty-five *scudi* for the watch, and it is yours."

When eleven o'clock struck the next day, the gentleman was in the Campo Vaccino. All happened as his friend had told him. The workmen at the striking of the hour abandoned their work, and sought the shadow of the walls to eat their lunch and take their

siesta. There, too, was Beppone, whom he immediately recognised, sitting in his customary seat. He approached, told his story, and offered twenty-five *scudi* for the watch.

Beppone listened, and when this offer was made he turned round, and calling to a group sitting at a short distance, cried, "Eh, Nannetto, who was on the rounds of St. Giorgio and the Cerchi yesterday?"

"*Lo Schiaccia col Barbone,*" (The Smasher and Big Beard) was the answer.

"May an apoplexy take you!" cried, in return, Beppone. "The Smasher was at St. Andrea della Valle, and Big Beard was on guard at the Santi Apostoli."

"So they were—let me see. Ah, yes. The Sausage and Jessamine were there with the Pivetta. I remember now."

"Very well," said Beppone, turning to the gentleman. "Come back to-morrow and you shall have your watch; *ben inteso,* after the countersign and the twenty-five *scudi.*"

At the appointed hour the gentleman returned. There sat Beppone on his tribunal like a judge. "*Buon giorno,*" he said. "Now for the description of the watch—what was it?"

Its owner then gave a careful description. "All right," said Beppone; "there's your watch; and now for the twenty-five *scudi.*"

But the good old usages are, in most instances, dying out. Even the knife itself is not used as it once was. After the festivals fewer wounded are annually brought into the hospitals. Between Sunday and Monday it was common within the last quarter of a century to see six, seven, or eight wounded men brought in; but now this is rare. The customs are growing milder since the time of Leo XII., who introduced many salutary reforms.

"Eh! *giovinotti!*" cried an old Roman matron a short time since, leaning out of her window in the early morning, and calling to the *staffieri* who had gathered under the *portone* of the palace. "Eh! *giovinotti,* how many wounded did you carry last night to the 'Consolazione?'"

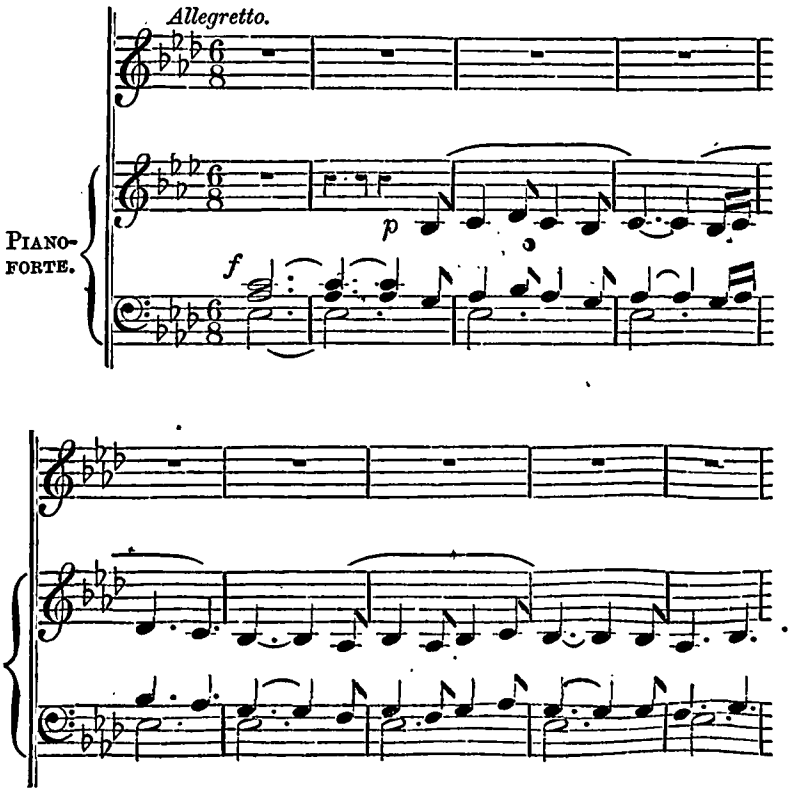
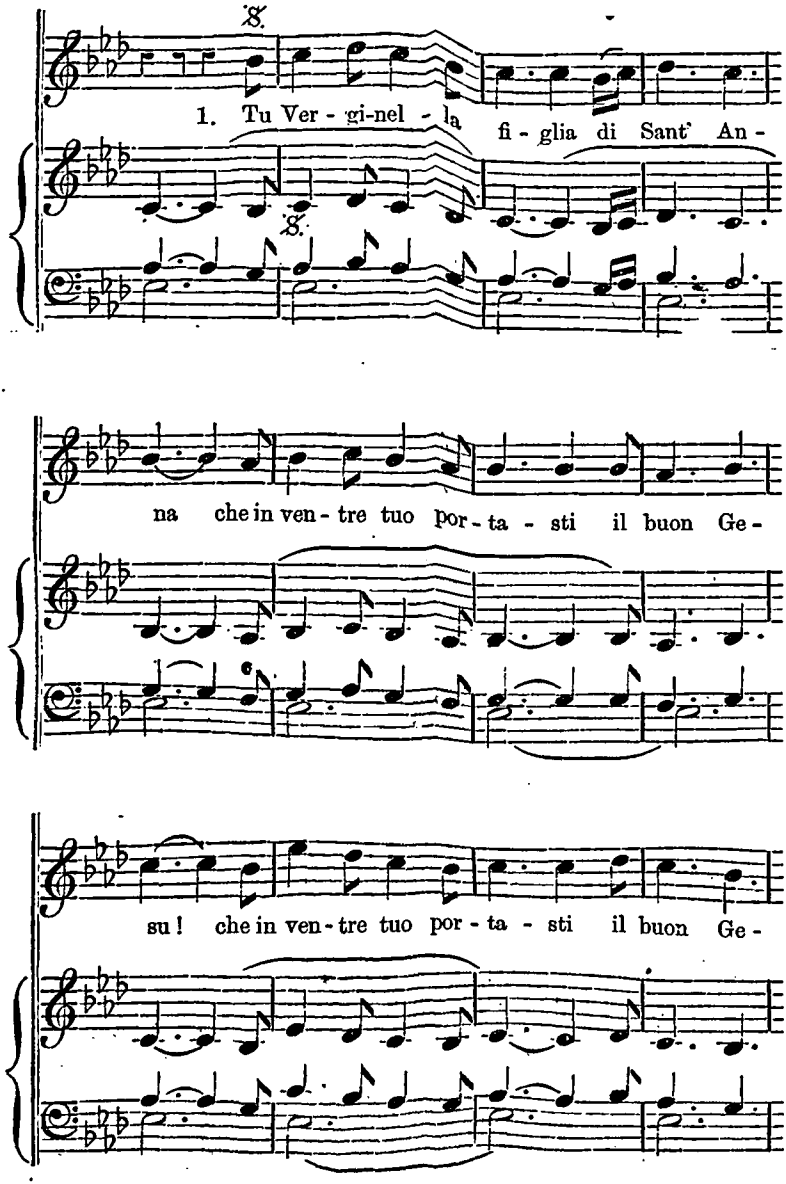
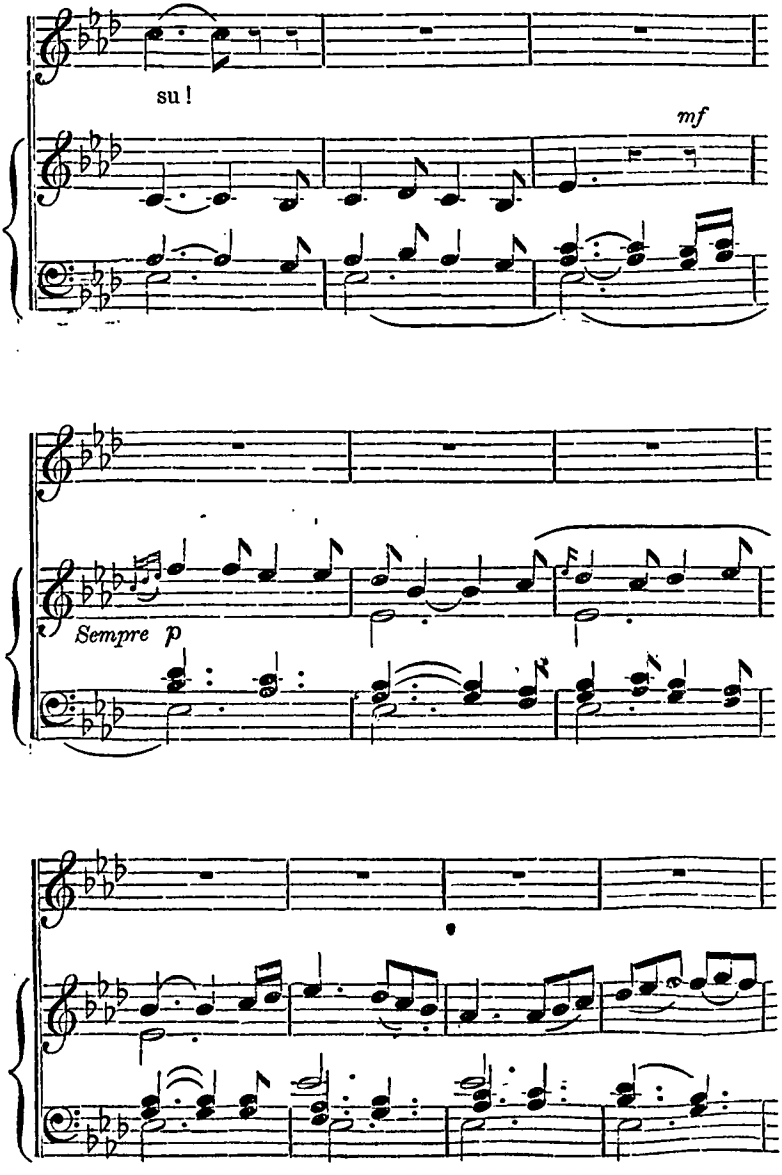
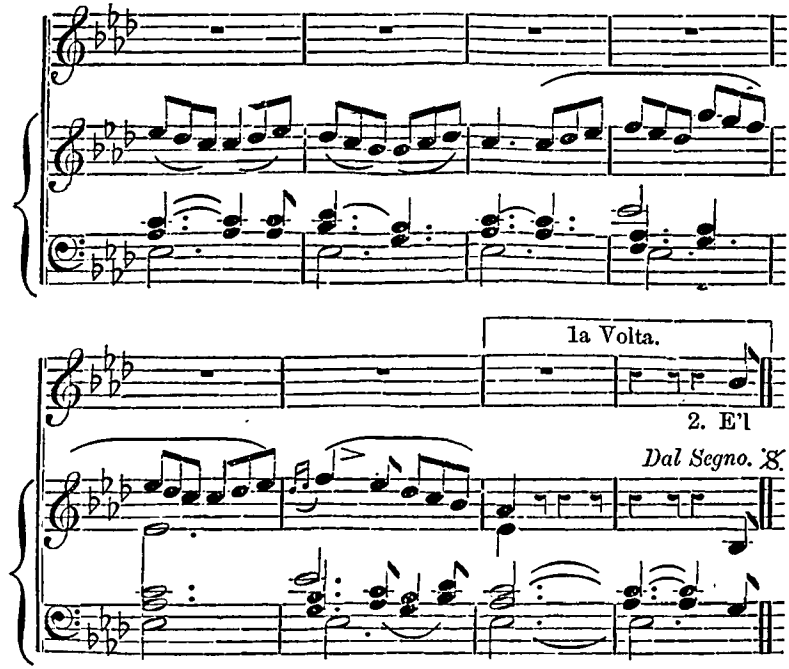
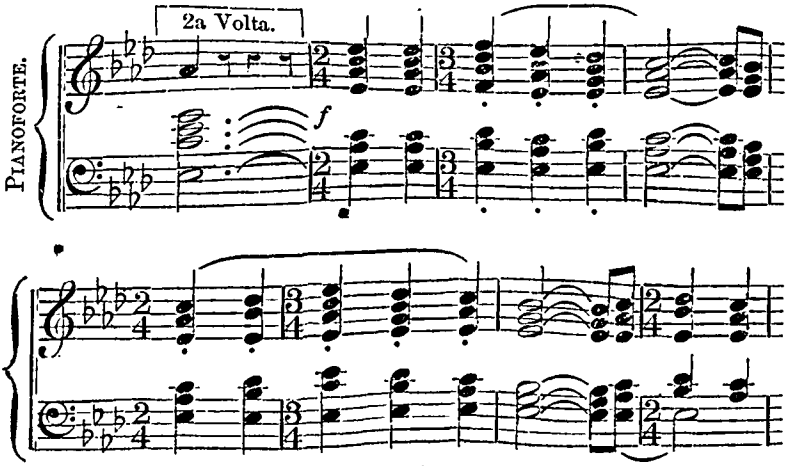
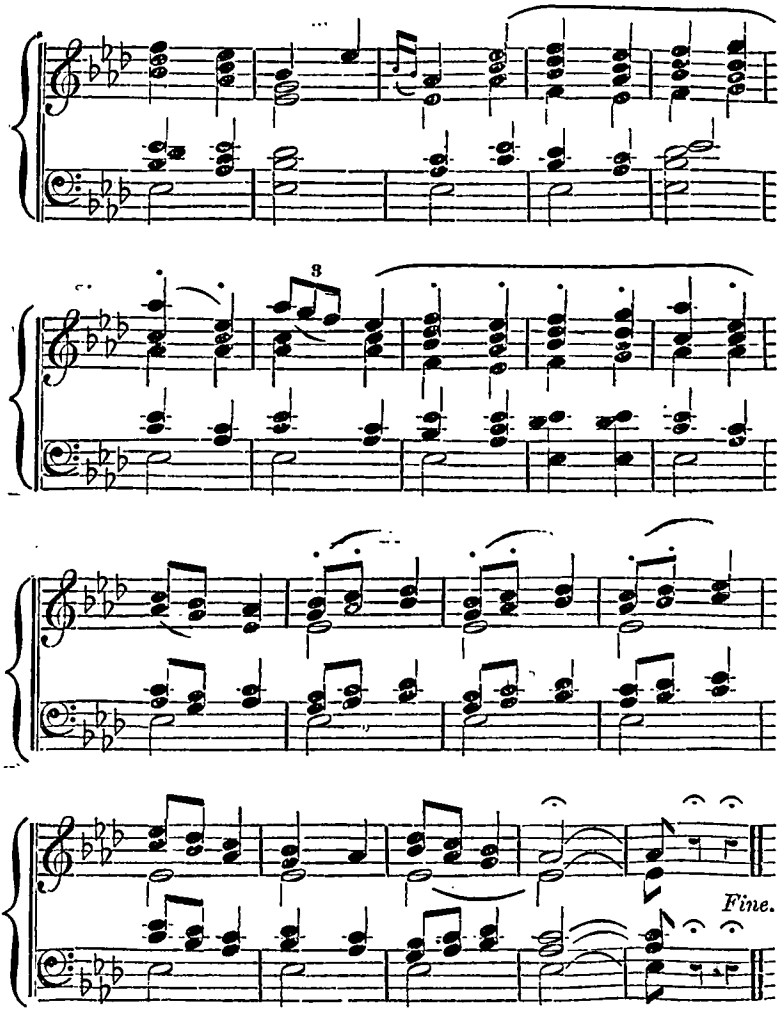
"Not one, *eccellenza.*"

"Eh!" said the old lady with a sigh, as she drew back her head. "The Romans are losing their manhood and growing to be old women. They are no longer the Romans of my time."

No! alas! they are not. The bull-fights, the jousting, the *sassaiuole* are over. The stabbing is diminishing; the firing of guns out of the windows on Sabbato Santo grows more and more feeble

yearly; the shambles are no longer in every street. The women are beginning to wear the detestable French bonnets, and to lose their beautiful costumes. Sedan-chairs are almost never seen; everybody goes in a carriage, and only the sick are borne along in litters; and by and by, if things go on thus, we shall lose, Heaven help us, even the prisons and the bandits, and at last, who knows? the very Pope himself.

APPENDIX.

Song of the Pifferari.

1. Tu Ver - gi-nel - la fi - glia di Sant' An -
na che in ven - tre tuo por - ta - sti il buon Ge -
su! che in ven - tre tuo por - ta - sti il buon Ge -

su !
mf
Sempre p

At the end of all the strophes this Adagio is played:—

Note.—"The Athenæum" (Jan. 24th, 1863), speaking of this notation, says, "The *pifferari* tune noted by Mr. Story is by no means one of the best to be found. A more characteristic one, of the same style, was wandering the streets of London some months ago." To this I have only to say, that though other and "more characteristic" tunes may be played by *pifferari* in London, this is the only air ever played by the *pifferari* at Christmas in Rome.

POPULATION OF ANCIENT ROME.

What was the population of Rome during the imperial days is a question which has been frequently discussed and never satisfactorily settled. Some modern authors place it as low as 700,000, and one estimates it as high as fourteen millions. The truth probably lies somewhere between these two extremes.

By the census of Servius Tullus (A.U.C. 180), which was the first regular registry of the population of Rome, there were 80,000 citizens capable of bearing arms. This number had soon increased to 110,000; and in the year following the expulsion of the Tarquins (245), the returns of the census make the number of Roman citizens between fifteen and sixty years of age to have been 130,000.* Ten years after this number had increased to 150,700. Dionysius, however, says that more than 133,000 registered their own names and fortunes, and the names of their sons who had arrived at manhood. And Pliny tells us that in the year of the city 364, the number of freedmen in Rome was 152,580.

In the middle of the fifth century (A.U.C.), the Romans were divided into thirty-three tribes, and the total number of citizens, including, besides those enrolled in the tribes, the Ærarians and the people of those foreign states which had been obliged to receive the *civitas sine suffragio*, amounted to 272,000. In 488, Eutropius (Lib. 2) gives the number of citizens at 292,334.

In 501 the census is stated at 297,797;† and in the first quarter of the sixth century, the whole number of Roman citizens able to bear arms is stated by Livy (xxii. 54) to have been 270,000. In 527 A.U.C., when preparations were made to repel the invasion of the Gauls, the returns of the population capable of bearing arms presented a total, according to Polybius‡ and Eutropius,§ of no less than 750,000 or 770,000. This included the entire population of Southern Italy, but excluded all the country north of the Rubicon and the Macra, as well as Bruttium and the Greek cities of Magna Grecia. It is questionable whether this number included or excluded 50,000 reserves for Rome; but taking it with this deduction, it shows the population to have been very large. Of this body the Umbrians furnished 20,000, the Cenonians and Venetians 20,000, the Sabines and Etruscans 50,000, and the Latins 84,000. The city of Capua, which was the second city of Italy in importance, was reckoned to be able to raise 30,000 foot and 4,000 horse.‖ Dr. Arnold estimates the proportion of Roman soldiers, as

* Plutarch, in Public., p. 103.
† Liv. Epit. 18. Fast. capit.
‡ ii. 24.
§ iii. 5.
‖ Livy, xxiii. 5; Niebuhr, vol. ii. *note*, 145.

compared with those furnished by all the Latin and Italian allies, to be about two-fifths; which (if the total number were 700,000) would make the number furnished by Rome to be 280,000, or very nearly coincident with that mentioned by Livy. If, then, there were no less than 280,000 men able to bear arms in Rome, what must have been the population?

In the year 539, despite the terrible losses suffered in the campaign against Hannibal and the defeat of Cannæ, there were fourteen legions, or 140,000 men in arms, independent of the seamen and soldiers in the fleets, 70,000 of which are considered by Dr. Arnold to have been Romans. Now, forty years before, at the battle of Ecnomus, the Roman fleet of 330 ships contained, at the smallest reckoning, 140,000; each Roman ship having on board 300 rowers and 120 fighting men; and if we strike out all the rowers and treat them as galley slaves, there still remain 40,000 fighting men to add to the Roman army. These numbers are, however, only the numbers actually on the field, and afford no indication of the numbers capable of being called out in case of supreme necessity. It is to be observed, however, that the actual proportion of Romans to their allies in this army is not as two to five, but that the numbers were, as reckoned by Dr. Arnold, equal.

In the latter part of the sixth century of the city the number of Roman citizens given by the census was (in 589) 327,022; at about the middle of the seventh century they had risen to 400,000; and in 683, which is the last account remaining to us, though not the last account taken during the republic, the number of citizens was 450,000.

The numbers given by the census can of course only give a proximate idea of the actual population, for it must be remembered that the census included only Roman citizens, and excluded from its total sum of *capita*, every slave, *filius familias*, single woman, orphan, and foreigner, besides a large number who were struck from the register for unworthy conduct, and all freedmen who were not citizens. Dionysius, speaking of the census of the year 261, says that the number of citizens who were men grown amounted to above 110,000, and that the women, children, domestics, foreign merchants, and artificers, not enumerated, did not amount to less than treble the number of citizens (Book ix. c. 26). To these are to be added the slaves, who are generally estimated to have formed one-half of the population; and this estimate is moderate if we may trust the statements of some ancient authors. Pliny and Athenæus, for example, both speak of the immense numbers of slaves at Rome, and the latter says* that he knew very many (*παμπολλοι*) Romans, who had ten and even twenty thousand slaves and more. Pedanius Secundus, prefect of the city, having been murdered by one of his slaves in the year 814 (A.U.C.), all of his household slaves were executed in expiation of the crime; and of these, Caius Cassius tells us that there were 400 in his house. "At

* Deipnos, I. vi. p. 272.

present," he goes on to say, "we have in our service whole nations of slaves." We have a chance record, too, of one freedman in the reign of Augustus, who, though his fortune had been greatly diminished by the civil wars, left at his death no less than 4,116 slaves. Again, Plutarch, in his Life of Crassus, incidentally mentions some facts which show the enormous numbers of slaves owned by private persons. After the burning of Rome, perceiving that many houses in the city were falling, he purchased, additional to the slaves he then owned, five hundred more skilled in architecture and construction, and having bought a large number of houses, set them to work in rebuilding; and in this way, with his army of slaves, he acquired a great part of the city. But, apparently, from what Plutarch says, these 500 slaves formed a small part of the number he owned, among whom were writers, readers, silversmiths, stewards, builders, &c. Seneca also says, "The opinion has sometimes been put forth in the senate, that the slaves should be distinguished from the free. But it is manifest how dangerous it would be if our slaves should begin to number us;" thus plainly indicating the superior number of the slaves. Besides these come the freedmen not citizens, and Pliny tells us that in the year 364, the number of freedmen in Rome was 152,580. Then come foreigners, of whom the senate, in the year 565, by one decree, ordered no less than 12,000 who had settled in the city to return home.

If, therefore, we multiply the sum total of the census by three we shall approximate to the numbers of the free population, and by doubling the free population we shall get the total number of slaves and free persons.

Applying this rule to the last census of the republic that we possess, we shall have a population of 2,600,000 Romans. This number appears so enormous, that it is generally supposed not to apply strictly to the inhabitants of Rome, but to include at least the neighbouring people who were incorporated into the Roman people, and received the privileges of citizenship. That it did not include the total population of Italy is manifest from the statements of Polybius and Eutropius, who, as we have seen, give the population able to bear arms in Southern Italy alone, below the Rubicon and exclusive of Bruttium and the cities of Magna Grecia, at from 750,000 to 770,000, at the very time that Livy states the number of Roman citizens able to bear arms at 270,000. The census therefore given by Livy did not include this population, but at best only the Roman citizens living away from Rome in the south; and supposing this to be the case, and that three-fifths of the number stated in the census were not inhabitants of the city itself (this being the ratio of the census given by Livy to that given by Polybius), we have to reduce the population of the city of Rome at the end of the Republic from 2,600,000 to 1,440,000, which is still an enormous population.

Nor will this number even seem to us, perhaps, sufficient, if we take into account some facts which we have expressly stated by different authors. For instance, Athenæus tells us that he knew very many

Romans with from ten to twenty thousand slaves. How many are very many? Are they ten? Even at this low figure we have at once from 100,000 to 200,000 slaves. Yet ten persons can certainly not be called "very many." Again, take the statement of Pliny that, as early as the year 364, there were 152,000 freedmen in Rome. It is not a stretch of imagination to suppose that there were at least five persons to every freedman at the time. Yet this would give us as a population of Rome at that time 760,000, whereas the census of citizens is only about 130,000. Surely, then, this census did not enumerate any but the actual inhabitants of Rome.

Under the Cæsars the city was vastly increased by streams of people who poured into it as the centre of civilization. From the Monumentum Ancyranum we find that the *plebs urbana* was, at the time of Augustus, 320,000. This did not include the women, children, senators, or knights, so that the free population could not have been less than at least double that number, or 650,000. Adding the slaves as equal to the freemen, we have at once 1,300,000 as the least number at which the population could be reckoned; but, as Dr. Smith justly observes, it in all probability greatly exceeded that number. Indeed, this calculation is preposterous. The women alone would double the number of *plebs urbana*. The children again would treble it; the strangers, senators, knights, and others would quadruple it; so that at least we must reckon the free population at 1,280,000, and doubling this for the slaves, we have a total population of 2,500,000.

But, according to the learned Justus Lipsius, this calculation is far too small. Taking the number of 320,000 as the "*plebs urbana*," he makes an elaborate calculation, founded thereon, as to the probable population of the city of Rome, in which he cites many authorities, and brings much learning to bear on this subject. He considers that as the "*plebs urbana*" does not include the rich, the senators and knights, the "*plebs honestas*," nor the women and children, they could not fairly be reckoned as composing more than one-sixth of the free population. This would make the total free population about 2,000,000, which he asserts should be at least doubled for the slaves; so that, putting out of consideration the strangers resident in Rome, who were very numerous—so numerous indeed as, by the testimony of ancient writers, to form a very important portion of the inhabitants—we have about 4,000,000 as the total population. "Nor," says he, after examining all the authorities, "can I admit that there were less."

In respect to the number of the strangers, who are seldom considered in estimating the population of Rome, Lipsius cites some passages from Seneca, showing how large a proportion of the people they composed. "Look," he says, "at these crowds, for which the immense roofs (*immensa tecta*) scarcely suffice. The greater part of this crowd (*maxima pars*) are without a country: from the municipalities and the colonies, and indeed from the whole world, they have flocked here;" and again,

"The greater part of these have left their own homes and come to this greatest and most beautiful city, which is, nevertheless, not theirs" (*non tamen suam*). So also Lucan, speaking of the funeral of Julius Cæsar, says, "*In summo publico luctu exterarum gentium multitudo suo quæque more lamentata est.*" However these statements be reduced, it is plain that the strangers resident in Rome ("*populis vectisque frequentem gentibus*," as Lucan says) were an exceedingly numerous body, not to be omitted in any calculation of the number of inhabitants.

But to take still another view of this question: Who were the "*plebs urbana?*" It is plain that they were not only "*plebs*," but "*urbana;*" that is, they were that portion of the *plebs* which lived "*in urbe*," that is, in the city proper, and within the walls; for the term "*urbs*" was solely applied to the city within the walls, and did not embrace that portion of the city without the walls: "*Urbs est Roma, quæ muro congeretur.*"* If, then, there were 320,000 "*plebs*" within the walls, how many were there outside the walls? Aristides Rhetor, who lived in the reign of Hadrian, says that Rome "*descendit et porrigitur ad mare ipsum*"—stretched down to the very sea; and in this statement he agrees with Pliny and Dionysius; the latter of whom says that the walls were so hidden by the masses of buildings that they could with difficulty be found. Suppose, then, that there were little more than half as many outside the walls as there were inside, we should have 500,000; and supposing that the *plebs* only constituted one-fourth of the total free population, we have 2,000,000, and, doubling these numbers for slaves and strangers, again we arrive at four millions.

But this was in the time of Augustus, when, according to the same Monumentum Ancyranum, the *capita* of Roman citizens were a little more than four millions. But when the census was taken in the subsequent reign of Claudius, the number of Roman citizens had increased to some six millions; and probably Rome itself had likewise increased its population proportionally.

These two statements of the census are, strictly speaking, of Roman citizens. It is, therefore, impossible that so enormous a population as this would indicate could have been included within the walls of the city proper, or within even the circuit about Rome; for, if we add to this number of citizens the free population not citizens, we shall have some twenty millions at least of free persons besides the slaves. The result clearly indicates one of two things, either that this was the number of persons having the rights of Roman citizenship wherever they were, or that it was the total of the inhabitants of Rome and its vicinity.

When the Emperor Claudius (says Gibbon) "exercised the office of censor, he took an account of 6,945,000 Roman citizens, who, with the proportion of women and children, must have amounted to about twenty millions of souls. The multitude of subjects of inferior rank was

* See *post.*

uncertain and fluctuating. But after weighing with attention every circumstance which could influence the balance, it seems probable that there existed, in the time of Claudius, about twice as many provincials as there were citizens, of either sex and of every age; and that the slaves were at least equal in number to the free inhabitants of the Roman world. The total amount of this imperfect calculation would rise to about 120,000,000 of persons, a degree of population which possibly exceeds that of modern Europe, and forms the most numerous society that has ever been united under the same system of government."*

In this calculation Gibbon states the census of Claudius as 6,945,000.† He also estimates the citizens represented by the census as only constituting one-sixth of the free population; for to this original number of citizens he adds thirteen millions as representing the women and children, and then doubles the result to include all other free persons. In the calculations, however, which have been made in this paper, the citizens have been taken as constituting one-fourth instead of one-sixth part of the one population; and this was assumed on the ground that Dionysius states of the census of the year 261, that women, children, domestics, foreign merchants and artificers not enumerated did not amount to less than treble the number of citizens. To avoid exaggeration of any kind this proportion was taken; but it would seem that both Gibbon and Lipsius considered it too small, and had reason to believe that the citizens were only one-sixth instead of one-fourth of the free population, and this they might well be.

But, taking them only at one-fourth, we shall have six millions as the citizens, eighteen millions as the remainder of the free people, making in all twenty-four millions; and doubling this for the slaves we have forty-eight millions as the whole population.

There still remains the question what portion of this population inhabited Rome and its suburbs, as the centralization of the Roman empire in Rome was far greater than that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales is in London. We may perhaps fairly assume that the ratio existing between the total population and the

* Decline and Fall, vol. i. 54.

† The exact numbers, as stated by Tacitus, appear differently in different manuscripts. In the Vatican MSS. they are 5,984,072, which seems generally to be thought the better reading. Other MSS. read 6,945,000, conformably to the statement of Eusebius, and this is adopted by Gibbon; and 6,964,000, which is adopted by Lipsius, and is borne out by Cassiodorus. The inscription on the Portico S. Gregorio (apud Gruterum, p. 301, n. 1), which stands in these terms: "Temporibus Claudii Tiberii Facta Hominum Armigerum ostensione in Roma Septies centena millia LXXXVI. mil X.," is not considered by the best authorities to be genuine. Brottier and Pegnorius condemn it; and Oberlin, in his Notes to Tacitus (edit. 1819, Paris), says, "Parum vera aut fida mihi est. Et tamen cum de his saltem qui arma ferrent agat nihil nobis obstat."

inhabitants of the city will be equal in both cases; and that, by applying this ratio of London to Rome, we shall not include a larger number than is probable. Now, in round numbers, the population of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales is 30,000,000, and that of London may be said to be 3,000,000, or one-tenth. Taking then the population of the Roman empire as 48,000,000, one-tenth, or 4,800,000, will represent the inhabitants of Rome.

Or, assuming the estimate of Gibbon as just, we shall have one-tenth of 125 millions, or twelve millions, as the population of Rome and its suburbs. But as the centralization of London has been greatly increased since the network of railways has brought it so closely into connection with the country, let us rather take the population as it was in 1820, of twenty-five millions for the whole kingdom, and 1,500,000 for the city of London. This would give a ratio of about one seventeenth; and applying it to Rome, we should find that it contained about six millions.

Thus, as the calculation of Lipsius founded upon the Monumentum Ancyranum gives the number of the entire population of Rome as equivalent to the number of Roman citizens in the census of Augustus, so the calculation of Gibbon gives the same result in respect to the census of Claudius. And it would seem, therefore, to be doubtful whether the term "*civium Romanorum*" be used in its strict sense of citizen or in its more popular sense of inhabitant, as it frequently was, for instance, by Vitruvius, who, speaking of the inhabitants and buildings in Rome, says, "*In ea autem majestate urbis, et* civium *infinita frequentia innumerabilis habitationis opus fuit explicare.*" But whether we take the sum stated by Tacitus as the number of Roman citizens throughout the empire, or as the number of the inhabitants of Rome and its suburbs, including all classes both free and slave, we shall arrive at nearly the same result.

But the population was not at its height when this census of Claudius was taken; it continued greatly to increase even to the days of Aurelian, and perhaps to those of Honorius.

"Speaking even of London," says Mr. De Quincey, "we ought in all reason to say, the nation of London, and not the city of London; but of Rome, in its meridian hours, nothing else could be said in the naked rigor of logic. A million and a half of souls, that population apart from any other distinction, is *per se* a justifying ground for such a classification. *A fortiori*, then, will it belong to a city which counted from one horn to the other of its mighty suburbs not less than four millions of inhabitants, *at the very least*, as we resolutely maintain after reviewing all that has been written on that much vexed theme, and not impossibly half as many more."*

This is also the number reckoned by Lipsius as the probable population of Rome in its flourishing Cæsarian days.

* The Cæsars, p. 1.

A number so enormous as this could not of course be included within the walls of the city as they now exist; but it must be remembered that the walls once probably enclosed a far larger space. Yet setting this consideration aside, Rome the city was no more circumscribed by its walls, in its real meaning, than is the city of London by its actual limits of Temple Bar. When London is spoken of, we do not mean the city proper, but all that agglomeration and mass of houses extending over miles. In like manner Rome, overrunning its walls, spread itself in every direction; so that for a diameter of some ten miles at the very least the houses were closely compacted together. Dig where we will on the Campagna between Rome and the Alban Hill, or down in the direction of Ostia, we turn up the substructions of ancient buildings. We have the testimony of Pliny, and Dionysius, and Venantius Fortunatus to the enormous extent of country covered by buildings. "If any one," says Dionysius, "be desirous to measure the circumference of Rome by the walls, he will find it hard to discover them, on account of the buildings by which they are closed in and surrounded."* And in the banquet of Athenæus occurs a remarkable passage, fully bearing out these statements: "Rome," he says, "may be fairly called the nation of the world; and he will not be far out who pronounces the city of the Romans an epitome of the whole earth; for in it you may see every other city arranged collectively, and many also separately; for instance, there you may see the golden city of the Alexandrians, the beautiful metropolis of Antioch, the surpassing beauty of Nicomedia; and besides all these, that most glorious of all the cities which Jupiter has ever displayed, I mean Athens. And not only one day, but all the days in an entire year would be too short for a man who should attempt to enumerate all the cities which might be enumerated as discernible in that *uranopolis* of the Romans, the city of Rome, so numerous are they; for indeed some entire nations are settled there, as the Cappadocians, the Scythians, the people of Pontus, and many others."† To what modern city would such a description as this apply, after making all allowances for poetic exaggeration?

Besides, the name Rome did strictly and legally include not only the buildings within the walls, but those beyond the walls as well; while to those within the walls was applied the term "*urbs*," precisely as London is distinguished from "the City." "*Urbis appellatio muris; Romæ autem continentibus ædificiis finitur*," says Paulus;‡ and in the 87th Law, "*ex Marcello*," according to Alfinus, "*Urbs est Roma, quæ muro congeretur; Roma est etiam, qua continenti ædificia essent*." And again, in the 147th Law, "*ex Terentio Clementi*," "*Qui in continentibus urbis nati sunt, Romæ nati intelliguntur*."

* Lib. iv. ch. 13.

† Deipnos, Book i. chap. 36, translated by C. D. Yonge.

‡ Digest, lib. i. tit. 16, de Verborum Significatione.

Nor do the walls as they at present stand probably afford a correct indication of the enclosed city in its most flourishing period. Vopiscus says that the walls of Aurelian were nearly fifty miles in circumference, while the present walls are only about thirteen, and his account would seem to be borne out by Claudian. According to Pliny, however, the walls were only 13,200 fathoms, which is about the measure that they now have, if he meant their circumference and not their diameter. Lipsius, in a discussion of this question, states that this measure is manifestly incorrect and inadequate, and reckons it to have been about forty-two miles: and Nibby is of a similar opinion. M. Ampère, while inclining to an opposite opinion, seems to hesitate in rejecting this estimate, and answers one of the objections to it, that no traces of such a wall now exist, by saying, "Thebes had an enclosure (*enceinte*) at least as considerable. Yet I do not know that a brick of this enclosure has ever been found."

At all events, we know that the Pomerium, which was the actual boundary of the city, in which no houses could be built, was repeatedly removed beyond its original limits, and specially by Augustus and Claudius, clearly showing the constant growth of the city and the demand for additional space.* And Strabo tells us that the actual limit of Rome was at a place between the fifth and sixth milestones, where the Ambarvalia were celebrated. This measure is from the column in the Forum, and if the distances were equally great in all directions, we have a diameter of the city at about eleven miles.

The enormous population of the city of Rome may also be inferred from the accommodation required by the spectators at the theatres, amphitheatres, and baths. There were no less than 9,025 baths, of which those of Caracalla afforded baths for no less than 1,600 persons at a time, and those of Diocletian for 3,200 persons. Three aqueducts now supply Rome with more water and fountains than are to be found in any other city in Europe. Yet, in its best days, no less than fourteen, and, according to some accounts, twenty aqueducts were needed to supply the demands of the population, and to feed more than 13,000 fountains. Look, then, at the theatres. The wooden theatre of Emilius Scaurus contained no less than 80,000 seats. The theatre of Marcellus seated 20,000 persons. These were found too small, and the Colosseum was constructed to seat 87,000 and to afford standing space to 22,000 more. The Circus Maximus was enlarged from time to time to meet the demands of the public, and under the emperors it would hold no less than 385,000 spectators. The population which required such accommodations as these must have been enormous. Reckoning it at four millions, and subtracting one-half as being slaves, we have two millions of free people at Rome; and in the Circus Maximus alone we have pro-

* See Tacitus, Ann. xii. 23; Dion. lv. 6; Vopiscus, Aurel. 21; Aulus Gell. xiii. 14; Senec. de Brev. Vit. 14; Strab. lib. v. ch. 3.

vision made to seat about one in five of the free population. But would not this be an enormous proportion to attend at any one spectacle?

Look, again, at the loss of life in the arena. At the triumph of Trajan 10,000 gladiators fought; and 60,000 fell under Spartacus; and 1,000 knights and senators fought in the Campus Martius at one spectacle given by Nero. There were also 10,000 combatants in the Naumachia on Lake Fucinus, under Claudius. These numbers surely indicate a great population.

Consider also this statement of Eusebius. On the occasion of a great epidemic in Rome, he says, for many days 10,000 dead were reported in the journal: "*Ingentem Romæ luem factam ita ut per multos dies in ephemeridem, decem millia mortuorum referrentur*"—that is, if there were 4,000,000 of inhabitants, one in four hundred died daily, for many days; and if those "*multos dies*" were ten, the city lost 100,000 persons. This would be an enormous mortality even in such a population.

Long after its great imperial days were past, the remains of Rome attest its former grandeur. Even as late as the sixth century, and after the passage of Alaric and Genseric, it must have been a wonderful city, as will be seen by the following statistical statement found by Cardinal Mai, and descriptive of this period.

This document, which dates from the middle of the sixth century (540), was written by a certain Zacharia, and begins thus:—"This is a brief description of the beauties of the city of Rome. Its abundance in everything and its tranquillity are great; its delights and comforts (*commoditates*) are marvellous, and such as conform to this admirable city. And first for the richness of the ornaments: I do not speak of those which are in the interior of the houses, as columns of porticoes, of their elegance and *height*. There are 384 large and spacious streets; two capitols; 80 great golden statues of the gods, and 66 ivory statues of the gods; 46,603 houses; 17,097 palaces; 13,052 fountains; 3,785 bronze statues of emperors and other generals; 22 great horses in bronze; 2 colossi; 2 spiral columns; 31 theatres; 11 amphitheatres; 9,026 baths; 274 bakers, who furnished bread to the inhabitants, without counting those who circulate in the city in selling it; 5,000 burial-places (*fossi*) where dead bodies are placed; 2,300 shops of perfumers; 2,091 prisons."*

Taking the numbers here given of the houses and palaces as a basis of calculation, we shall see that we cannot have over-estimated the probable population of Rome.

"We must remember," says Mr. De Quincey, "that feature in the Roman domestic architecture (so impressively insisted on by the rhetorician Aristides) in which Rome resembled the ancient Edinburgh, and so far greatly eclipsed London, viz., the vast ascending series of storeys,

* This will be found in "L'Histoire Romaine à Rome," by M. Ampère, Revue des deux Mondes, vol. xii. p. 332, November, 1857.

laying stratum upon stratum, tier upon tier, of men and women, as in some mighty theatre of human hives. Not that London is deficient in thousands of lofty streets, but the storeys rarely ascend beyond the fourth or at most the fifth; whereas in old Rome and the old Edinburgh they counted at intervals by sevens and even by tens."

A similar statement is also made by Desobry in his "Rome au Siècle d'Auguste" (p. 223):—"The houses of Rome," he says, "are of a height so prodigious that in many places the city is tripled, quadrupled, even sextupled;" and this is fully confirmed by the ancient authorities. And it is also to be added that not only were the houses exceedingly high, but the streets were exceedingly narrow. Cicero describes Rome as "placed upon mountains and valleys, uplifted and suspended with attics or garrets, with not good streets, and with very narrow alleys" (*in montibus positam et convallibus cœnaculis sublatam et suspensam non optimis viis, angustissimis semitis*).* So also Plutarch speaks of the houses as "*ædificia multa nimio pondere et domiciliorum multitudine corruere.*"† Claudian also speaks of Rome as a city:—

> "Quâ nihil in terris complectitur altius aer
> Cujus nec spatium visus, nec corda decorem
> Nec laudem vox ulla capit."

And again, not to multiply quotations, Vitruvius, speaking definitely, and as an architect, says, "On account of the majesty of the city, and to accommodate the infinite crowds of people (*civium infinita frequentia*), innumerable dwelling-places were required. But as the actual plane area of the city could not afford space for such a multitude of habitations, it became necessary to obtain it by the height of the houses. Therefore, by means of stone pilasters, constructions in terra cotta, and plaster walls, the upper storeys were built out and supported by numerous beams, which were utilized for attics hanging over the streets."

This condition of things had got to be so intolerable in the time of Augustus, that he was obliged to fix 70 feet as a limit above which they should not be built for the future. This height was afterwards reduced by Trajan to 60 feet. Such indeed was their height that the streets were completely darkened and overshaded by them; and one of the great improvements introduced by Nero in rebuilding the city was to enlarge the squares and streets and let in more light.

Now in the list just cited there are no less than 46,603 houses, and 17,097 palaces. Counting each of these houses as containing five storeys, and five persons on an average to each storey, we should at once have a population of 1,165,075. We then have the palaces. No person living in a palace in Rome during its days of greatness could at the

* De Leg. Agr. Orat. § 35.

† Crassus, § 2. See also Tacitus, Ann. lib. xv. § 43; Suetonius in Neron. 38; Juvenal. Sat. vi. 78; Diod. Sic. xiv. 324; Tit. Liv. xxi. 62; Strabo, v. 235; xvi. 257.

very least be supposed to have less than 100 persons in his employ, and this alone would add 1,709,700, bringing up the population to 2,874,770. Yet this calculation as to the household of the noble Romans is manifestly far too low, when we consider the statements of Athenæus, to the effect that many Romans had 10,000, 20,000, and even more slaves; "not," he adds, "to draw from them a revenue like Nicias, the rich Greek, but the greater part of the Romans have a very large number to make their *cortège* when they go out." In this passage, Larensius is replying to the statement of Marsurius, that "Aristotle reported of the republic of Egina that it possessed 27,000 slaves; that Agatharchides relates that the Dardanians had some a thousand slaves, some more;" and at this point Larensius interrupts him to say, "but every Roman, as you know, my dear Marsurius, possesses infinitely more slaves."

But if this be strictly true, consider what a number of slaves must have been in these 17,097 palaces. His words are undoubtedly not to be taken in the letter, but only in the spirit. Yet let us suppose that one-fourth of the owners of these palaces had 200 slaves, or one-half the number which we know Pedanius Secundus had in his house when he was murdered, viz. 400, and that the other three-quarters had one-fourth the number, or 100 slaves each, we have the astounding number of 2,125,000 to add to those of the free population. Yet if a freedman, in the time of Augustus, after suffering heavy losses by the civil wars, could leave 4,116 slaves, this calculation does not, to say the least, seem excessive as applied to the nobles.

This calculation is borne out by other facts which we know. Rome was divided by Servius Tullius into four regions. But under the Empire Augustus made a new arrangement, dividing the whole city within and without the walls of Tullius into fourteen new regions.

Each Augustan region, according to a survey made in the time of Vespasian, contained 19, or, according to a later account, 22 *vici*, with as many *sacella*, in places where two streets crossed each other.

Each *vicus* contained about 230 dwelling-houses. If there were 22 *vici* to each region, the city must have contained 75,000 houses. Of these, we know by the list already cited that 17,000 at least were *domus* or palaces, &c. Reckoning each of these to have contained 200 persons, including family, freedmen, and slaves, we have 3,400,000 persons; and considering the remaining 58,000 houses to have been *insulæ*, and to have contained 25 persons each, we have in them 1,450,000. This would give an entire population of about 4,850,000 persons, without counting those who were in the Pretorian camp and elsewhere.

Mr. Brottier, in his edition of Tacitus, has devoted a long note to the examination of this vexed question as to the population of Rome, which he places at 1,188,162 persons. He reasons that the number of persons in Rome will bear the same relation to the houses in Rome that the persons in Paris will to the houses in Paris. Now, in Paris at the time when he wrote there were 30,000 houses, of which 500 were hotels. The

hotels he reckons to hold 42 each, and in each of the houses he reckons that there are 3½ families, or 21 inhabitants. This would just make the population of Paris as it then was, or 640,500.

This rule he then applies to Rome. On the authority of P. Victor, "*De Regionibus Urbis*," he says that there were in Rome 46,602 *insulæ* or houses, and 1,780 *domus* or hotels. The *domus* he reckons to have contained 84 persons each, and oddly enough cites in support of this statement the fact that in Pedanius Secundus's house were 400 slaves, not counting the freedmen, which seems a curious reason for estimating the whole household at 84. The *insulæ* he supposes to have held only 21 persons each. On this calculation there were in the *insulæ* 978,000, and in the *domus* 149,520; to these he adds 60,000 for those in the Prætorian camp and elsewhere,—thus bringing the total population to 1,188,162.

But instead of 1,780 *domus* or hotels, there were in fact, if we credit the list discovered by Cardinal Mai, 17,097—an error or misprint having occurred in the statement of P. Victor, by which thousands are changed into hundreds. If this be so, even on Mr. Brottier's calculation, the total population, instead of being 1,188,162, would be 2,473,896. That there is a mistake is plain from the fact that the two accounts concur in stating the number of *insulæ* at almost exactly the same figure; and if hundreds be changed to thousands, the number of *domus* will very nearly correspond. And besides, there seems to be no reason for estimating these *domus* or palaces as containing only 84 persons. His calculation is, that each of the private so-called hotels in Paris contains 42 inhabitants; but certainly a private hotel in Paris does not represent a palace in ancient Rome, with its retinue of freedmen and slaves. In what private hotel in Paris, for instance, would 400 persons be found? Yet these were the slaves only of Pedanius Secundus, not reckoning the family or freedmen; and if one takes into account the statements of Athenæus, or the fact of 4,116 slaves left by one freedman, we shall see that this calculation is simply absurd. We must therefore either utterly reject the statement of Athenæus, and in fact all ancient writers, as pure fictions, and suppose all the cases of which we have exact data to be purely exceptional, or we must consider the calculation of Mr. Brottier as manifestly wrong, erring as much in under-estimating the population of ancient Rome as others perhaps have in over-estimating it. While putting forward his own views, he says: "Lipsius thought that Rome contained four millions of persons; others believe that it contained eight millions; and still others have not been ashamed to estimate its inhabitants at fourteen millions."*

Yet while thus setting aside the conclusion of Lipsius as untenable, he does not attempt to answer his arguments, nor to dispose of his facts. He contents himself with a sneer, and, like a true Frenchman, cannot admit that Rome could be much larger than Paris, or that any ancient palace could contain more inmates than a Parisian hotel.

* Brottier's Tacitus, vol. ii. p. 379.

Again, this calculation of Mr. Brottier would not apply to Paris at the present time. Though its population has more than doubled since his time, the number of houses has by no means increased in the same ratio; and if the rule adopted by Mr. Brottier of calculating the inhabitants of Paris by the number of houses were now applied, he would find that he must allow a much larger number to each house, and this immediately would greatly increase his own calculation of the population of ancient Rome.

But in presence of these facts, which have been stated, let us now briefly consider what would be the result if we take the estimate of Mr. Merivale that the population was about 700,000. The Circus Maximus could seat considerably more than half of it. But did half of any population ever go to any single game in the known world? When the old men and women, the children, the decrepit, the sick, the slaves, and all those who had business elsewhere, or who cared not to see any game, are subtracted, if one in twenty went, it would be a large proportion. Suppose one in ten went; we should have a population of four millions. But that more than half should go, and that a building should be made sufficient to accommodate such a proportion of the inhabitants of all classes, is incredible. Then, again, the Colosseum would hold nearly one in six of the whole population.

Take, then, the number of houses and palaces. This would allow an average of twenty persons in each palace, and less than eight persons in each house. There were even in the 6th century 17,097 palaces, which, multiplied by 20, gives 341,940 persons in the palaces. Then there are 96,603 houses; and if there were eight persons in each house, there would be 372,824—which would give 14,760 persons above the calculation of 700,000. Yet after the descriptions we have of the houses, storey above storey, and of the numbers of slaves, is it possible to believe that a palace contained only twenty persons, and a house not so many as eight? In the house of Pedanius Secundus there were 400 slaves, not to speak of the family; or as many as there would be in fifty of these houses, or in twenty palaces. Or take the case of the *freedman* in the time of Augustus, who had 4,116 slaves; he would alone have taken more than 500 houses, or more than 205 palaces to house them. But if each palace has only twenty persons, what becomes of the *agmina* of gladiators that lived in them? the 10,000 and 20,000 slaves owned by some rich men, of which Athenæus speaks? Now, in one palace in Rome of the present day, of which I can speak with knowledge, there are housed 115 persons, yet there are no slaves, of course; the family is small, and the household is by no means considered large in Rome, and in the palace there is much unoccupied room. As for the ordinary run of houses in Rome, I do not believe one can be found with so few as eight occupants, even in the meanest quarters.

Take, again, the statement of Eusebius as to the famine. If 10,000 persons died each day for many days, and this mortality lasted ten days,

100,000 persons would have perished, or one in seven of the whole population if that were only 700,000. This is an impossible proportion.

Again, in the time of Augustus, when the population was by no means at its height, there were 320,000 *plebs urbana*, not including women, senators, knights, children, strangers, and the "*plebs honestas*." As for every man at least there is a woman, we have at once 640,000, without counting children, senators, knights, and strangers. Shall we admit that in a population of 640,000 men and women there are only 60,000 children? Why, the very freedmen alone, as early as the year 364, numbered no less than 152,580. What must they have been then at the time of Claudius, when the city had so enormously increased?

But let us go back a little. Eleven years after the expulsion of the Tarquins, when there were no Roman citizens except those in the city of Rome and its vicinity, the census gives the Roman citizens between fifteen and sixty years of age at 150,700. Then Pliny gives as the freedmen at about this date as 152,580. Here we have at once a total of 303,280, which must be doubled for the women, making it 606,560. Then again we have the children under 15 years of age, which must be equal to the number of the men, and raises the population to 909,840, without considering the slaves and the strangers, and all other persons. Even at this low reckoning we far exceed Mr. Merivale's amount as early as the year 364. But let us go back even further, to the days of Servius Tullius in the year 197. In his reign we have the first regular registry of the people of Rome, and we find that there were 80,000 citizens able to bear arms. Now, what proportion of a population are able to bear arms? Shall we allow the enormous proportion of one-tenth? This at once makes the whole population 800,000. Now there can be no doubt that this census by Servius Tullius applied solely to Rome and its immediate vicinity. And yet at this early date, by the narrowest reckoning, we have a population exceeding by 100,000 that which Mr. Merivale assigns to Rome in the height of its power and grandeur.

But let us see how Rome grew. In 64 years after the first census, we have, instead of 80,000 citizens able to bear arms, 110,000, which, if they formed one-tenth of the population, raises the number of inhabitants to 1,100,000. Rome is evidently increasing with rapidity. In a few years more this number of citizens between fifteen and sixty, and able to bear arms, has risen to 150,700; and Dionysius says that 133,000 registered their own names and fortunes and the names of their sons who had arrived at manhood, which makes 266,000. Let us now suppose that these were only one-sixth of the whole population, we have at once 1,596,000. At this early period, then, we have a population more than double that estimated by Mr. Merivale.

The subsequent registers of the census are not so definite as to the city, because the Roman citizenship became so greatly extended. But still it is probable that the statement of Livy that there were 270,000 Roman citizens able to bear arms in the first quarter of the 6th century

refers to those furnished by Rome itself; the total number of the whole population of the kingdom being, according to Polybius and Eutropius, from 750,000 to 770,000.

But, setting this aside, we see by the preceding facts that, in less than a century, Rome had more than doubled its population. After this we have no exact means of estimating the relative proportion of the census to the total inhabitants of Rome. But certain facts are clear. In the year 197, the census was 80,000; in 683, it had risen to 450,000; in the time of Augustus, it had become more than 4,000,000; and in the reign of Claudius, it was 6,000,000. Here is a steady and enormous increase, which still continued certainly to the time of Aurelian. Taking the rate of increase as indicated by the census, we have more than seventy times as many citizens in the time of Claudius as existed in the time of Servius Tullius.

In the mean time, undoubtedly, Roman citizenship had been greatly extended throughout the provinces, so that we cannot take this ratio of increase and apply it to the city of Rome. But suppose that one in five of the population under Servius Tullius could bear arms, and was between the ages of fifteen and sixty (a proportion impossible, in fact, but taken for argument), we have at his time 400,000 inhabitants of Rome and its vicinity; and, as the census increased seventy times, let us suppose the population of the city increased ten times, we have as the result 4,000,000 of persons in the time of Claudius.

Does this increase seem large? It is nothing like the increase of New York, nor even of London and Paris. Yet none of these cities is the centre of a gigantic empire like that of Rome, from which everything issued and to which everything flowed.

Pliny, who has given us descriptions of Nineveh, Babylon, and Thebes, confidently states that no city could be compared in size with Rome. "If," says he, "any one considers the height of the roofs, so as to form a just estimate, he will confess that no city could be compared with it for magnitude." "*Si quis altitudinem tectorum addat, dignam profectò æstimationem concipiat, fateaturque nullius urbis magnitudinem potuisse ei comparare.*"

On the whole, then, it would certainly seem that the estimate of Lipsius and of De Quincey, among others, that the population of Rome, at its height, was at least four millions, is not an exaggerated one—nay that it is within all the calculations which we can make upon known facts. The probability would seem to be that the population was greater rather than smaller.

THE END.

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